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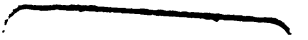
Behind Manhattan Gables

By

Edward A. Rand



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"HE IS A COMELY YOUNG MAN, THOUGHT KATRYNE." (*Page 30.*)

BEHIND MANHATTAN GABLES

A STORY OF NEW AMSTERDAM
1663-1664

BY

EDWARD AUGUSTUS RAND

Author of "Fighting the Sea Stories," "Look-Ahead Stories," "White Mountain Stories," etc.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

To all readers interested in American, English, and Dutch history, let me say this prefatory word. I have had a special purpose in writing this book, though in the form of a story. It is well to go back to beginnings, the seed of things. I am to tell about a seed so very small—the seed, the beginning of a grand city. One autumn morning, from the deck of a Sound steamer, after passing beneath Brooklyn Bridge, I looked for Trinity Church spire. There was the church at the head of Wall Street. The little fragment of New York between Wall Street and the Battery was New Amsterdam—New York in seed. How short a walk the Dutchman of 1663 took to go around the beloved borders of his island city! With profound interest I have gone through some of the old streets of colonial days still in existence. I walked along Bridge Street, or De Brug Straat of olden time. I shut my eyes and imagined that I saw the Katryne and Geertruyd of this story, in their picturesque Dutch dress, coming to meet me. In Broad Street, once De Heeren Graft, I thought of the canal that pierced it, a fond memorial of old Holland. I looked down and saw in fancy the clumsy barges bringing cargoes from vessels in the stream. I passed Stone Street, and the next must be the old-time Beaver Street, I said, De Bever Graft. Yes; and I thought of the old-time

ditch there. Some busy four-footed tenants of its muddy banks had probably given it a name to go down the centuries. On Wall Street I closed my eyes and walked toward Trinity Church. Would I meet the Uncle Pieter of this story, in baggy breeches, on his way to fight the Indians, soon slipping into the open country through the land-gate in the "wall," the palisades once set up in pretentious order? Just where did New Amsterdam's famous "wall" run? I was close to its post-holes; could I not fancy them gaping in this to-day's thoroughfare of so many of the money kings of the nation? How speedily I had come to the end of the old colonial city!

Outside "the wall" I traversed a business street that now has glittering heaps of jewelry—stones with eyes of fire. "Maiden Lane" was the announcement of a street sign. I thought of New Amsterdam's more precious diamonds, the bright eyes of its maidens bearing along this very path stores of old Dutch linen to their weekly tub, a stream, and then laughingly racing back through the gate in the wall to their homes. What more picturesque origin for the name of a street—Maiden Lane? I was now outside of New Amsterdam, and yet how short a distance from Bowling Green! Yes, New Amsterdam was a little seed, but how precious! In story form, I have dwelt on a short period of its life up to the time it became New York, the Dutch element nominally succumbing to the English element; the Dutchmen, though clinging to their much-loved town, and then both elements side by side going on steadily, slowly but surely, to develop into the grandeur of America's present metropolis.

Would a resident of New York fully appreciate all the things in the past helping to make it grand? Would an outsider, rejoicing as a broad-minded American in New York's greatness, understand everything contributing to that success? Would a Hollander know what grand foundations some of his own kin, it may be, laid here in America? Would a young student of English history know of that early New York to which brave and adventurous Englishmen came, to live and rule there? Then all these must be students in the homes, the shops, the streets of little New Amsterdam.

My student life, a portion of which was passed in New York City, prepared me to enter upon the pleasant work in these pages, and a like agreeable path of investigation opens before the feet of those who would study New York in its beginnings. Voluminous is the literature upon the subject, and to different authors I signify in various notes my indebtedness. In the columns of the *Christian Intelligencer* I have found valuable data about colonial Dutch history. I would not forget "A Large Dictionary, English and Dutch," a "Groot Woordenboek," venerable and beloved, found in the Boston Public Library. A part of the volume looks as if, having received a blow from the vane of a windmill, it had been knocked into a Holland dyke, then fished out and left to dry on the deck of an old Dutch coaster. Dutch words, like English words, are not always given the same way. This dictionary is responsible for most of the Dutch spelling in my book, and as it was published in 1708, "T'Amsterdam," it seemed ancient enough to fit the present necessity, and I have frequently thumbed its worn pages. E. A. R.

BEHIND MANHATTAN GABLES.

CHAPTER I.

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

It was a day in May. The year was 1663. The sky was of a vivid blue, as if there had been an energetic Dutch cleaning overhead. The wind was at a gentle play, sending light round tufts of snowy cloud across this field of azure, as if it were rolling balls at invisible nine-pins. This harmless game, played with Dutch deliberateness, was going on above the streets of the tiny colonial city of New Amsterdam, on the island of Manhattan, in the province of New Netherland.

Petrus (in the Dutch, Pieter) Stuyvesant, one-legged soldier, brave, inflammable, wilful, loving his own way and yet loyal to Holland's ways, was governor of this Dutch seaport in the New World.

To Katryne Schuyler, a maid of nineteen, it did not make any difference who might be governor and what might be his characteristics, this morning at least. That freshly polished sky of blue, that spring wind, those

clouds so gracefully rolling across the heavens, did, though, make a difference in her feelings as she stood before a house built long enough in this New World to be old-fashioned.

"I must get out of this and see how all the fields outside look," murmured Katryne. "Now, I suppose father and mother don't want to go."

No; they had no disposition to take a spring ramble outside of New Amsterdam. Hans Schuyler and his wife, Lysbet, were generally slow in their moods and movements. In this community on Manhattan Island life would sometimes be fierce and wild as Holland's Zuyder Zee in a storm. Holland, though, had its dykes fencing in sluggish canals that North Sea tempests might reach and yet could not stir them below the surface. Hans and Lysbet preferred this second form of life, the sluggish canals guarded from the sea. Hans, though so sleek and sleepy-looking, had indeed shown that he could wake up and bristle like a Zuyder Zee tempest; but timid, lazy, selfish, the tempest was not his choice. Lysbet, too, had been known to fight; but even more than her husband she loved a sleepy day, the sun going down in a still, drowsy sky.

In such a quiet hour this was their favorite location; they would sit before the chimney tiles brought over from Holland, and dreamily contemplate the fat, pink cows standing knee-deep in sleepy, pink waters. If the cows, suddenly stalking out of those sunset-stained waters

and taking Hans and his vrouw as bundles of fodder, had begun to make a supper of them, Hans and Lysbet did not look as though they would have made any opposition.

This was not Katryne's temperament. She had in her veins some of the impulses of that quick, fierce, persistent energy that in spiteful little craft went out of Holland's harbors and dared to fight with big Spanish galleons, or they grappled with England's navies, and kept on fighting till Holland's flag waved in triumph above every masthead or lay under foot, crimsoned with the fighter's last blood. It was this spirit of dash and endurance that would sometimes flash into Katryne's black eyes and kindle them into flaming signals that one dealing with her would heed at once. Not that Katryne was a girl of combative and vixenish temper. She had anything save the disposition of a shrew, but she was spirited. With her energy and vitality went that fortunate companion of a rarely failing cheerfulness. She had a sunny way of looking at things, and there was a wise disposition to accommodate herself to the circumstances that might environ her. Now, Hans and Lysbet Schuyler never could be anything else than Dutch folk who came from Holland long before Katryne saw the light. They had not changed. They were still Dutch, and they talked Dutch. The English element in New Amsterdam was growing. In Long Island, it was growing faster still. In New England, it made such progress

that it threatened to grow to those dimensions that would make New Amsterdam's life as a Dutch town a serious uncertainty. Pieter Stuyvesant thought New England aggressive and annoying. He had reason to watch her.

Hans and Lysbet did not like the English people. When arrivals from England were reported in New Amsterdam's shops, the only attention Hans and Lysbet paid this emigrant element was to avoid it and cling more closely to their home. Hans would smoke longer before the old Dutch fireplace, and Lysbet, in her chair, would sleep before the pink cows in pink waters longer than usual. The cloud from Hans' pipe would hang lower and lower, grow denser and denser, till he and his spouse looked at last like two Dutch ships anchored in a fog. It is true, the actual arrival of two Dutch tubs from dyke-land, the decks swarming with emigrants smoking long pipes, would not have surprised Hans and Lysbet into a great violence of rejoicing. In a mood of placid satisfaction, they would have contemplated it, giving short, muffled grunts of complacency. They came away from the spectacle, though, more determined to talk Dutch, to associate only with Dutch people during the week, and worship with them on Sunday ; lying down at night to dream of Holland, waking up in the company of a resolute wish that their descendants might not see anything but windmills, canals, and houses made of bricks imported from Holland.

On the other hand, Katryne, the young woman whose

thoughts were breezy with the vitality that in some way had reached her from valorous Dutch skippers, lived in full and animated contact with her surroundings. She thoughtfully saw the English element everywhere coming in and penetrating the Dutch life. She heard, when she could not see, how in New England the life there was steadily gaining, pressing its way like a rising tide out of Connecticut and over to Long Island. She adapted herself to her surroundings. She made friends with the English about her. She did not go back on her old Dutch friends, but she did go forward almost zealously to make new English acquaintances. There was in Katryne's nature the element of championship that moved her to go out and befriend any party moved upon. When any jealous Dutch element frowned upon the English new-comers, Katryne stood up in open defence of the latter. If somebody else may have despised the English tongue and mocked it, she had seen its probable advantage, and resolved to learn it thoroughly. She did not forsake the beloved old Dutch words because she picked up new English words when living once in Massachusetts, or that now arrived as a part of the cargo of coasters from New England, or the stouter craft from Old England. Sometimes this question would come before her with peculiar interest : What if English ways and English people should ultimately triumph at New Amsterdam ? She sometimes wanted to ask Heer Director Pieter Stuyvesant this question as she

saw him stumping along so energetically; but the thought of the thunder-cloud that might blacken on his face at the mention of English rule repelled her.

In the above various ways there was an unlikeness between Katryne and Hans and Lysbet Schuyler. The unlikeness was so pronounced that it was no wonder she sometimes asked herself if they really could be her parents, if she really could be their child.

The difference was apparent this morning of the spring, when she wanted to fly outside of the palisades of New Amsterdam.

"Child, why wilt thou go roving?" asked Lysbet, when she knew of Katryne's wish.

"Oh, mother, ask the wind why it wants to fly? May I go?"

"Better stay here."

"And sit still?"

"Yes, rather than be a wind blowing down North River."

"I can't sit still, mother. May I be the wind for an hour?"

Lysbet's head went slowly up and down like a solemn old pendulum, and the young Dutch wind flew away.

"I don't understand that girl," murmured Lysbet, looking after the wind. "When will she settle down and be a woman?"

When Katryne was leaving the house, she passed the old servant, Johanna, white-haired Johanna. It seemed

to Katryne as if Johanna must have lived in the family always, and would she not continue to live always under the Schuyler roof, Johanna and the family and the house-life all going on forever? Johanna was spinning.

"This spring air makes me frisky, Johanna."

"Like one of the spring lambs," said Johanna, hushing her wheel and looking up sympathetically. Katryne and Johanna always seemed to understand one another.

"I am going into the fields outside the palisades a little while. Wilt thou not go?"

"I really think I ought to be spinning, dear. Does thy mother not want to go?"

"My mother?"

This was Katryne's tongue; but was Katryne's head behind it? Could her own self be speaking?

To Katryne's lips now came a question at whose venturesomeness she in after days often wondered. It came, though, and the gates opened at once, and out it hopped; "Johanna, am I really the child of my father and mother?"

At first Johanna was amused. "That proves itself, does it not? If the child of thy father and mother, that ends it, does it not?"

She thought Katryne would laugh; but as Johanna looked at her, what a serious face she saw!

It was so very earnest, it startled Johanna. The old nurse at once became as grave as Katryne.

"Why was that question asked, dear?"

"Because Johanna knows all there is to be known about us. Johanna, Johanna, am I the child of the people I live with?"

Johanna reflected. She had a very kindly face, very sincere and trustworthy. In some old pictures of saints that had become travellers and survived the rough voyage from Holland, Katryne had picked out the most sympathetic and trusty, and renamed it "Johanna."

"Yes, Katryne, I know all about thee," began Johanna. "To-morrow I will tell thee, for thou shouldest know."

"Oh, I thank thee, dear, dear Johanna!" exclaimed Katryne, embracing the old nurse and kissing her again and again. "I know thou wilt be a saint."

"I never shall be that," said Johanna mournfully.

Then this maid of Manhattan tripped away.

Outside the palisades, the wooden wall of New Amsterdam, the sight of the open country started up anew the rambling impulses within Katryne. Nobody was in sight, no maid bearing linen to an energetic bath, no traveller in the road that crawled up the island, no worker in any field. Then she could run as hard as she wished, and she turned her face toward East River gleefully.

"I wonder if my mother"—her thoughts tripped over this word—"if—if—Vrouw Schuyler ever ran so fast?"

She laughed as she imagined Vrouw Schuyler begin-

ning the course in a skip, but ending it in a roll. Katryne reproved herself for this disrespect, but still sped on. Now she would have it that Katryne was a bird; then Katryne was a cloud—not one of the lazy cotton-balls up in the sky, but one of the fast-driving masses of vapor a storm would urge across Long Island. Then Katryne was the breezy spring wind. She ran to a rock beside the restless blue water, sat down, and pushing back the dark curls falling over her clear sunny eyes and down upon the dimples making such pretty little nests in her fair cheeks, she looked off upon the bright, broad river.

Ah! there were the lazily moving cloud-images down in the water, slowly going somewhere. Where did they come from? Where were they going? Pilgrims adrift for Long Island? Whither then? Perhaps they were as wise about those questions "whence" and "whither" as Katryne, for could she say whence she came and whither she were going?

"Ah! there is a chip!" cried Katryne joyfully, like a child finding a toy.

The chip was floating on the water; but did it know whence it started, in what shadowy, murmuring forest of pine it was born, and from what trunk it was hewed, flying into the river near by? What if it were an English axe sending this chip into the Connecticut River near the spot where once had been a Dutch fort, the daring little voyager floating down to this point and aim-

ing at New Amsterdam? It would vex Pieter Stuyvesant to know of such an origin of this chip. But did anybody know, could even the chip give any information about itself? As well off, though, as Katryne Schuyler. She could not tell a word about herself.

"Oh, there is a log!" exclaimed Katryne.

Did this dumb, stupid block of wood know about itself? As well off, though, as Katryne Schuyler.

"Oh, there is a ship!"

Here Katryne jumped from her throne and threw up her hands.

A ship under full sail!

It was to Katryne, who had been looking down, a sudden picture of beauty, as if a long lily-stem had shot up to the surface and in a moment its budding head had burst into snowy bloom. Whence had that ship come? Where was the distant port that sent it out? This ship seemed as much without definite origin as Katryne Schuyler. She could easily guess, though, where it might be going: to New Amsterdam, with its ancient fort and creaking windmills and wooden "wall," and Heer Director Pieter Stuyvesant, around all which objects were closely clinging clusters of colonial homes. Not there just yet, for as the ship neared the neighborhood of the watcher its sails began to stir like the folds of a wind-shaken flower, and then one by one these canvas petals dropped, till the masts projected bare as any naked stalks in the December fields.

Katryne not only saw these sails fluttering down, but she heard the harsh clanking of a chain as a rusty red anchor tumbled down into the blue water. Next, a boat put off from the ship. She wondered who the people were in that boat. Would they land at the very rock that had been the throne of this fair spring queen ? She was curious to know. Were they honorable traders or were they suspicious mariners stooping to practices that might be classed as piratical ? Strange things were said sometimes about some of the bronzed faces seen at New Amsterdam's drinking-tables—for instance, about one Van Schen—here Katryne's thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a form rising up from the stern of the boat, waving gallantly his sword, and saluting her !

" Captain Dirk van Schenkel !" cried Katryne excitedly.

If a monster of the deep, an octopus, had thus leaped up and swung a hideous tentacle above the boat, Katryne could not have been more surprised. She did not like Captain Dirk van Schenkel, one of her father's acquaintances, and who had several times given her to understand that Captain Dirk van Schenkel would like to make Katryne Schuyler his vrouw.

" The beast !" said Katryne.

She quickly rose from the rock and hurried away. From the rear of a clump of bushes she gave a hasty look backward. The boat had now reached the rock, and Van Schenkel was climbing upon it.

"A big black spider—ugh!" murmured Katryne.

The clump of bushes reached by her stood on the edge of a grove through which she sped as if savages were after her. Gaining the other side of the grove, she hastily looked up to the sky above the open fields. The sky was troubled. The former snow-white clouds, losing their lustre, were changing into patches of dusky vapor with livid edges. Would they turn into black spiders? The spring wind, too, was losing its softness and warmth. It had a rough, chilling touch, like that of Dirk van Schenkel's hand when one day he tried to snatch Katryne's hand and she pulled it away as if a spider had fastened on it and bitten it. This time she went home by way of the "water-gate," where the wall of palisades met East River, and how very glad she was to see the gables of her home, with their edges cut like a flight of steps! Into the house she ran as eagerly as she had left it, and was about closing the door when she shuddered and looked back.

"Oh, that black spider! If he should follow me!"

She shut the door hastily, as if to close it on a black, repulsive form wriggling up the steps.

Once at home, she went into every kind of work as rapidly and intensely as possible, that she might with this activity drive off the unpleasant memories of the morning. She thought often of the promise of Johanna, who was absent that day most of the time looking after some of Hans' affairs whose settlement required

absence from the house. Johanna was expected to stroll along De Paerl Straat (the water front) and learn if a certain Dutch vessel might be in, to go to several shops and ascertain what furs were bringing, and ask Pieter Stuyvesant himself about the trade. Katryne went upstairs early when evening came. "The sooner I go to sleep," she argued, "the sooner I shall wake up to hear Johanna tell me where I came from. Hark! was that the sound of rain on the windows?"

Yes; the rain had come and was now tapping on the little old-fashioned panes that had been sent to New Amsterdam from Old Amsterdam. She thought how dreary it must now be on the water, so springlike and gentle in the morning! Could she see Dirk van Schenkel's vessel? She shivered. She was safe at home, though, and quickly went to her last duty before closing her eyes in sleep. It was to look at a psalm from an antique Bible with leather covers, a window turned heavenward, and brought from the same old city as the house windows. Katryne was very particular about her morning and evening look out of the window in the leather frame. On her knees she kept looking that same blessed way, and some of the shining ones who love to slip out of the heavenly city and comfort pilgrims halting on their knees must have come down those steps in the gables and visited Katryne's chamber. There was a restful look upon her pure, loving face as she lay down, and she was not troubled about the beginning or the end of her life. God knew

the start of the stream, and He guided its flow, and God would speak through Johanna in the morning and tell Katryne all that it was best for Katryne to know.

She slept on peacefully hour after hour. By and by she was half conscious that the inquisitive dawn was trying to look into her chamber. Then did she hear a step on the stairway? Was it that of Johanna coming up to tell her all about her life and where she came from? Was it good, kind Johanna, already fit to be a saint? No; it was not Johanna's step, which was rather light and quick, in sympathy with Katryne's, whose step Hans did not fancy. This was slow and heavy, and something that came wearily to Katryne's bed.

Was it the ugly, black spider of the previous day? No, not that, for the face was not malignant, though there was something black about the object. This black peculiarity, as it hung down, divided like wings. Katryne was confusedly wondering whether it were a black angel, when it suddenly spoke, and in what a tone! So slow, so solemn, so strange, and Katryne could never forget it!

"Katryne, didst thou see Johanna yesterday?"

"O mother, how—how thou didst frighten me in that black shawl! Oh, yes, I saw her. Hasn't she got home? I saw her, and she was so good, and I told her she would be a saint—going to be one, mother—and she said she—she—would—"

She stopped. She dared not say that Johanna was

going to tell her whether she were Lysbet Schuyler's child. It was such a relief to know, though she might not say it, that Johanna was going to be a bridge, taking her over to an island of mystery, and Katryne was reflecting upon this, when the messenger in black, solemnly, slowly said :

" Johanna—is—dead !"

" What ? What ? Oh, where ?"

" In her room."

Katryne, more like a wind than ever, seemed to fly out of her room and up into Johanna's, and there, on the slaap-bank, or sleeping bench, was a sweet-faced image that Johanna had left behind—an image such as our dead to-day leave behind ; an image from which we cannot seem to break away, and yet, oh, how it bruises and wounds the agonized heart that clings to it !

Katryne threw herself passionately upon this sweet semblance of Johanna and sobbed violently, while the now heavy storm of rain broke heart after heart of crystal against the old-fashioned window-panes that had come all the way from Amsterdam.

CHAPTER II.

ON AN ENGLISH COAST.

All day the wind had been calling. The tide ran steadfastly toward the wind for a while, and then the fickle thing turned and ran from it. That was the tide's answer to the call of the wind. Did it call to the birds? They must have heard it, and it may have quickened their music; but they did not care to obey the call, for this wind would have taken them far out to sea, where the waves tossed and foamed all day, where was neither tree nor shrub for their resting-place. No; the wind did not mean the birds, and they flew back from the shore to the snugly sheltering pines.

To what did it call?

To the ship anchored at the mouth of a little river. The voice of the wind was in the rigging, now gently humming like an idle expostulation, then growing to an impatient command. The ship chafed at its moorings and wanted to be away, and gladly obeyed the wind as soon as possible after the giving of an order by a voice that had the resonance of a northwester—

"Cast off that line!"

A woman with a weary, worn face and gray hair sat

by the window of an old English home and looked off upon the blue waters stretching to the west. She watched the ship receding with a stately grace from the shore. The woman was Mrs. Mary Wharton, the widow of the Rev. John Wharton, for many years the rector of that parish. Her only child, Harold Wharton, was still a boy in her thought, but actually he was nineteen, and from the stern of that receding vessel was watching his rapidly dwindling home and wondering at which window his mother might be sitting, anxiously watching Harold's ship.

Between the two parties of watchers, between the ship and the house, was a third party. His name was Abram Tillotson. He was a person of a size the reverse of formidable. His peculiarity was in his eyes, small, bright, and sunken deep under shaggy gray brows. His look about the eyes suggested that of an animal, and one almost wondered when the creature might spring out of his lair. Other than this, his face had a very kindly, human air, and his voice was peculiarly agreeable, but it went with a tongue that could dart out honey and poison in the same throw. He was a lawyer, and had the care of several estates, including that of the Whartons. Damaging stories had been told about his covetousness, and these had reached Mrs. Wharton's ear, and she wanted to detach him from her service. But he was like a leech whose tenacity is only equalled by its greed. Mrs. Wharton could not seem to get rid of him ; and when

she remembered his voice, so kindly and rarely musical, she sometimes did not wish to get rid of him. There, though, were those uncanny eyes, so penetrating, so seeing from afar, and so seeing into things ahead.

This man with the eyes now directed those eyes toward the house, and muttered, "Ah! another is there at the window. Hannah Martin, the nurse, it must be. Those simple fools are thinking of meeting their sons in America. Look out! The Atlantic is a deep ditch. Don't try to cross it, my ladies!"

His guess was correct. Nurse Hannah Martin was there at the window, sympathetically stroking the thin hands of her mistress, and talking away about Harold and George Martin. The latter was a sailor in whom the rover was very much developed, and he had roved among America's mysteries. He and Harold, years ago, settled it that their mothers must go to America.

Abram Tillotson's sharp little eyes had now shot seaward a cutting glance like a knife, and he muttered:

"Two fools at a window are expecting things that will never happen. On board that ship is a third simpleton. He is watching his old home. He says his father named him 'Harold,' and told him that he, Harold, must be like one of the knights King Arthur sent out to right mankind. Ha! ha! Then there was a little of the money-making spirit, I should say, in his father, for before his death he planned that Harold should go to the Western World and meet his Uncle

Robert—another fool—and learn how to cheat savages and buy furs. That Uncle Robert, always hopping about! Harold will miss him and bring back from the West about as much as Henry Hudson, whom his crew set adrift in that icy bay off somewhere."

Harold was still looking homeward. He was thinking of his mother. He was thinking of his father also. In his hand was a crumpled strip of paper on which his mother had written down a few bits of advice his father hoped Harold would follow: "Go slow when thou art angry. Do not go at all when thou knowest not the way. Speak not when thou knowest not what to say. If thou go sure, thou art all the more likely to go strong. In all thy going and coming, be a faithful knight for God."

English youth for two generations had been keenly alive to the westward calls echoing in every Atlantic-sweeping breeze. The daring voyages of the Cabots, of Hudson, Smith, Gosnold, Gilbert, Pring, Frobisher, Davis, and others, had brought wind after wind from the sea to fan the interest kindled in a Western world. Many young men had gone toward the sunset. Many were going. The Rev. John Wharton's brother, Robert, Harold's uncle, was not by any means in his youth. He had written Harold from New Amsterdam, but his movements were not restricted to that Dutch colony. The headquarters of his activity generally were in New England, but he had declared his intention some time to buy property in New Amsterdam and remain there, as

he liked the climate better than that of Boston. He had promised to care for Harold when he might arrive, and the ubiquitous uncle sent directions to land at New Amsterdam.

Harold responded quickly to these solicitations. He had a venturous nature, and wanted to find out what under the Western sun might tempt a young fellow's ambition. He liked new things. His bright face had the look of one asking, or ready to ask, a question. He was never a dull listener, but listened as one expecting to reach some unhitherto undiscovered isle even in the most dreary ocean of talk. He wanted now to see a new world beyond the waters. He wondered how it might look. Was there anything to be learned, to be discovered? He shared in that glorious impulse of discovery which has brought to England's brows the imperishable honors laid there by her rough but strong and manly navigators. As he went to this new world he felt that he stood on the threshold of a new life. With eager eyes he looked into the future, carrying in his bosom just as earnest an ambition for the newest and the most wonderful and the best things as any young man of this earnest age to-day, when he confronts all the wonders of a civilization of steam and electricity. And he had, too, the knightly element in his character. His father had not in vain trained him to go out as a knight of King Arthur, the old hero monarch, who, tradition says, sent out his knights in quest of high adventure. Harold

Wharton had been taught if a thing were right, though weak, by it he must stand, and help it into strength. He had heard about the feeble settlements in the midst of the savages of the West. He thought of possible opportunities to defend the weak; and if those savages needed a disciplinary hand, his hand was ready. He would never strike a weak enemy, though, and he would make that enemy a friend if he could. Was not this young knight's name Harold? Had not his father told him that it came to England across the water from the farther shores of the North Sea, and sometimes meant champion? How many of the old-time Harolds had gone out to valiant deeds, and this one now leaving England had a bosom swelling with pride to think of the glorious future that might be before him!

But there was that face on the shore still looking seaward and sneeringly. He had his thoughts upon the subject; "Sir Harold is going to a great country, he probably thinks. The savages will sober our young knight. And those women watching his ship"—he turned toward the house—"why, they are stooping! I verily believe it is as if they were going to pray. Ha! ha! what good will that do?"

Abram Tillotson had again guessed right. A mother was bowing that she might pray. She had told Harold that his mother's prayers would always follow him wherever he went, and she hoped they would be a wind to bring him to a heavenly port.

But Harold's ship was now rapidly receding from the watchers. It was feeling the long swell of the sea, dipping into every ocean valley, rising with every billow, while the wind fiercely piped in the rigging. Things on shore were confusedly mixing. The outlines of the trees and the houses were blending, and he could not distinguish his home from the neighboring oaks. Soon there was a fusing of all things ashore into a wave of green above a wave of blue. The vessel, too, was rounding a point, and all the land about his home was going out of sight. One moment longer he felt that he had a connection with Old England, and then came a homesick feeling as he exclaimed, "Gone!"

To those in the Wharton home there was a melting away of a patch of misty white canvas into a misty wall of gray. Every sign of a vessel disappeared

"Gone!" moaned one woman.

"Gone!" moaned another woman.

CHAPTER III.

THE KNOCKER.

"KATRYNE! Katryne!"

Katryne was polishing an ancient brass knocker that hung suggestively outside the door of Hans Schuyler's house, and seemed to say, "Lift me and drop me hard! Pound!" Katryne ceased to rub when her name was called so imperatively.

"Very soon, mother. It is almost clean," replied Katryne, rubbing the knocker still harder.

It was not a very elegant piece of brass, but a substantial one—a thing meant for use and to withstand the usage of generations. The prevalent style of the New Amsterdam knocker was a dog or a lion. These animals have been famous guardians. Who has not read of that grim-eyed Cerberus guarding the gates of the lower regions? Who does not know of gentle Una and her attendant lion, and who has not heard of the famous rows of stone lions leading up to the portals of Egyptian temples? The animal on the Schuyler knocker guarding the family, while arousing it at a caller's arrival, was a dog or a lion even as he might be viewed from a point at the right of the door or the left. Seen from the right, he was an

ugly Cerberus, but from the left-hand view-point he was Una's benign, dignified, noble guardian. Two persons might give, therefore, varying accounts of the same knocker. Katryne enjoyed this peculiarity thoroughly. She had two names for the knocker. On one side it was Brutus ; on the other, Cæsar ; and Cæsar was the lion.

As Katryne rubbed away, at first she was congratulating herself that this was the most peculiar knocker in New Amsterdam, little realizing how close and important its connection might be with her personal history. Then her thoughts flew to another subject, and not an agreeable one. She had for years occupied as her room a large comfortable chamber. At Johanna's death Katryne was directed to vacate this roomy apartment, and take Johanna's small room as hers. Katryne did not like this. She said nothing, however. She had a happy disposition to find advantages in disadvantages, and she began at once to say that Johanna's room was snug and cosey. It was higher up than hers, " closer to heaven," she said. It was in the rear of the eastern gable, and it had one window from which Katryne could see farther out upon East River. And then it was more removed from family jars ; and then, again, Johanna had left a beautiful atmosphere of peace behind her. Yes, Johanna would seem to meet Katryne when, tired and vexed, she was coming up the stairs, and Johanna would say, " Peace, Katryne !" Then Katryne could, in the rain, hear its tapping very plainly on the roof, and the

sound to her ear was not only delightfully musical, but it emphasized the security of her shelter. Apart from this, the present occupant of Johanna's room had some uneasy thoughts. Her father did not attempt to fill Johanna's place with another servant, but Katryne was asked to double her tasks and take on burdens that Johanna once carried. Had Hans Schuyler grown poor? Could he not afford to hire a servant? His pockets were fat as ever, and he could afford the expense of servant hire. Why, then, did he not hire a servant? Why was Katryne asked to do the servant's work? Katryne loved work. She enjoyed activity. She was not troubled by any false idea of work, that it was menial and below her. She was troubled, though, by this reflection: would Hans Schuyler have sent his own child up to occupy Johanna's room, and then called that child down to do Johanna's work?

The old question was now pressing with new force upon Katryne's thoughts as she rubbed away on the knocker: was that selfish, stolid soul, Hans Schuyler, her father? As for Lysbet, she had grown quite tender since Johanna's death, and yet Lysbet was not a twin soul, and could she be "mother"? Just here a cousin of Hans was going by—gray-bearded Pieter van Twiller. He was often at the house. He was generous, frank, sympathetic. When Katryne was a child, he would fondle her as tenderly in his arms, people said, as if she were his own daughter. As she sat upon his knee,

he would tell her about bold Henry Hudson and his venturous voyage up North River in 1609 ; about fights with the savages, and about hairbreadth escapes from their clutches ; about bold men of the sea who fought for plunder. Then he would tell her about New Amsterdam and the early days of its settlement, the privations and dangers of the colonists, and about Pieter Minuit, the first "Heer Director," or Governor, in 1626. Katryne's eyes would grow bigger and blacker and stiller, but the light in their depths would come to the surface and glow brighter than ever. She could seem to talk readily with Pieter van Twiller on any subject, approach him in any time of her trouble, ask any question about subjects perplexing her. When she now saw him coming down the street she wanted to leave the knocker and run to him and ask who her father and mother might be. The feeling of attraction gave way to one of repulsion, and she gladly turned back to her labors upon the knocker.

Pieter van Twiller, a kind-hearted, self-denying mortal sometimes, was a pig the most of the time—a pig at his trough—a sot. He was now staggering down the street.

She sighed twice. One little sigh was for herself, and a big one was for him. "Poor Pieter!" she exclaimed, "I wish I could help Pieter. If Pieter would only stop drinking!" She stole a pitying glance at Pieter, and then turned to the old brass knocker. "This old thing needs a hard, hard rubbing!" she declared, and then rubbed with vigor.

"Katryne!"

This summons from above came in a cold, drowsy tone.

"What is it, mother?"

"Don't forget Heer van Schenkel."

"Why, no!"

"As if I could forget that beast!" Katryne told herself. "That old captain is coming here, and I hate him. There goes mother's window."

It dropped softly, drowsily, as if going to sleep.

"Mother wants me to get through soon and see him. He is almost twice as old as I am, and I am not going to marry him. If I loved him I would marry him, though he were fifty-five. Now, I know what he wants to-day, and any other day he comes. He has a grand house, and to make one home for the two parties—for these Schuylers and Dirk van Schenkel—would be truly a fitting thing, he says. Then I should see him oftener, and I cannot bear him. I wish I could rub him out of the way, even as I rub out this spot!"

One moment she smiled to think of the complete disappearance of that hard, tough object, Captain Dirk van Schenkel. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, oh, what is this? Johanna never told me of this!"

She had seen a little line running up and down one side of the knocker. As she rubbed away, the line widened. Chancing to give a hard upward stroke with her hand, the upper portion of the knocker suddenly

yielded before the blow and made a slight upward slide. It was a blow on the nose of the dog and the lion, both Cerberus and Leo, Brutus and Cæsar, and they did what the originals never liked to do—retreat! Katryne was now in a state of great excitement. This apparently immovable old house guardian was separable into two portions, was it?

"Oh, it slides up!" she cried in delight, clapping her hands. She had enough of the curiosity of human nature to wonder if a still more energetic pressure would not compel a farther retreat. She boldly seized both Brutus and Cæsar by the nose, and pressed upward still harder. "Oh, yes, it—it is sliding up! Oh, farther—farther; why, it all comes off!"

Yes, both dog and lion had ingloriously retreated, leaving the house entirely unprotected!

No, not that; for what did Katryne see in this hollow knocker, whose upper half, sliding along metallic grooves, had now entirely forsaken the lower half? In that cavity was another knocker, much smaller than the first, but very pretty—an angel with folded wings!

"Under something ugly, something beautiful!" exclaimed Katryne.

There she stood in a happy kind of bewilderment, amazed at the discovery, her face radiant with an expression of childlike delight. Her next thought was, "What a good place this would be to hide anything in!" or, "If I loved that Captain van Schenkel—which I don't—we

would put love notes in this box, and the angel would keep them, and who besides us would be the wiser?"

"Katryne!" called out a voice less soporifically than before.

"Almost through!" replied the young woman at the door.

This time there was no soft thud of a window drowsily falling, but it came down with energy.

Katryne was startled out of her delighted mood and into one of alarm. What had she done to the knocker! What if Lysbet should roll suddenly down to the door and look out!

Katryne quickly, nervously slipped Brutus and Cæsar, Cerberus and Leo, back into their places, and began to rub the knocker again. Her fingers, though, seemed paralyzed with fear; for what if Lysbet did appear? And yet she had a delightful sense of ownership—ownership of a secret! To think that she alone of all the world knew about it! A box to hide things in, say love notes! She could not help wishing that there were some one masculine in the world she was in love with, and then as soon as possible she would write a letter to him and put it in this box, even though he never got it!

"Nobody loves me and I love nobody," she moaned; "but I have a bit of paper in my pocket, and I might put it in and play it was a love letter to my darling."

Seizing Brutus and Cæsar, and shoving their profiles

back, she was inserting the paper, when again sounded a voice.

This was not from above, but from the street. It was not a sleepy old voice, but one youthful and quick moving; not feminine, but masculine; not articulating Dutch, but English; and it inquired pleasantly. "Could you tell me—"

Katryne gave a nervous jump. She restored the knocker to its normal condition, and then turned about. Of course it was not Dirk van Schenkel, though she was expecting to see him. Dirk van Schenkel could not speak in that musical, gracious way. Katryne saw a young man that she thought might be of her own age. He was not dressed like a New Amsterdamer or an arrival from Holland. As his speech declared that he was English, so his dress showed that he must be from England. He was bowing as courteously to Katryne as any old-time knight she had ever heard about. Whatever the nationality of one bowing in that fashion, Katryne concluded that he might be classed under that cosmopolitan title, "gentleman."

"He is a comely young man," thought Katryne, falling promptly in love with his brown locks, rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes. "What does he want? He has just come, I know, in some vessel from England."

He now finished his sentence.

"Can you tell me the way to a tavern, for I am a stranger?"

"Oh, yes," replied Katryne in ready English, while descending the old-time stoop, her polishing-cloth in hand. "You go this way, that way, this way," she motioned with her hands, "then around a corner, and you will see it before you—a tavern. You will find it."

Until he was out of sight she wanted to watch him as he walked away, this cavalier from England; but there was the sound of a rising window above, and she knew what order was coming. She did not wait for this, but cried, "Yes, mother, I am coming."

This was in a very dejected tone, for that young English knight was still in plain sight. Hastily scampering up to the door, she entered the house.

The young man had gone but a few steps when he turned about to speak again to Katryne.

"She said," he was reflecting, "she said—wasn't she pretty! She said this way, that way, this way, then round the corner; but which way, which corner? How her eyes lighted up! I don't know but I ought to go back and ask her. Oh, she is gone!"

He quickly returned and planted himself before the knocker, and was about to raise it and summon her when his conscience began to accuse him of returning for a false purpose. His hand was on the knocker, but he did not feel at ease in asking for information which he had in substance. Neither the roar of a lion nor the bark of a dog was heard. No sound aroused the fair maid within and brought her to the door. Having obeyed

conscience and done something commendable in his silence, would not conscience let him do something questionable? He had detected Katryne in the manipulation of the knocker, though she was entirely ignorant of it. He pushed up the face of the knocker, and there was a slip of paper. He had a young man's curiosity, and opening the paper, proceeded to examine it.

"Nothing," he said. "Something ought to be here, though."

He had in his pocket a slip of paper on which were two of his father's rules, and copied on the voyage from those his mother had given him: "Go slow when thou art angry. Do not go at all when thou knowest not the way."

"There," reflected Harold; "this may do vast good."

At the same time he was blushing as if he had stolen twenty guineas and had been caught in the act of stealing.

Harold replaced Cerberus and Leo, Brutus and Cæsar, and then softly stepped away, saying to conscience that he had done perhaps a very kind, philanthropic thing, and it ought to condone any liberty he had taken with an old Dutchman's knocker. The next moment he was saying, "What if the Dutchman and not that girl should examine that knocker?" He hurried away. His heart beat much faster as he thought of this possibility, and a pan of coals seemed to be burning in each cheek; but he dared not go back. He heard a voice at an open win-

dow near him saying gruffly, "Why, Katryne, where hast thou been so long?"

It was not a woman's voice.

What Bluebeard was daring to make himself thus obnoxious? Harold Wharton was yet to meet Hans Schuyler, the man with the gruff voice.

CHAPTER IV.

IN A NEW WORLD.

HAROLD WHARTON had found himself one morning in a new world. The long, rough sea voyage was over. When he left his berth and went on deck, the vessel, pushed by a vigorous breeze, was rapidly sailing up a roomy bay. He sprang for the bows.

"How now, blockhead?" shouted the gray-bearded captain. "Forrard there, if you will!"

And out upon the bowsprit crawled Harold, anxious to get as near this new world as possible.

"Have an eye there! You will fall overboard," warned the captain, "and pay for a fool's folly."

Harold did not hear him. The light of an eager expectancy was kindled in his blue eyes, and the wind blew his locks into a tangle about his fair forehead.

The captain laughed. "What does that chap think he will see?" he muttered.

Harold saw two canoes.

"Savages!" was his exciting comment. He detected smoke arising from what he thought must be a wigwam. "Ho! a third canoe!" he shouted.

These few signs of life gave a sign, too, that he was in a new country.

The vessel sped as if at a race, and then came a run through a strait which modern nomenclature knows as "The Narrows." Its waters to-day are roughened by the keels of a world-wide commerce; then, Harold's vessel was its only occupant. Beyond this strait the water widened out into the roomy tract we know as the New York Upper Bay. To-day the funnels of many steamships trail behind them the long streamers of their smoke; that day this sailing vessel from England lifted its proud canvas in a solitary glory. What captain of a mighty ocean steamer pressing up New York Bay can feel the exultation of that young Englishman astride the bowsprit of a small sailing craft in the year 1663? Proudly it crossed the lonely bay and dropped its rusty, rattling anchor chains off some kind of an odd seaport town, one of whose most prominent objects was a windmill inside a fort. This settlement was held in the ever loose and yielding yet never relinquished embrace of two large currents, one from the north, the other from the east, their waters mingling in the large blue bay Harold's vessel had traversed. After his solitary voyage it was a relief to count three ships lying in a social cluster at anchor, and also to see all those dwellings ahead—a life ashore and grouped in a town. Harold saw a canoe pulled up on the beach, and there must be a settlement of savages somewhere, he reflected, life in a mass of wigwams; but

ahead was the life of a civilized town; odd, not just English, and yet human, and hence homelike.

He soon went off in a boat that the captain ordered ashore. He wished to find a tavern that might receive him and his baggage; he wanted to hunt up his Uncle Robert, and search in the shipping for some trace of George Martin, the young English sailor; and he wished also to see New Amsterdam.

The vessels tied to their anchors, the houses with their notched gables, the fort around which huddled many buildings as if seeking protection, the windmill he had just spied, other windmills, also, interested him exceedingly. This was the New World, and it awakened as eager a curiosity as the big, bewildering New York of to-day can possibly arouse in a lad from the woods of the Adirondacks. Harold had an abundance of time to inspect his new world, and he was bound to do it thoroughly and leisurely. He would find a tavern, hunt up Uncle Robert and his friend George, and see New Amsterdam all at the same time.

"I must take a good look at that fort," declared Harold, "and some day see the inside of it."

New Amsterdam's fort, though it had earthen walls, was a pretentious structure in the days of its greatest strength. There were several buildings within the fort, and Harold pronounced one of these a church. He gazed a few minutes at a sentinel pompously striding his brief course, at the arms of a windmill that rose above

the walls and that was lazily threshing the air, and then watched the Dutch flag floating wearily under the sky as if it would be a relief to have the sunset hang out its fiery signal and say that Holland's flag might come down.

In the neighborhood of the fort Harold found a building that at once attracted his attention. It was a structure of stone, and in after days he heard the people call it White Hall, and learned that it was the governor's house, or that of the "Heer Director." Amid the bustling life of New York streets to-day is preserved the memory of Governor Stuyvesant's house, for Whitehall Street is a reminder of the ostentatious house of stone not far from little New Amsterdam's fort.

And though he did not know it then, Harold saw the Heer Director or Governor Pieter Stuyvesant, himself.

"That is somebody, and not one of the common people," declared Harold, standing in front of that stone house.

This "somebody" wore a long black velvet coat decorated with buttons of silver and trimmed with silver lace. His crimson doublet also was ornamented with silver buttons and silver lace. His hair, worn long, fell upon a wide white collar. In his broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat was a feather. Knee-breeches were fashionable in those days, long hose also, and shoes with silver buckles, and Pieter Stuyvesant wore all of those equipments that he could; but doing his best, he could

wear only one silken hose, one shoe, and one silver buckle, for Pieter Stuyvesant had but one leg! His substitute for a second leg has become famous in history. It was said at one time that he had a silver leg. This can be accounted for. His false leg was compassed with silver bands, and probably they were conspicuous ones. Hence the legend of a silver leg. That is the way many stories swell into exaggerated dimensions, and a simple story becomes a wonderful legend. The Indians' title for him was "Wooden Leg." For years they were by day thorns in his hands and thorns in his side, and by night they were thorns in his pillow. On one occasion, when the Indians felt aggrieved, they had an angry meeting, and promptly wished to know if "Wooden Leg, in whom they had confided as their protector, intended to tear down the houses which were to shelter them in stormy and wintry weather."* This instance illustrates the depth of the impression that Pieter Stuyvesant's artificial limb made on the savages. Eventually Wooden Leg got the better of his dusky enemies, and proved to them that a stump of wood and a lot of energy behind it might be more powerful than all their legs of flesh and bone combined. They respected this leg of wood. He was a resolute soul, a man of strong will, who did not always round out and polish his words, but shot them forth plain and rough, no matter who might be in the way.

* History of New Netherland, E. B. O'Callaghan, Vol. II., p. 75.

"I should not want to have him against me in a controversy," thought Harold, as he tried to read the strong face out before the House of Stone. "I dare say he would tell me where a tavern is; but I think I won't ask him, nor anybody else. I'll find it myself. I don't see anything like a tavern-keeper, but I'll hunt one up."

In this matter of obtaining information people are very different. Some set everybody to work hunting up the needed knowledge, and the more trouble they make their friends, the better they seem to like it. Others have a pride of discovery, and like personally to hunt up a place, and on a fool's errand may steal round for a tiresome hour. Harold himself wanted to find a tavern and, in the mean time, see New Amsterdam, the new world directly before his eyes and feet.

Starting from the fort, which street should he take? In whatever direction he went, his travels would soon come to an end, for across New Amsterdam stretched that wall to which I have referred. It was only a high stockade, a fence of upright pieces of timber, a row of palisades. Humble though its construction, the stout walls of Troy or the lofty towers of Babylon, and that long, straggling piece of masonry in China, have not been more famous to those inside than was New Amsterdam's wooden fence to New Amsterdam. Hence came the name of a street along this very site, a street famous in the financial world, Wall Street. Who that gets into its fierce money-whirl thinks of the sturdy palisades inside

of which ambitiously dreamed a little old-time seaport, while outside, with stealthy step, stole the savage from the forest? Other streets of New York can boast of a very interesting history back of their names. Canal Street runs where the settlers made a canal to link the marshes on the right and left of Manhattan Island. Maiden Lane has its picturesque origin in the laundry custom of the maidens at one stage of Manhattan history, who flocked to certain clean waters where they washed Manhattan's soiled linen.

New Amsterdam did not need many streets to meet its convenience. In 1664 it only held some fifteen hundred souls; and I have counted up seventeen streets that some time during the day were traversed by patient New Amsterdam pilgrims.

Two streets at first must have satisfied the ambition of the little Dutch town—one from the fort along the water front, and the other from the fort back into the wilderness, where savages skulked, where wolves at night howled dismally, and from whose dusky depths bears had been occasionally led captive into the primitive town, terrifying the mothers and rejoicing the boys. Wolves at one time were so numerous and so destructive to the cattle turned out into the woods, that for a wolf's scalp a reward was given. Let us, though, bring back our thoughts to that street leading north from the fort through New Amsterdam in 1663, and so to a gate in the palisades or wall. To this point it was known as De

Heeren Straat, or the Gentlemen's Street,* and was a pioneer of our Broadway. Outside the wall it was De Heeren Weg. This was a long way, and marking out the path for a future Park Row, Chatham Street, and the Bowery, it stretched on across Manhattan Island.

It was De Heeren Straat that Harold Wharton faced, and he asked himself, "Shall I go this street? Perhaps I had better."

And yet the water front had a charm for him. The waves that rippled and flashed in the sunlight seemed to beckon to him. Around the vessels that were anchored in the bay was an attractive stir of boats, and each was a magnet. Harold took the street along the water front, narrowly watching everything. He soon came to a canal, on either side of which was a paved roadway. This was De Heeren Graft (a word meaning something "dug"—and in this case, a canal). It was the predecessor of our Broad Street. Clumsy lighters slowly were coming up this canal, bringing goods from the anchored vessels; and Dutchmen, who loved anything that suggested Holland's canals, beheld the scene with smiling complacency. De Heeren Graft was a beloved place of residence for prosperous New Amsterdamers. Holland in a nutshell was before them.

Harold wandered along De Heeren Graft. It soon shrank to a ditch, receiving the waters of a swamp whose

* Memorial History of the City of New York, James Grant Wilson, Vol. I., p. 294.

oozing depths went in a northerly line to the neighborhood of to-day's Exchange Place. Where a Holland-like canal became a New World ditch, there was a street that the beavers may have planned and laid out. It was just the Beavers' Path that became De Bever Graft, and as here was a canal in embryo, its borders were good enough for the homes of humble Dutchmen. To the east and west of the main line of the beavers' muddy quarters were additional ditches to tap that troublesome swamp. It is said that the above systematic tapping of the swamp ultimately changed its rough nature, and it was tamed down to a meadow called the Sheep Pasture. To confirm the truth of this ancient story of the existence of a swamp, when in recent years a ten-story building was planned on a corner of Beaver and Broad streets, it was necessary to drive piles through a yielding soil that a satisfactory foundation might be secured. The beaver did not mean to be forgotten, also that this invasion of his ancient muddy home should not be made without cost to the invader.

As Harold Wharton wandered along New Amsterdam's odd little streets he saw a variety of homes. Some were poor and mean, and others worthy of praise. A favorite pattern was that of a partly wooden building, whose gables were filled with small yellow and black bricks, making a kind of checker-work. It seemed as if a Puritanic storm against checker-boards might have swept through the little town, and the abandoned idols

set up on end now served as innocent gables. For the roofs, a favorite style of finish was that of tiles; sometimes shingles were used. Mounted somewhere above the house might be a weather-cock, ambitiously but silently making to all New Amsterdam a sign of the drift of the restless winds that had arrived in town and were bustling about. Down at the door would be a knocker of brass, and a well-rubbed knocker also, offering an opportunity to any swain to rap timidly on the door of his beloved, and perhaps furnishing a mirror, that he might see if his face were clean and comely, if his hat had a fashionable steeple-crown, and if his white collar were without wrinkle and of a fascinating pattern. All those buildings with varied features only suggested pleasant domestic pictures to Harold.

As he looked at one locality, he saw a picture anything but pleasant. There stood the old-time whipping-post, and it was bad enough, but its aid and companion was far more repulsive. It was a gallows! Unhappy criminals doomed to death were here compelled to meet it in barbarous fashion. It is an agency whose black shadow falls no longer across the life of New York. Harold stared at it, and shivered as if in an Arctic blast. In one picture of New Amsterdam that ugly instrument of death rises in the foreground. Let us be grateful that it is gone from New York forever.

Of Harold's wanderings that day a part has found record in a previous chapter that speaks of his adventure

in Katryne's street. Her beautiful face had surprised him into a forgetfulness of his purpose to find without aid a tavern, and stammeringly, blushingly he had asked for information. When he had received it, when, too, he had made a deposit of good advice in the mysterious depths of the brass knocker, he started again on his travels.

He passed very soon several shops. As a rule, a New Amsterdam shop was in the home of the New Amsterdamer. In the lower part of the building he traded for skins and sold a variety of goods. Above, he spread his table and lived on the profits of the wares sold below. When trade was over, he could sit out on his stoop, smoke his pipe, watch the lighters in the canal or those off the water-front, and when the clouds had covered and extinguished the last of the sun's fiery candle, climb the stairs to his comfortable couch behind the checker-work gables. Under one roof revolved all the machinery of his daily life.

New Amsterdam was bibulous in its habits, and among its merchandise were goods to be drank as well as eaten or worn. Sailors were arriving from over sea, and quite likely to be thirsty, though men from the water. The savages had acquired an unhappy fondness for spirits, and would, if they could, drink copiously and frequently. The New Amsterdam trade in stimulants was more thrifty than wise.

Harold was pushing along, eager by his speedy ac-

quaintance with it to make the New World an old one. Eyes and ears were at the front. A boyish enthusiasm was urging him on, and he was ready for any adventure that would give him knowledge. Then, what if Uncle Robert, as well as the young Dutch woman's tavern, should turn up any moment? He had no sooner raised this question than he exclaimed, "Look at that man!"

Under the slanting roof of a rough porch to a shop sat a man who had bowed his head upon his arms, folded along the back of his chair. A table was near him, and it supported a big, empty mug. A strong odor of some kind of spirits was in the air.

The man was roughly dressed, like a sailor, but no roughness of dress could hide the noble proportions of his figure.

"Faith, I know of only one man put together in that way," reflected Harold. "The fellow would do for the king's troops."

He halted and looked closely at the unconscious figure. "What can the matter be?" wondered Harold. "He stirs not, and he carries his head so low, it looks as if it would roll upon the ground. Drunk—yes, drunk as a fool!"

Harold was stepping round to the other side of the insensible occupant of the chair, when a man came out of the shop and, staring at Harold, threw out in a coarse tone of voice something too far off in Dutch to be within the reach of Harold's understanding. The stranger was

heavily built, his face coarse, lumpish, and pimpled. On his head he wore a red skull-cap. His vest of blue was ornamented with various relics of tarnished brass. A long, dirty white apron fell down before breeches and leggings of blue.

"This fellow in brass is the man that keeps this shop. He is a tapster," concluded Harold. "I think he has just got this man drunk, and it's a sorry trick on so fine a specimen of a man."

The tapster laughed boisterously as he saw Harold's interest in a tipsy customer, said something else that Harold thought was Dutch because unintelligible, and slipped back into his dirty den.

Harold was not satisfied. He must learn more about this case in the chair. He bowed and tried to look up into the face sunk upon those folded arms.

"What!" he murmured. "It can't be, but it looks like it, and he is drunk—drunk as a fool. Say, rouse up! Who are you? Do you know me?" The sleeper turned in his chair, partially raised his head, drowsily opened his eyes, while Harold exclaimed, "George Martin!"

George Martin was one of the magnets drawing Harold across the sea; George Martin, who had made, too, a magnet of his letters home; George Martin, for whom an old parent was wearily waiting in England; George Martin, whose mother was hoping to come to America, bringing Harold's mother, all making a home under the

same roof! Everything though came to this, that here was a drunken fool in a chair before a dirty wine-shop! The New World suddenly seemed to collapse, breaking down into this sad ruin. George was stupidly asleep again.

"George!" called Harold gently, "I am Harold Wharton, just over from England, and I have been hunting for thee. Come, George, wake up!" He shook the sleeper, though not roughly. The only response was a groan. "Oh, it is too bad!" murmured Harold. He tried again, "Come, come, man! Wake up! An old friend is here."

"Ha, ha, man! Cannot do much wid dot ting of beef!"

The words were English, but the accent was Dutch.

Harold looked up and saw a showily dressed man hurrying out of the shop. He was perhaps forty years old. His features were finely cut, but their expression was malevolent. As he stepped forward, his gait was one of importance. He wore a gray frock with short skirts, breeches of black velvet, and hose of blue. Around his waist was drawn a sash of scarlet. He wore a broad, white collar, and upon his head was a steeple-crowned hat. He pompously strutted up to the sleeper and shook him rudely. Then he savagely kicked him. The response was a deep groan, as if George Martin's soul were injured as well as his body.

Harold sprang forward when the man raised his foot

to deliver another brutal kick, and planted himself between George Martin and his assailant. Harold's eyes flashing out their indignation were like coals of fire. He straightened up; he towered; he was a handsome picture of strength and aroused justice. He was a knight bound to right wrong, and he felt and showed it.

"Don't you do that again!" he thundered.

"Eh?" said the man sneeringly, saucily. "Why not? Wilt thou stop me, thou English puppy?"

He flourished a pugnacious fist before Harold's burning eyes, but Harold said nothing, did nothing, only looked at the man. The latter was still more enraged at Harold's silence, and shook his fist still more threateningly. Seeing that Harold would not budge, he stepped aside, and then making a quick move in the rear, rushed at George, and would have kicked him still more brutally, but Harold caught the fellow, seized his arms and twisted them behind him, and then holding him in his powerful grasp, shoved him along the street. The captive struggled and writhed to get away from Harold, but the grip was like iron and hopeless. Several loafers came out of the shop, and standing in the porch grinned at the sight, and then laughed and shouted, "Ho! ho! ho!"

At the first street-corner Harold took off his hands, and then pointing round the corner, commanded, "Do —thou—*go!*"

"Who—who—art—*thou?*" fumed the man in English, adding something in Dutch.

"That is not your matter. *Do thou* go!"

The stranger hesitated, but when Harold advanced toward him angrily replied, "I go, mynheer, but thou and he—the sprat is mine—he—thou wilt hear from me."

Off he went, throwing out hot curses in Dutch as energetically as if he were a volcano in course of eruption.

Harold went back to George.

"George!" he called. "Come, boy, try to get up!"

George was now beginning to realize that he had been kicked, and was rubbing his leg.

"Come, George, come!"

"Harold, boy!" exclaimed the sailor in an affectionate, delighted tone.

"Yes, George; now get up and go with me."

Harold wound a strong arm about George and helped him up. Together they went off. But where in the wide world, and in New Amsterdam in particular, would Harold take this befuddled companion? "Which way did that young Dutch woman say I must go to find a tavern?"

He looked up, and his eyes snapped. "There she is now!" he exclaimed, with delight. Katryne met Harold like one of the angels that crossed the path of poor, distressed Jacob. She had been sent out by the Schuylers in behalf of the family larder, that it might be equal to the demands of the appetite of that expected guest, Captain Dirk van Schenkel.

Fancying she might possibly see again that gallant

young Englishman, she could not resist the promptings of a nature that was as human as the average, and had allowed herself to put on a very becoming piece of head furniture, a crimson hood of silk. It was in the latest style, certainly as fresh a pattern as New Amsterdam knew about, and it made a fascinating setting for her bright eyes. Otherwise her attire was plain, just a simple black dress that opened in front to show a petticoat of black. All this though only made the crimson the more prominent. Katryne had a very pretty foot—so Johanna used to think—and this was encased in a high-heeled shoe.

When Harold saw her, he abruptly stopped, and his load stopped with him. Harold's gaze was one of honest admiration. Katryne had seen Harold as promptly as Harold had seen Katryne, but she did not wish in any way to confess it. There was a puddle in her pathway, and coquettishly turning from Harold, there was a far-away look in her eyes, as if her thoughts were beyond the seas, and the great occupation of her present life was how to get a pair of high-heeled shoes safely over a puddle in South Africa. She heard a cough. It was not a sharp, rigid, aged cough, but one sonorous, pliable, youthful. She did not turn her head though. She was in South Africa still.

"A-a-hem, madam!" appealed Harold, fearful that this fascinating vision of an angel might vanish up the spring sky.

Katryne gave a startled toss of the head, as if this were one of the amazing surprises of her life, and on the other side of the puddle, that to Harold seemed to have an Atlantic width, she tantalizingly halted. Harold was trying to give a very stately bow while still supporting George.

"Poor fellow!" mourned Katryne in touching tones, with her eyes avoiding Harold and looking tenderly at George.

"Is he drunk?"

She infused into her English such a pretty mixture of Dutch intonation, that Harold's sense of the sin of intoxication began to weaken. It promptly strengthened though.

"Yes, lady; and only think of it, he is a sailor that I was looking for, one I knew at home in England; but I did not think to find him where I did."

George was gradually coming to himself, and now muttered, "Never did—did think!"

"Poor fellow!" again said the Dutch angel so pityingly.

Harold now was so stirred up that he felt like delivering a strong sermon on the evil of drink, and on the evil, too, of pitying its devotees.

"And he is a sailor?" inquired Katryne. "They have such a hard time!"

He wanted to tell her what a hard time he had had as a knight, protecting his friend against one who had in

his face the expression of the Evil One. Yes, he could have told her he felt as if he, the knight, had crossed the devil's track. He was silent though. If he had spoken, he doubted whether this hard-hearted Dutch angel would have pitied one who had fought the Evil One. Only drunken sailors would receive her commiseration.

"I pity sailors. They have a life of danger," she began again.

"They may make life wretched for their friends, and will do it if they get drunk. Good-day, madam!"

His language was courteous, but his manner was distant. Off he went, tugging at his burden.

"Fare thee well!" said Katryne gently and penitently, looking now at Harold with strained vision, and hoping he might turn just once.

He did not give one glance backward, but strode off haughtily. She, in her anxiety to see all that she could of the supporter of the drunken sailor, stepped carelessly, and as if to punish her for her trifling manner toward a lonely exile from England, one of her high-heeled shoes slipped off and dropped into the puddle.

"Oh! oh!" sighed Katryne, pulling out of the water her luckless shoe.

She now went off in disgrace, but she gave a final swing to her crimson hood; Harold was not looking. He was walking off stiffly, dragging the English sailor with him.

"Does he see that tavern?" wondered Katryne.

Yes, he saw a building that he concluded was a tavern. Its open door had a hospitable look, and on benches at each side of the wide stoop men were lounging that might be classed as travellers seeking a refuge, or professional loafers from the streets of New Amsterdam. Sampson-like, Harold was dragging George along with him, and finally deposited him in an empty chair near the benches. With the air of a knight who had won a great trophy, and only wanted now an opportunity temporarily to shelter it, Harold stepped across the threshold of the tavern and upon its carefully sanded floor. A person was here that Harold took to be the tavern-keeper, wearing a skull-cap of yellow and a baggy coat of blue and velvet breeches of black. He understood English enough to catch at Harold's meaning, and he led him across the ridges of sand to a stairway, beyond which were several guest-rooms. Harold was absent not more than five minutes, and having made his selection, returned to the stoop, but found an empty chair. The trophy that was the sign of the prowess of this English knight had gone!

Could George have gone off without help? Harold did not ask any of the noisily jabbering group on the stoop for information, but in his self-reliant way preferred to hunt up George, who had probably sauntered off a short distance, and could soon be found, he assured himself. A patient hunt did not disclose George to the

hunter. Then Harold applied to the tavern-keeper, who was pacing his sanded floor.

"Have you seen my friend?"

"Vot?"

"I left a friend at your door, and he has gone away."

"Vot—gone vay?"

"He has gone, I say. He was my friend. I left him at your door, sir."

"Komm dis vay! My, my! Vot ish it? Komm, komm!"

The tavern-keeper's skull-cap flew to the door as if it were a wing, and there this wing of yellow was surrounded by an excited circle, all gabbling at once—one man pointing at the empty chair, another at Harold, a third down the street toward the water. All about Harold was this whirlpool of Dutch words, the tavern-keeper energetically interjecting an additional and confusing torrent of opinion. Finally, a man came up whom the others accosted volubly, and pointed at Harold, as if to acquaint the man with Harold's connection with something that had happened.

"He knows something about this, and I will ask for myself," thought Harold. "There is so much excitement, I know George did not go peaceably."

"Did you see a man go from here?" asked Harold.

"You shpeaken no Dootch?" inquired the man.

Harold shook his head.

"Denn lemme shpeak English. Dot man vot go—

vell, he go, cos—cos he must go. Dey made him fur to go."

"Who made him?" asked Harold, springing forward.

"Vell, a shailor must go mit shailors. Dey made him go."

"Which way?"

"De ship?"

"Yes, the ship—I mean, where did the sailors take that man?"

"De ship—ober dar—and—and"—here the man pointed to the water-front—"and goin' dish day."

The next moment Harold was rushing down to the water-front to find a ship going that very day, and carrying off the luckless George Martin. Out in the stream was one ship, whose deck showed the turmoil of departure. Men were rushing about handling pieces of cargo, or they were climbing the rigging, or they were hoisting sail. And up in the shrouds, did not Harold see George Martin?

"Fool that I am! He cannot climb a ship's rigging. He is not over his spree. That looks like him by the rail. And the man in the stern?" wondered Harold.

In the high, old-fashioned poop stood an officer. He was grinning satanically and waving his hand defiantly at Harold.

"That's the Evil One!" exclaimed Harold. "That is the man that kicked George Martin—his captain—and

I understand it all now: he sent a gang that carried poor George off. I have it now!"

The vessel was speedily drifting away. Over our young knight stole a feeling of solitude. He thought of the old friend who was in his arms a little while ago; but now, snatched away, he was a prisoner, and every moment receding in that receding vessel. Was the vessel going to England? He thought of the waste of water between him and his old home, of the loneliness of that stretch of ocean. He seemed solitary as the solitary sea.

He started forward. Was the Evil One in the high stern throwing Harold a last gesture of contempt? Who could he be?

"I'll ask the man next me. He may be English, and can tell me who that captain is," thought Harold.

The man proved to be English and good as a directory.

"The captain of that vessel is one Van Schenkel."

"Van Schenkel?" thought Harold. "Then Van Schenkel is the devil."

He felt his loneliness still more sensibly. He turned away from the water-front, wishing he could see the handsome Dutch maiden. If he had known her aversion to Van Schenkel, the angel in the crimson hood would have had a new attraction for him.

CHAPTER V.

PIETER THE SOT.

HANS SCHUYLER sat out in his garden, and as he smoked, seemingly gave all his thoughts to the cattle—a fine pair just imported from Holland—that, securely tethered, were feeding with great satisfaction on a plot of green grass at the foot of the Dutch garden. Hans had such an animal look, was so round-bodied, that if, going on all fours, he had been turned out there, he might have seemed to be among his kind; but he would not have been, for Hans would have rooted in the emerald sod. He was not of the cattle-kind. Hans was pig. Hans had a big, puffy face; full, drooping, shaven cheeks; a turned-up nose, that was remarkable for a pinkish tip. An erysipelous affection of a wilful nature had persisted in going into that tip and perversely pinking it. When he was excited, his face was more swine-like than ever, for into it came a heavy look of animal obstinacy, while the tip of the nose was more inflamed than usual. The occasion of the present commotion in Hans' soul was, first of all, a talk that Hans had had with Katryne. The day that Van Schenkel had been expected to call, that day Van Schenkel did not call.

He had planned to start on a coasting trip to New England, after he had seen the Schuylers. His crew, though, had made him trouble by their carousals in New Amsterdam's drinking-holes, and after he had alighted upon George Martin and dragged him away, he made up his mind to sail at once. Both wind and tide promised their help. The voyage would not be long, he told himself. He would be back soon. Then he would see Katryne. He did not feel uneasy as to success in this interview, though his errand was so serious as to discuss his betrothal to Katryne and a subsequent marriage. Hans favored this, and Hans had been the one to rule behind the dog and lion knocker. Not for a moment did he suppose he must now get down from his throne. Could the names of Van Schenkel and Schuyler be firmly tied together, it would greatly be to Hans' financial advantage, for Van Schenkel had money. Hans also was reported to sit as a kind of king enthroned on his wealth, but there was much thinness of shell to his finances, and a rough stroke from any catastrophe would shiver Hans' prosperity. On the other hand, what stability would be assured to the shell if it could be thickly lined with those beaver-skins Van Schenkel brought down from the Indian country traversed by the long, lonely North River! A blow, though, from Katryne's own energetic hand was the catastrophe threatening to shatter that shell. When Hans, to prepare her for Van Schenkel's call, had plainly spoken about this modest captain's in-

tention, Katryne met the proposition with a prompt, flat, even scornful rejection.

Hans was not prepared for this. It upset him at the time, and he had not recovered from the upset. Out in the garden he was thinking it over. The memory of that talk very much excited a nature that did not love excitement for its own sake. He breathed more and more heavily. He drew on his pipe harder and harder. He threw out larger and larger puffs of smoke. In the midst of this enveloping cloud there would be an explosion, like a gun going off, a gruff "Booh-h-h-h!" As the smoke from the discharge of this heavy old cannon cleared away, Hans would make some exclamation, some declaration of a purpose, which might be taken as the shot from the cannon going to its mark. His first declaration was, "Katryne, Katryne must be brought under!" What was a woman for, anyway, in Hans' opinion, save just to fill the relation of a creature in subjection to man, her superior, her master? To obey was the one great path for her feet, the orbit in which was rounded out the sweep of her greatest privilege. Katryne must learn obedience, she must be brought under.

It might have been said that a process of subjection was entered upon when Katryne was sent up into Johanna's old room. That though was not so serious. Hans now detected alarming signs of dissent from the Van Schenkel plan, the first fluttering of a flag of insurrection. The

threat next developed into plain refusal. The flag was run up, up to the masthead of open rebellion. Was this so? Then Katryne must be promptly taken in hand, brought under, and given to understand that the standard of rebellion must be submissively lowered. Hans again smoked hard, puffed furiously, till a malodorous cloud covered his face. He removed his pipe. Again a growl and a shot from the cannon; "Booh-h-h-h! Katryne must be brought under. She shall take the clothes outside the wall to wash!" There was a space of silence, and as the cows fed, Hans smoked. The puffs finally grew more ill-tempered, the smoke thickened, it darkened, and there came another explosion. This time the shot went in the direction of another and older female. "Booh-h-h-h! Lysbet—that woman, too, must be brought under!"

How the latter could be accomplished, it was not stated at the cannon's mouth, but it was resolved upon. No one would have charged Lysbet with insurrectionary tendencies. That round face with its fringe of grayish hair, its sleepy blue eyes, whitish brows, placid mouth, did not suggest a warrior in his helmet, and yet there was some war even in Lysbet's make-up. While it was in her, it was generally very much covered up. Lysbet was like the cat, drowsily stretching out before the fire, that looks pacific and protrudes soft, velvet paws, but under the paws are claws, and sometimes there is a surprising projection of those claws. Lysbet had been

known to give Hans a scratch, and he deserved it. There was no trace in his face or hands, but in his lacerated feelings he carried Lysbet's mark.

She had in a general way favored the Dirk van Schenkel plan, but when Katryne had refused to do her very important part in the matter, Lysbet thought the betrothal should be delayed until Katryne gradually might have opportunity to come to the desired decision.

"No, no, myn vrouw!" roared Hans. "She decide now—now, I tell thee, woman! Thou must not talk in that foolish way."

"Thou art a cruel man to talk thy way!" retorted Lysbet, shooting out with her words a sharp look. In the words and the look were claws. Then she gave another and far deeper scratch with the claws, usually under such velvety paws: "If Hans would work hard himself, Hans would not need to force this on Katryne."

Did Hans hear? Could he believe his own ears?

"Thou knowest thou art lazy, Hans!" A scratch there!

Hans grew purple at the mouth and pink at the nose. He could not speak. Subsequently he withdrew to his garden to smoke, and also at that safe distance to fire shots at Lysbet. She, too, must be brought under.

As Hans smoked away there came a final explosion: "Booh, booh, booh-h-h! Pieter, he, too, must be brought under!"

Pieter van Twiller apparently was the last person in the world that needed to be reduced to further subjec-

tion. Pieter was already in chains; he was a sot. The schnapps of Holland had conquered him, even subjugated him. He was accustomed to come every day for his schnapps or beer. This was an arrangement of long standing, though only Hans, Lysbet, and Pieter himself knew the reason of it. People wondered that Hans should grant this daily potation, for they knew how selfish he was. For some mysterious reason this daily dram was granted, and Pieter would come, whenever in New Amsterdam, for his allowance. No pig was more regularly at his trough. The morning of this day of Hans' solemn council with himself, though, Pieter had shown a most unaccountable mood.

"Pieter, now think, now think!" was Hans' invitation.

Pieter opened his drowsy eyes, prepared to think.

"Thinkest thou not that Van Schenkel would make a good husband for Katryne? Then tell her so. It will be well for thee to do it."

"Our Katryne?" asked Pieter in a tone of surprise, his eyes wide open now.

"Yes, our Katryne. Why, man, there is but one in the neighborhood," said Hans testily, provoked at Pieter's stupidity.

Nothing more was said that moment, but very soon, without any intimation of it, Pieter brought a heavy hand down on the table, and made his unfilled glass jump.

"Hans, I have sold myself again and again to the devil, and sometimes at a very small price; but I won't sell myself in this thing."

"What?" asked the astonished Hans. "What—w-w-w—" he sputted, and then stared in silence.

"I have sold myself again and again to the devil, and now is proposed another sale—that it will be well for me to tell her that Van Schenkel would make her a good husband, and say it to her as God's truth; and, Hans Schuyler, it would be an infamous lie! Mynheer, I will not say it!"

Pieter had risen from his seat in a flag-bottomed chair.

If one person is bigger than another, it is not so much when one is superior in size, but when he takes a stand for the right against the wrong. The bigness of the principle seems to come out and add length and breadth, till even a dwarf becomes a being of imposing stature. Pieter the sot towered before Hans' surprised vision into Pieter the giant.

"G-g-g-go!" ordered Hans in furious passion, hardly able to speak. "N-n-no! Take—thy—s-schnapps—first—if—if—thou wilt take them—take—"

"I don't want thy schnapps," replied Pieter in a manly fashion, and then off he went.

Hans' surprise was now greater than ever. Pieter's independence had astonished him, but to think that Pieter did not want schnapps. For five minutes Hans could do nothing except to waddle about the room, wiping

his face, and ejaculating every half minute, "Strange! Not want schnapps—Pieter not want schnapps!"

In the garden at a later hour, the cattle being witnesses, Hans reviewed the alarming details of this general uprising, and resolved that Katryne must be brought under, Lysbet must be brought under, Pieter must be brought under!

Another morning came, and Katryne, having received her strange orders, seized the family linen and took the path that led outside the wall to the clean, clear water that gave a popular wash-tub to New Amsterdam maidens.

It was a new path for Katryne Schuyler. Girls in humbler station did it, but not Katryne Schuyler. What did it mean? She was not unwilling to work, but she was in some excitement as she wondered at Hans' possible motive in issuing the order. She had not gone far when a voice just behind her exclaimed:

"My poor child! Let me take thy clothes, Katryne dear."

"Why, Uncle Pieter! I did not see thee."

"I saw thee though, and I hurried to catch thee."

As he looked at her, his eyes sparkled with admiration. Hans had thought that rough work, her working clothes, the public exposure, all the surroundings of the hour would not only mortify and tame this rebellious will, but she would look degraded in the eyes of others, as well as feel it in her own consciousness. A magnificent rose

though may be placed in very rough surroundings, and it will look more queenly there than in a garden.

Katryne's dress was one chosen for her working hours, but though of humble stuff, it was picturesquely worn. Her gown, though very cheap, was new, and of a crimson that set off well her clear, brilliant complexion.

What the Prince of Morocco said to Portia could never have been said to Katryne Schuyler, "Mislike me not for my complexion."

A fold of that same crimson cloth she had gracefully wound about the rich tresses of her black hair. Under her prettily moulded chin she had shot through her white collar an arrow of gold. She thought of the young Englishman when she pinned this in its place, and yet inconsistently, for she was not ready to say that she cared to have him meet her bearing off the family wash. Her parted skirts showed a petticoat of cheap material and unornamented, but white, and so were her hose daintily appearing above her high-heeled shoes. So white and yet so radiant, so bright, so pure, so easy and graceful and queenly her gait, that if a young Englishman had met this young laundry girl he might fittingly have thought her one of the attendant maidens of old-time Olympus that had dropped down to Manhattan Island, and for the pleasantry of it was bearing off the Schuyler wash.

What wonder that Uncle Pieter said, "My dear child, how fair thou art!"

"And, Uncle Pieter, how well thou art looking!"

"Ah, that can never be!"

Her surprise to see him so well-looking was not only great as his to see her tugging at her load, but her astonishment was greater, for he was sober. Pieter the sot was not wont to be in this mood, but then this morning he had not called for his daily potation. His generally half-shut, dull eyes were wide open now, and a bright light flashed up through their dark depths. His hair was of a sandy gray, and when he lifted his battered hat and pushed aside his frosted locks, his skin showed as fair a surface as Katryne's. Had not Lysbet told Katryne that Pieter the sot when young was of marked beauty? He and Lysbet were children of the same mother, but they had different fathers. Both were born in Holland, but Pieter had been sent to New England by an impecunious father, and in Boston had been brought up by relatives. When past twenty-five he came to New Amsterdam. Pieter, though Holland-born, felt that he was also an Englishman. He spoke the tongue and had the ways of the English, while cognizant of the Dutch tongue and methods. He was classed among the English, which was one reason why Hans hated Pieter. It was through Pieter's influence that Katryne had passed several years in Boston, becoming familiar with the English language. It was a mystery to Hans how he could have consented to this; but Lysbet had favored it, and this explained a part of the mystery. The fact that the

Boston relatives were rich, and that Hans thought this channel of acquaintance might run with gold some time, accounted for the balance of the mystery. Hans loaded Pieter's shoulders with much of the responsibility for Katryne's stay in Boston.

The world looked upon Pieter as a lonely man in its midst, his wife having died, and her dust was at the roots of some of the wild roses blooming sweetly each summer in the New Amsterdam burial-place, on the North River side of the little town. Pieter lived alone somewhere when in New Amsterdam; but the whereabouts of a sot who cared to know? Who cares to know where thistles grow, save that they may be avoided? Alone he might be seen straggling to the water-front to go off as a sailor, or alone he would stray into the wilderness, and come back with beaver-skins, still alone though.

One person seemed to understand Pieter, and that was Katryne. He might be inaccessible to others; to Katryne an open door was always offered. When he was sober he would tell her of the folk-lore he had picked up among the Indians, or tales of the wide, mysterious sea, gathered among the sailors who sat by the hour along the water-front, *raconteurs* about whose stories was a smell of the salt air off the dunes of Holland, of the gales that roared down upon England from the sullen North Sea, of the warm winds that swept the shores of West Africa. When Katryne was a child Uncle Pieter would tell her strange stories about Hendrik Hudson, as

the Dutch have called the Englishman, and her black eyes would open wider and wider, as if to catch in their shining depths all that Uncle Pieter said—how in the deep, dark ravines of the Catskills still lived the ghostly Hendrik; and what was thunder but the rolling of the round, heavy bowlders by Hudson and his spirit crew as they pursued their games? In this eager, frank, enthusiastic Uncle Pieter—provided he were sober—Katryne had a sympathetic companion. They now talked together as they went to the washer-maids' rendezvous, he carrying the clothes, she playing with the arrow of gold, whose flight under her chin and across her cape had been picturesquely checked. Not in any way did he notice the fact that she was going off with the family wash, but it seemed as if she were always accustomed to it, and as if Pieter the sot were always in the habit of accompanying this fair maid of Manhattan. Was he just Pieter the sot? No, no!

CHAPTER VI.

PIETER THE SCHOLAR.

THEY chatted on various subjects as they passed through a gate in the wall, and then along the path* leading to the bright, clean waters, attracting New Amsterdam's maids with their bundles of linen. They talked busily; and how well informed Katryne's companion showed himself to be! To Katryne, when younger, it had often seemed as if Uncle Pieter were a bundle of knowledge, so full, so valuable, she could only think of those big, precious packs of beaver-skins the savages brought to New Amsterdam. What did he not know? Somewhere he had attended a school that gave him a knowledge of Latin, and Katryne had heard it said that in the days of one of the dominies† of New Amsterdam Pieter would even venture at times to cross linguistic swords with the dominie himself, and fight out a Latin duel to the mortifying end, and generally the dominie was the one to be mortified.

As Pieter now talked he ceased to be Pieter the sot. He generally carried his head low down, as if ashamed. Now he stood erect, and the eyes, so often hidden and averse to a direct look, flashed with the light of that

* Maiden Lane, T' Maagde Paatje.

† Spelled "dominie" in some old-time documents. See E B. O'Callaghan's History of New Netherland, Vol. I., p. 450, Vol. II., p. 567.

self-respect which the possession of knowledge always brings, and which confronts the world promptly. He was Pieter the scholar. He told about New England history; told of the old days at Manhattan; told of the north country, through which he had travelled to Fort Orange and beyond, answering questions about Holland or dropping a bit of Latin. Oh, it was such a happy change from an animal life, as an indigent gin-drinker, to the standing of a respected savant, displaying his stores of knowledge with a pride greater than that of any New Amsterdam trader opening in his low-storied shop bales of shining stuffs from the Old World.

Katryne noticed it all, though she did not appreciate the reason for it. She was the beautiful fairy, the celestial being, who had crossed the path of Pieter the sot, and with the skilful stroke of love's magic wand had changed him to Pieter the scholar. She plied him with questions, deferentially appealing to his superior knowledge, that she, the ignorant Katryne, and now astray in her ignorance, might be set in the right path. Suddenly she stopped and exclaimed, "Oh, that savage!"

It was an Indian stealing along the green skirts of a pine grove, bearing in his arms a bundle of skins, and heading for the wall-gate they had recently left.

"I do not feel at ease when the savages are near, Uncle Pieter," said Katryne, shrinking close up to the Schuyler wash and its bearer.

"Never do thou fear, child, when Uncle Pieter is near. I have seen so many of the savages that they are only common things in my eyes."

"I don't think I shall ever forget the fright they gave me—let me think—it will be eight years ago this coming autumn."*

"After the stealing of Van Dyck's peaches? I was away then."

"Yes, Hendrick van Dyck."

That irruption of savages was a memorable one. Hendrick van Dyck had an orchard near North River, not far from Rector Street to-day. Pomona's brush must have laid a tempting crimson on some of the fruit, for an unfortunate squaw, wandering into the orchard, fell before this fascination, like a far-away ancestor in the story of a still fairer garden; the savage squaw helped herself. In this interesting but risky pursuit of pleasure without permission, she was surprised by the irate owner, and he cruelly shot her down. The savages had in their breasts a nature too much like the nature in Dutch and English breasts, and planned a night attack upon New Amsterdam, filling over sixty canoes with hundreds of their dusky forms.† One count has set the number at nineteen hundred. From five to eighteen hundred of New Amsterdam's nocturnal assailants are said to have

* September, 1655.

† History of New Netherland, E. B. O'Callaghan, Vol. II., p. 290.

been armed. These canoes, loaded with revenge, shot through the late shadows of the night, and across the dark water to the shores of New Amsterdam, landing ere day had broken.

The conversation about this unhappy episode was resumed at this point, and Pieter asked Katryne if she could herself remember much of the affair.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Pieter! Why, I saw them with these very eyes. When they had paddled their canoes ashore, they got out and went everywhere. It was Johanna that awoke me, saying, 'Hush-sh-sh! Come!' Uncle Pieter, was not that enough to startle one?—'Hush! Come!' Across the floor I scampered to a window, and looked out. There they were, the savages, and in our very streets. It was all so very strange, that crowd of savages. And that was the way all over New Amsterdam. They broke into several houses, too. They said they were looking for savages from the north, but they really wanted revenge for the squaw's death. The council, they got together in the fort, and the magistrates and some of the leading people, too. If Heer Director Stuyvesant had been here, he would have stormed at them; but he was away."

Uncle Pieter laughed. "They knew when to come—when old Wooden-leg was away. He would have shaken his wooden leg at them, Katryne, I trow, and frightened them out of the town."

"Some of the chiefs went into the fort, and they were

asked what they wanted. The talk went on, and I have heard my father say they agreed at sunset to leave the town and go to Nut Island, and still they did not go. They were more saucy toward night. I can see them now, just as when I looked out of the window. No one could say what might happen, but that the streets would run with blood, for Van Dyck was killed—they shot him in the breast with an arrow—and Captain Leendertsen they struck down with an axe. Uncle Pieter, I never heard such a noise in the town, for people were running about and shouting. Then the soldiers came marching from the fort, and they looked very fierce and were determined to make short work of it. They marched upon the savages and drove them to their canoes ; and, oh, how the wretches scampered ! Three of the savages were left dead on the shore, and two of our people were killed. Then the canoes went across North River, and soon a fire broke out there, and the red light was in the sky everywhere. I remember, Johanna took me by the hand and led me up a hill, and we looked off, and there was the light in the west, the strange red flame. That was over in Hoboken, people said. The savages set Pavonia on fire, too. They killed every man save Michel Jansen's family, and the cattle, too, they killed, and carried off a lot of the women and children. Next, Uncle Pieter, they went to Staten Island, and kept on murdering there. Oh, what an awful time that was !''

"And all for a few peaches stolen from Van Dyck's orchard did Van Dyck kill the thief; and in return for the woman killed," said Uncle Pieter, "did the savages fill up a bloody measure—eye for eye, tooth for tooth!"

Yes, the Indians did fill to the brim the measure of blood for three days, the Dutch losing, it is said, a hundred people; while over three hundred lost their homes and goods, their clothing, their very bread, and a sorrowful hundred and fifty took the path of captivity that the savages knew so well how to plant with sharpest thorns. If Van Dyck, out in his orchard the day before the theft, had said that the deep, ripened tints on his fruit looked like blood, and it was a bad omen, he would have been a better reader of the future than he proved to be a follower of that gospel of peace which the bell of St. Nikolaas in the fort proclaimed each Lord's day. Heer Director Stuyvesant soon returned to New Amsterdam, and his energetic, resolute spirit was felt like a strengthening wind from the sea in weary August. He went to work at once. He gave the town courage. Among other measures pushed, he ordered out of the ships about to sail all of the passengers who could carry arms, and told them not to go "until it should please God to change the aspect of affairs." That is one way to secure and see a divine change in human events, to try to effect a change ourselves.

"Katryne," broke out Uncle Pieter solemnly, "I

think I must go to fight the savages. I do not go to avenge the dead, but rather to protect the living. I can see trouble ahead. I know how bloodthirsty the savages are, but we who are wiser have too often set them a poor example. Think, child, of Van Dyck! Yes, I can see long trouble. The whites will push out farther and farther, and the savages refuse to fall back before them, and there will be long, long conflict. The whites must suffer for their mistakes, and the savages will prove vindictive. I am not going to avenge anybody though, but protect the innocent and get out of captivity those that are prisoners."

What, Pieter the sot become Pieter the scholar, and next, Pieter the soldier?

"I take it, Uncle Pieter, that somebody must go, though I—I—don't want thee to go. Think well upon it."

"I will, Katryne, think long and well. Long ago I found out we must have a sharp eye to the start of things. O Katryne, thou wilt marvel as I say it, but I would that I could go back to the start—to my youth and begin again! Take warning by me, and before starting in any important matter, think, think it over! If it is any way doubtful, don't do it, don't start. Dear Katryne, whom I have always loved, take warning by thy Uncle Pieter. Oh, I have lived so long and have seen how much misery may grow out of a wrong beginning—yes, so long have I lived to see it!"

In a kind of awe she gazed into his deep, serious, searching eyes. Had he lived so long? How long? If very long, then, of course, he must know many things about her family, about her parents, who they were, where they lived.

In an instant a desire swelled in her heart; another moment out it came.

"O Uncle Pieter, living so long, and knowing—knowing—"

She hesitated. Could Pieter the scholar, with all his knowledge, enlighten her upon this dusky subject?

She would try him. She began again: "O Uncle Pieter, knowest thou whose child I am? Am I the child of Hans and Lysbet Schuyler? Tell—tell me, good uncle, I pray thee!"

What a change there was now in Pieter the scholar!

He burst into tears. He covered his face with his hands. He broke out in passionate entreaty:

"Oh, don't, don't, Katryne! God have mercy on me! I did mean—those in Boston would tell thee that I did mean right—that—but oh, I don't know!"

Pieter the scholar was now so ignorant and bewildered, and Pieter the soldier was weak as a reed on the banks of the North River, a reed prostrated by the wind. He broke away from her detaining hands, dropped his laundry load, and hastened toward a clump of trees. As he went he staggered, reeling once more like Pieter the sot. As he disappeared in the little

grove, Katryne groaned, "Poor Uncle Pieter, what have I done?"

Dazed, she picked up her basket, and trudged with the other maidens along the beaten path to her place of work. All her task was done mechanically. She washed like a machine. She finished her work like a machine. She took up her load and, beginning her walk back to the wall, moved like a machine. All the time she was thinking. Again and again she asked, "What have I done to Uncle Pieter?" Then she would say, "What has Uncle Pieter done? Has he injured my parents? That must be it, and he is sorry." Here she would go over another path: "But he did not mean anything wrong, and there were those in Boston who could say that." Then she would travel another road: "Ought I not to go to Boston, and find out what I can?"

"Go to Boston!" When she reached the land gate in New Amsterdam's wall, she turned and looked off upon the region known as Manhattan Island. There was the road to New Haerlem,* the way that pilgrims by land always took when they went to New England.

Wolfert Webber's tavern was the last place they left

* It was resolved in 1658 by Heer Director Stuyvesant and Council to "form a new village at the northeastern extremity of Manhattan Island 'for the promotion of agriculture and as a place of amusement for the citizens of New Amsterdam.'"—History of New Netherland, E. B. O'Callaghan, Vol. II., p. 428.

on the borders of New Amsterdam, and then through the wilderness—so beautiful in summer, a big concert gallery for the birds—they went to the tavern at New Haerlem. Uncle Pieter had told her about his journey thence to the river bold Adriaen Block had discovered, and named as Fresh River, sometimes called Fresh-water River—our Connecticut. On this river, Uncle Pieter had also told her, the Dutch, in 1633, had bought a tract of land, paying the Indians "one piece of duffels, twenty-seven ells long, six axes, six kettles, eighteen knives, one sword-blade, one shears, and some toys."* Then they built a trading-post and called it "The House of Good Hope," and to make it as hopeful as possible, they put there two cannon to frown away and growl away if need be. This fort was in the present city of Hartford. Uncle Pieter had told Katryne that the English did not like this, and Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, sent a letter from Boston, declaring that his master, Great Britain's king, owned that land. The Dutch and the English were always throwing pepper into one another's eyes, and the English threw the bigger handfuls. The eyes at the fort of Good Hope were finally put out, and hope for the Dutch cause became despair.

Uncle Pieter had more than once detailed to Katryne the windings of the way to Boston through the country

* History of New Netherland, E. B. O'Callaghan, Vol. I., p. 151.

watered by the Fresh River, until at Springfield the road bent eastward, going on to Boston, and was known as the Bay Path. Once Katryne had gone over this path, and she had often in thought traversed the way, fragrant with the balsamic odor of the pines, tuneful with the songs of the birds, and worn by many patient, pilgrim feet. Oh, she now thought, could she not find her way to Boston, seek out her relatives, learn about herself, and escape forever from Van Schenkel and his ally, Hans? The idea so possessed her, that it occupied all her attention, and the messenger from Olympus no longer walked erect and queenly, but with bowed head. Laundry work had disarranged and rumpled her dress, and her hose and high-heeled shoes were mud-spattered.

Hans Schuyler's crow-step gables were on De Heeren Graft, near the canal that welcomed the lighters loaded with goods from the ships that had visited Holland and England and Africa or the Indies, East and West. Katryne was not long in reaching the door, doubly guarded by the dog-and-lion knocker. Still in a deeply thoughtful, wondering mood, she was roused from it thoroughly by an immediate order from Hans to rub that knocker. It was another stage in Hans' process of "bringing her under." She said nothing, but submissively went to work. All the while she was busily thinking.

Hans' command to take the clothes behind the wall, and his subsequent order to rub the knocker, only con-

firmed her in her conviction that he had not a real, fatherly interest in her. If—if—she continued to think —he went so far as to insist on her marriage with Dirk Van Schenkel, would she not be justified in seeking a refuge among her New England relatives? Perhaps she could get a chance to go in a vessel; but, she thought with alarm, what—what if Van Schenkel, that cruel courier of the sea, should chase after her!

"Oh, what is that!" she exclaimed abruptly. She ceased to rub the knocker, for a little tarnish there had assumed the form of a human profile, and it was wondrously like that of Dirk Van Schenkel. "Oh, how very noble!" she said ironically. She rubbed a moment longer, and the profile changed to that of a fiend. "Ah! ah!" she exclaimed in disgust; "that is Van Schenkel's real look. Once I saw him when he had been looking very handsome, and the handsome all went like a bit of fog, and he looked then like one of those ugly monsters they say are in the deep sea. Oh, I don't love thee at all, Van Schenkel, but I detest thee! And what did I hear mother drop this morning before I left home? That Captain Van Schenkel is again pressing father to go—no, he is not my father—into the fine house he owns that happens to be empty. Father says it will be good economy for us, as we can let this. No, the fine house will be only a cage to catch and hold Katryne. Then will come the marriage I detest. Oh, thou sea-dragon, Van Schenkel, wanting to get us into

thy power, and then who will defend us! That shall not be. I am going to New England"—here there came an intense rub to express energy of purpose—"yes, I am going; yes—yes"—harder and harder came the rubs. "Ah! ah!" she exclaimed. She saw that line running up and down the side of the knocker, reminding the polisher that it could be separated into halves. "I will open this," she said eagerly. She pushed hard upon Leo and Cerberus, Cæsar and Brutus, harder, harder, and as the knocker disclosed its depths to her, lo! a slip of paper within! "What can this be?" she wondered. She removed the paper, and as she could easily read English scrip, she at once began to enunciate this advice: "Go slow—when—thou—art—angry. Do —not—go—at—all—when—thou—knowest—not—the —way." "Why, this is—"

"Katryne," said a solemn voice within.

Startled, she thrust the paper within her bodice, replaced the lid of that knocker-chest, and began to rub again fiercely, while silently. The door was ajar, and a voice issued: "Go upstairs now!"

Had Hans seen her, the door being ajar? She did not stop to consider this question, but flew upstairs to her room, behind one of the checkered gables, and closed the door.

"How he frightened me!" she said, going to a window, and looking out upon the East River. She counted the tired vessels resting at their moorings.

Then she pulled the slip of paper out of her bodice, and read again the advice of some unknown counsellor. Thinking, thinking, she watched the vessels, the few boats busily rowed here and there, and the Long Island shore. Who was giving her advice about a flight to New England? "Did Uncle Pieter put that advice into the knocker? It is not his way of writing, and he does not know about the secret place in the knocker. It is some one else," she continued to reflect, "and it is really good advice. Katryne, Katryne, thou must not act in haste! What vessel is there going to New England, or who is going by land? I am impatient. Shall I write, 'I will not go,' and place that in the knocker? It is pleasant to think some one is interested in you. Let me think; I will say, 'I take thy advice, kind friend, and will not go.' Oh, that is the dearest old knocker in the world! I love it."

She quickly, softly stole downstairs, and slipped into the knocker this message, "I take thy advice, kind friend, and will not go." Wondering who would take it out—if it might be somebody young and fair and courtly as "that young Englishman"—she noiselessly tripped upstairs.

Katryne delighted in a mystery, and this one seemed so opportune—yes, a mystery that only she and one unknown person knew anything about. Who was this somebody, so noble-looking and knightly and youthful?

She had no more than reached her room when some-

body threescore, pig-featured, and obese came out to the door, and manipulating the knocker, took out Katryne's message, grinning and muttering:

"Ha! ha! When she came down to polish the knocker she left the door open, just enough for me to look out and see her open this. Now, let me look at it. Bah! I can't read it. That wicked girl did not write in good, sensible Dutch. In my own house, my own knocker, and yet I cannot read it! That wicked girl! I'll move to Van Schenkel's house, and get her away from this knocker—yes, I will. To think of this, in my own house, and that she did not write in Dutch!"

Sulkily grunting, he waddled back to his arm-chair, taking Katryne's message with him. Katryne passed the time until evening upstairs.

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERIOUS BOX.

"COME to supper, my child!" said a voice at the foot of the brown stairway leading to the room where Katryne had been ordered by Hans. It was the voice of Lysbet, and in its sympathetic tones Katryne recognized an ally.

"I will, mother."

As soon as Katryne had reached the table and seen Hans, she promptly recognized an enemy. That sullen, flushed face told its own story. When angry, Hans would show it at the table plainly. He might not say anything, but he would look off and scowl, his jaws, too, would snap rapidly and spitefully, and he would occasionally grunt.

A kindly, philanthropic mood is likely to set in when an offended being may have had his dinner or supper. Hans, though, at the close of supper was no more mollified than at the beginning.

Katryne saw everything. She noticed, too, that Lysbet was placid and was disposed to talk. When Hans twice cleared his throat, as if about to speak, Lysbet turned a distressed look toward him, and imploringly uttered one word—"Don't!"

"Something has been said about me, I know," declared Katryne. "I am in the midst of a storm. What can it be? What can I do?"

It was indeed an atmosphere of storm. Hans had taken to an English fellow-citizen the paper taken from the knocker. He had read it to Hans, and Hans was in a whirlwind. Going—where was Katryne going? Would she leave her home? Was that intended? Going somewhere! Did it mean an unwillingness to go to Van Schenkel's house? Hans' soul was in a maelstrom.

Katryne had seen this mood. What could she do? Had she better say anything? There came to her aid the advice from the knocker, "Do not go at all when thou knowest not the way." "That means, be quiet. I will not say anything," resolved Katryne. "I will be as patient and good as I can be, and I will help wherever I can."

It was a pretty sight to see Katryne waiting on Hans and Lysbet. There was the pouting Hans, fiercely eating, snapping his jaws, interjecting occasional grunts, and opposite him was the timorous, pacific Lysbet. Katryne's bright face in its white cap hovered angel-like above the table, and not a word did she say that would be regretted as a mistake, or as an affront arouse resentment. When her work was over and she was slipping quietly away, then Lysbet came out of a recess, as if waiting there purposely for her, and she whispered, "Good night, my dear."

Katryne saw that Lysbet's eyes were very red, and she kissed the tired old face. That made a pair of red eyes still redder, for Lysbet was touched by the younger woman's affection. Katryne then went upstairs.

From her window she glanced out at the shipping in East River, and then thought of the room opposite hers, of the attic space that had never been finished off, but its window gave a better view of De Heeren Graft, and she went to it. She could see the people lounging along the borders of the canal, attracted by the fact that two lighters had arrived, and these in the morning would be unloaded. A canoe appeared paddled by two savages. Somebody else was seen.

"Look! There is Uncle Pieter!" thought Katryne. "Oh, I am glad he has come back! I thought I must have killed him, he felt so bad. Two sailors are with him. Perhaps he will help them unload one of the lighters in the morning. He will come here the first thing. Poor Uncle Pieter! He will want his schnapps or beer— Oh, there he goes with the two sailors into Van Arsdale's wine-shop! Too bad!"

She had seen the proprietor of the wine-shop standing in its doorway. He was opening his mouth and haw-hawing, looking like a big beast from the woods, into whose jaws Uncle Pieter had carelessly walked. Katryne gave a last look at the canal, at the lighters, at some neighbor out on the stoop of his house, smoking his long pipe.

She turned round. "Ah!" she exclaimed, glancing at a small open box in which was a confused heap of old documents and leather-bound books; "this is what mother said was up here the other day, and she wished I would look at any English papers in the box. Why not make a beginning now?"

She was a quick reader, and she glanced in a short time at several old books and dusty documents.

"What is this?" she asked. "Something in English, and—it has the date of the year I was born! This is very interesting. How does it begin? Somebody—why, it reads like a will, and what is this—why, 'to my daughter Katryne'—my very name." She was interrupted by the sound of a heavy step on the brown stairway leading to her room. "I can tell that—it is Hans!" she said, and she threw down the paper hastily, as if she were in the act of thieving, and the Director of New Amsterdam, its Governor, Heer Pieter Stuyvesant himself, had detected her, and had come to take her away to prison. She started for her room, but at the head of the stairway a gruff voice detained her.

"Katryne, thy mother wants thee, or I want thee."

Downstairs she went, promptly following Hans Schuyler, but she left her heart behind her, upstairs in a box, where an old paper said, "I give to my daughter Katryne—" It might have been a Katryne Van Twiller, Smidt, or Hegeman; but no matter, it was a member of the Katryne family, whose case so strangely had come

up out of the dust and the shadows into this present twilight.

"I want to get back soon," she thought. "The light will not last long."

Hans' wishes did not necessitate a long absence for Katryne, as he only wanted information about beaver-skins, and of a man on that street who was expecting to sell to Hans.

"What are you hurrying upstairs for, Katryne?" asked Lysbet, after Katryne's return from the errand.

"Oh, I found something beginning like a will, and about one Katryne—somebody with my name—in that box thou didst tell me about."

"What Katryne—what is that?" asked Hans, turning his long, heavy pipe toward Katryne. The pipe seemed to swing his head.

"Oh, only a will I was talking about."

"A will! Where?"

"Thou knowest, Hans, there are some old papers and books in a box upstairs," explained Lysbet.

"Yes, yes!" said Hans. "Don't look at them to-night, vrouw."

"I am not going to look at them, Hans. To begin with, they are English, or some of them are."

"Very well! Where is Katryne?"

That maiden, fearful of detention, was industriously using her powers of locomotion, but Hans' voice detained her feet pattering up the stairway.

"Don't look at that box to-night, Katryne."

"Why not, father?"

"It is getting late, and it is not good for the eyes."

"May I in the morning?"

There was a short space of paternal hesitancy.

"Oh, yes—yes."

"I shall like that very much."

"Now, Katryne, my dear, sit thee down here! Don't go upstairs yet! Stay here!" urged Lysbet.

"Come back and sit thee down," said Hans. "My dear child, stay with us."

Uncle Pieter sometimes indulged in this affectionate style, and she liked the sound of it; but it did not seem in place when Hans indulged in it, and Katryne suspected him at once. Why did he want her to stay downstairs? She hesitated in her obedience.

"Katryne, sit thee down!" was now his imperative direction, and she obeyed directly.

Hans was quite gracious after this. Twice he pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and each time he told a story. One was about Hendrik Hudson, and the other praised St. Nikolaas, two good friends of New Amsterdam, whose friendship was supposed to be perpetual. This was very unusual in Hans. It pleased Lysbet, and it eased the smart of Katryne's disappointment in not seeing the mysterious document about one Katryne.

"Good-night, my dear! St. Nikolaas keep thee, my child! In the morning get up as early as thou shalt

please, and take a long look into that box. Ha! ha!"

In Hans' voice was there a tone at all like mockery? Katryne looked toward him sharply, but the shadows hid his face. She could only see the fiery coal on the top of his pipe. A girl in the neighborhood had been telling Katryne about a red light hovering stormy nights about the horrors of Helle-Gat, that ugly place in the East River, where rocks and evil spirits abounded, where the strong tide twisting in and out, and in league with the spirits, delighted in playing all kinds of pranks on well-minded but incautious vessels. The coal on Hans' pipe suggested that flame said to be at Helle-Gat.

"Have a good time looking at the box in the morning," said Lysbet honestly. "God keep thee, my child!"

"Good-night, mother! Good-night, fa-fa-ther!"

"Father" came out at last, but in Katryne's speech the word hitched by the way, like a wheel caught in a bad rut.

Katryne took no light with her when she went upstairs, but felt her way from story to story. Before going into her room she stepped into what had ceased to be an old attic, a lumber-room, and had become a treasure-house. She struck with her foot the box containing the record of a gift to one Katryne, and was glad to have this testimony to its presence. How would it do to drag it into her room and keep it by her bed, that the first play of

the light might reveal it to her and quicken her interest in behalf of one Katryne? Why did not Hans let her enjoy it ere the darkness behind the checkered gable muffled it?

Other thoughts were abruptly prevented by a voice down in the street. She hastened to the window, gently raised it, looked down, and listened: "That sounded like Uncle Pieter, as if he were having trouble with some one." She heard other voices. They came up from the canal, where glimmered lights aboard the craft there. That canal was a cauldron of angry sound at times, throwing out sharp notes of discord when the lighters came in collision and hot-tempered sailors bandied words with one another on the subject of grievances both real and fancied. Would the cauldron boil over now? Katryne heard the splashing of the water announcing the late arrival of another lighter, but no Uncle Pieter's voice was in the sounds that rose to the ears of the Manhattan maiden at the treasure-room window.

Uncle Pieter! When Katryne had breathed out her prayers before retiring, her thoughts went back to that wayward person. He would probably come in the morning for his dram, and as Katryne would be the first one up, then she would be the one to meet him, and—and—she pressed her lips together firmly.

Katryne had been thinking upon the subject, and it was no abrupt resolution she had formed; "I shall say

when he comes, 'Uncle Pieter, dear uncle, wilt thou not give this up?' He will say, perhaps, 'I pray thee, give up what?' and I must say, 'Give up this mug you have each day!' How he will stare at me! I don't know how I shall come out, but I feel that I must certainly go in and make a beginning."

As she lay in bed, pitying Uncle Pieter, who so badly needed reformation, and pitying Katryne, who must attempt it, and praying to God to make her words wise and effective, her thoughts gradually shifted to that other track she wanted to follow with Uncle Pieter, but which he so suddenly broke away from—namely, "Whose child am I?"

She reflected upon the mystery hanging about herself, and she was very sober. Hark! she caught the sound of rain pattering on the steep roof. The wind from the great, gray sea had been saying "Rain" all day, but the sun had made a brave effort at times to shine. At the hour for the retiring of well-behaved suns, it had tried to stick its head out of bed, assuring the world everything was all right, but an angry cloud soon smothered it. The threat of the day had suddenly been executed, and here was the sound of rain on the windows and rain on the roof. What if she had started for New England to hunt up Katryne Schuyler's origin, and this rain had pounced upon her! Her thoughts went out into the night in the effort to follow that path leading New Englandward. This solitary traveller—her imagination—

moved in the direction of the wall of palisades and Wolfert Webber's tavern. Then alone, the rain beating down, she made her way beyond pasture, pond, and forest, to a tavern whose windows shone hospitably in the black night about little New Haerlem. She paused. Should that tireless imagination travel farther in the rainy night, journeying away, away, along the rocky or the sandy shore to Fresh River, then up to Dutchmanland, where had stood the Fort of Good Hope, then hurrying through that vigorous English colony at Hartford—and? She stopped, and the wandering child came home. There she lay upon her bed, her eyes wide open, staring at the roof that the rain seemed to think was a keyboard of some musical instrument, and so tried to find new keys and bring out new notes, all of such musical sweetness and softness. How much better to be under the old roof by the canal in De Heeren Graft than out-doors in the land of the unknown! She remembered this was the room that sweet Johanna filled with an atmosphere of prayer, and trusting God, Katryne, like Johanna of other days, crept under the Divine wings. Come life, come death, whatever might happen to the body, the soul had its shelter.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE NIGHT AND AFTERWARD.

For a while Katryne slept very soundly. There was not even the passage of a gentle dream to make a ripple on the stream of her slumbers. Her Lethe was still and deep. In the dead of night, though, and suddenly she awoke. What had aroused her, she could not afterward say. Was it a noise of drunken sailors down in the street? Was it a shutter somewhere about the house suddenly slamming in a rising wind, and as if noisily shouting, "Wake up!" Was it a disturbance in the treasure-room opposite, a stumbling there by some one over a box—*the* box? Whatever may have aroused her, Katryne was awake, and there—there—on the ceiling, above the stairway to the attic and to Katryne's room, was a—light!

It was like the glow thrown up from a lamp borne by some one on the stairway. This some one Katryne could not see. The light on the ceiling passed away with the passage of a softened step on the stairway. Darkness and solitude then! It seemed as if the temperature of a furnace were in the room, and as if Katryne's heart were pressing toward her mouth. She was

not, though, without reason, and she brought down the temperature and stilled her heart with the reflection, "It is mother, probably, who came up to shut a window and keep out the rain. The window woke me up."

The rain on the roof was beating heavily now. She lay a moment longer and said, "I will see if everything is all right. Why, it may be a savage that has got in! I saw canoes off in the East River yesterday and then down in the canal."

Katryne was not afraid, and if it were an impudent savage that had given her a start, she resolved to start him. She was out of bed at once, and folding a shawl about her, hastened toward the stairway and fell over a chair at the first step she took.

"Oh! oh! That will scare the savages anyway. What an elephant I am!" She halted, sat down and rubbed the pain out of her legs. Downstairs she then groped. Opposite the door of the room occupied by Hans and Lysbet she heard a heavy, prolonged snore, a wave of sound coming up, growing, breaking, then dying away.

"That is father, or could it have been mother?" soliloquized Katryne.

"Mother!" she softly said.

"Is that Katryne?" asked Lysbet.

"Yes. Art thou awake, mother?"

"Yes. I thought I heard a shutter," said Hans' spouse drowsily.

"Oh, was it mother that came?" asked Katryne.

"Y-y-yes," was the still more drowsy response.

"Oh, good-night, then, mother."

"G-g-good—good—" The last word was swamped in the big wave of unconsciousness going over Lysbet.

"There! I am rousing people for nothing, and I will go upstairs. Mother said that she came up, and I saw mother's light," thought Katryne.

Lysbet meant that when she had heard the fall above she went to the foot of Katryne's stairs and listened. Lysbet returned to her beloved couch very promptly. Yawning, staggering along, relieved to think no savage was in the house, Katryne drowsily felt her way back to her bed, and gratefully occupied it.

In the morning she was up early. She opened her Bible that years ago had made the voyage across the ocean, a copy of the old Dutch version of Luther's German Bible, a translation made about the middle of the century previous to that of New Amsterdam's settlement. Some day Katryne might hope to have that better Dutch version undertaken in her century.

She could not now begin the day without that supply of strength for the way to be found in the bread on God's table set in the House of His Truth for hungry pilgrims. This morning she asked to be forgiven, because her thoughts, while reading, would stray from her room to the attic opposite and halt at a box of old, leather-bound volumes and unknown papers in German

and English, but especially because she would think of a will addressed to one Katryne. Calling home the uneasy birds that wanted to forsake their cages, Katryne reverently went through her prayers. Then she hastened to the box. How gladly she welcomed the sight of it! Quickly, though, she held up her hands above it in a sore surprise. The old books were there, dusty and musty as ever. Papers were there, written in German, looking as uninteresting as ever, but not one paper in English could be seen! Such a dumbfounded girl went wearily downstairs! She wanted to stop at the door of Hans and Lysbet's chamber, and tell them the house had been entered by a savage, one who was surprisingly intelligent, who could so nicely distinguish between literary treasures in English and those in German, that he could abstract all of the former!

"This is a mystery!" thought Katryne, and she would have shared the news with Hans and his vrouw, but opposite their door Katryne heard a snore responding to another snore, and on tiptoe she descended to the kitchen.

There was much to be done that things might be started seasonably for the new day. Not only the fire must be kindled in the big fireplace, but the floor must be sanded. Katryne was a dexterous sand-artist. The white treasures of the sea, flung upon the floor, she knew how to switch with a broom in graceful whirls, that might have been taken as leaves of sand-palms or

as broad, graceful jets from an invisible san -fountain. This morning, though, she made some ugly patterns, for the artist's mind was not on the artist's work. She was glad to be interrupted, and said with relief, "Oh, here comes Uncle Pieter!"

He had in mind his morning dram, and was at the door opening into the garden, patiently waiting to be admitted.

"Good-morning, Uncle Pieter!" She was addressing Pieter the sot, his head bowed, his look dispirited, feeble until he had had his morning dram.

"Good-morning! Is my mug ready?"

She filled a mug with beer. He eagerly emptied it, and held it out for refilling.

"Kaatje!" he said, looking up. It was a pet Dutch name he had for her, and like our "Katy." "Kaatje," he said again, "my dear, I have something I would say to thee, now that thou hast given me something to say it with. Sometimes this poor uncle has his faults to think of, and they are a burden on his back, and I give way beneath them. The folk upstairs—" He paused and looked up, as if he thought some celestial being like Hans might descend and interrupt him. There was no need of alarm if Hans had appeared, for Uncle Pieter and Katryne always spoke in English, and it was about the same as Chinese to Hans. Uncle Pieter continued, "The folk upstairs and thou knowest and I know how wicked—"

"Uncle Pieter," cried Katryne, generously interrupting, "thou needest not confess to me. I did think thy conduct yesterday strange, but let it go now. Something else has happened. Oh, how long ago yesterday seems!"

"What is it?" he asked eagerly. "It is just as well to have a subject come in at one door and drive out something else at the other door."

"Ah, I wish I did know what door he did come in by!"

"What meanest thou?" he asked in surprise, but not forgetful to quaff his second mug of beer. "What can I do for thee, Kaatje, my dear?"

"This house," said Katryne very deliberately, eying him solemnly, "this house was entered—by some one last night—and from the attic took away—stole—some papers."

"Why, Kaatje, my dear, my senses are quite taken away! A thief—a poltroon—a villain—a robber—a little more, my fair one!"

He had enough of his senses left to know that he wanted more beer, and he held out his mug. She forgot what last night she purposed to say this morning to an old tippler, and without thought filled his mug again.

"How was it done, Kaatje; tell me, my fair maid! Thou takest my senses away! How was it done, I pray thee?"

"I only know that something awakened me out of a

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sound sleep. All of a sudden I saw a light on the ceiling, just as when one on the stairs holds a lamp and it shines up overhead. I thought afterward it might have been mother. I went down to see what it meant, and she spoke to me; but thinking it over, I can see that she meant something else—and think of it! This morning I find all—yes, all of a lot of English papers, a will—a—everything is gone; yes, stolen, Uncle Pieter!"

"My breath has gone!" ejaculated Uncle Pieter, looking into his mug to see that something else had gone. "It is a vile piece of business! Papers, Kaatje, gone?"

She was ashamed to say anything more about a will in favor of one Katryne, for what knowledge had she that this present maid of Manhattan was concerned in it?

"Yes, papers all gone. I don't know what else is gone; whether the big silver tankard—and father's big silver mug—"

"We might look about us," he suggested.

There was no sign of any disturbance in that part of the house. On their usual shelf, the big, clumsy tankard and the big awkward mug faced one another with their usual stupidity.

"Very strange!" affirmed Uncle Pieter. "A little more!" he pleaded sheepishly, holding out his mug. "I love thee, Kaatje!"

She suddenly went back to her purpose of the previous night. What had she been doing this morning?

"How many times have I poured for thee, Uncle Pieter? That thief drove away or took away all my thoughts—the pilferer!"

"He is a wretch; but do not ask me to keep the score, Kaatje, as thou lovest me."

"Uncle Pieter, I love thee; but—look at me!"

She looked at him very seriously, this guzzler, and he looked at her.

"Listen! It is too much beer that goes into that mug. Thou wilt not be offended with me? Let me say it. It is hurting Uncle Pieter; yes, hurting thee."

His eyes fell before that look searching his heart. He was deeply touched, but not offended by this faithfulness, and he pushed his mug away. He raised his head. His battered old steeple-crown hat with its ragged rim he crowded back on his forehead, and then took it off as if to address some superior being. He brushed aside his grayish locks thickly clustered on his high white brow. He cleared his throat, and spoke in very serious tones:

"Katryne, I have thought of that myself. I know I ought to stop, for if I do not it will stop me, and stop where I do not wish to end. I—I—" Tears were welling up into the eyes of Pieter the sot. "I ought not to disgrace you all. I know—and—and—"

"Why not stop it all now"—she here pushed the beer-pitcher back on the table—"and never again drink?"

"I—I cannot say that, Katryne; but I will take no

more this morning, and less to-morrow, and so on, and I—I will taper off. Oh, I know I must stop—yes, I must, and I will in a few days, for it will stop me if I don't. God bless thee, dear! Yes, I do love thee. I—must—stop."

His eyes in their tears were like crystal lakes. He rose and would have gone out of the house, but Katryne had thrown her arms about his neck and held him faster than any moorings that had ever detained a vessel in which Uncle Pieter had sailed. She kissed him as she sobbed, "Do—do—do try and—and—do pray!"

"God bless thee, God bless thee, my sweet Katryne!"

"May I tell thee a story?" she musically murmured, patting him fondly on the head and twirling his gray locks about her pretty fingers.

"Oh, yes, dear."

"It is in my own way I tell thee—my foolish way."

"No one can tell so good a story as Kaatje."

"Uncle Pieter flatters Kaatje; but this is the way I learned it. I dare say it needs straightening out and trimming up. Once upon a time there was a poor little girl, and the gods wanted to do something grand for her. So they filled a box with presents and told her not to open it then (what beautiful hair thou hast, so soft and fine and plentiful; thou must not let the savages scalp thee!)—and, where was I? Oh, she was not to open it then; but the poor little girl— just like the rest of us—she peeped into the box, and—what happened?

Alas ! on wings out flew the gifts, leaving a scared little girl looking so sorrowful, but at the bottom of the box was Hope. Dear Uncle Pieter, there is always Hope at the bottom of the box—how beautiful thy hair is, so soft and thick !"

" God bless thee ! I will not forget. God bless thee ! Uncle Pieter will yet be master. There is Hope at the bottom of the box."

He soon quit the house, saying, " Fare thee well !"

Katryne took up her broom and flourished this conjuror's staff among white heaps of sand, making palm-leaves grow and sand-fountains play.

When Hans and Lysbet came downstairs they were full of astonishment at the situation. Some one in the dead of night going up the stairs to the attic !

" Oh ! oh ! it was not the mother in this home," asserted Lysbet. " Oh, the hardened villain !"

Hans showed his interest by an unusual activity of tongue. It seemed as if he must tell everybody. He first notified the sailors in a lighter down in the canal. " And have you seen anybody come out of my house—any villain, any one ?"

" We saw you."

Hans thought it was very bright. Then he laughed and ran to tell the neighbors. He twitched the velvet skirts of Heer Director Stuyvesant, for his majesty at an early hour was stumping vigorously on his wooden leg across the bridge over the canal. Hans reported

that his majesty was very much excited by the news. Notwithstanding all this detective-like vigilance, nobody could be found that knew anything about the thief or the theft.

Uncle Pieter, when he was next seen, had little to report. He had given the drowsy garrison at the fort a faithful stirring up, and it seemed as if they wanted to turn all the rusty old guns toward Hans Schuyler's gables to blaze away the moment a thief was seen leaving that spot, no matter what became of the house. Pieter made this report the next morning, when Katryne was flourishing her marvellous broom over the clean little heaps of sand, conjuring out of these more sand palm-leaves and more sand fountain-jets.

"Uncle Pieter has heard nothing about the thief, then?" asked Katryne.

"Nothing, only that all think he was a villain."

This statement of the opinion of the public was satisfactory, but it caught no one. This was discouraging. Uncle Pieter took two mugs less of beer this morning. That was encouraging. The next morning he took a mug less. "Tapering off!" he told Katryne triumphantly. He even took a mug less the morning after this. The less beer he took the louder he shouted, "Tapering off!" The nearer he came to abstinence, he acted the more as if intoxicated. "Tapering off!" he cried, and catching Katryne by the waist wanted to dance with her.

She smiled. "To-morrow morning we will, Uncle Pieter."

"When I take nothing. Hurrah!"

"Anybody drunk in here?" inquired a neighbor, thrusting an inquisitive head in at the door.

"I will run any man into the canal who says that!" threatened the happy, exultant Pieter.

Another morning came. Katryne had been looking forward to Uncle Pieter's entire release from bondage. Could he throw away the last link of the chain, the last mug? The next morning she had not left her room, up under the sharply slanting roof, when she heard a noise out in the garden, where Hans Schuyler each year cultivated cabbages into a form resembling his own.

"A big dog must be out there!" said Katryne. "He will ruin everything."

She went downstairs. Ere she opened the outer door and let in the new day upon the ruined sand-patterns of yesterday, she saw from a window that the area of dog-tracks, as she called them, like a steamer's wake, widening when farther away, narrowed toward the door, and there upon its steps was stretched out "the dog," Uncle Pieter! In a drink-bewildered state he had come some time in the night. She aroused him; she led him into the kitchen; she placed him in a chair; she bathed his forehead; she combed his hair. He was thoroughly awake soon, and hung his head in shame.

"Oh, Uncle Pieter, have you been at Van Arsdale's?" she asked reproachfully.

This was the shop of that keeper over whose beer-jugs George Martin had stumbled, a vile resort that Van Schenkel slyly patronized. He used Van Arsdale as a tool sometimes, and paid the tool well for dirty work that he did.

Katryne asked again, "Was it Van Arsdale's den? Oh, I thought Uncle Pieter had tapered off."

He was silent a moment. His shame gave a new depth of color to his flushed features. Then he nodded his head.

"Oh, Uncle Pieter, thou art disgracing us all!" cried Katryne. "When Uncle Pieter says, 'I love thee,' does he mean it? Oh, shame! shame! Why not do something manly? I would fight the savages, do anything, but—" She hesitated. There was a sharpness of tone to her rebuke. The knife cut. He felt it. He looked up. He rose to his feet.

"Say no more, Katryne. I know I deserve it. It is a shame! I am a disgrace!" How straight he now stood! He spoke with energy and in sorrow. "Yes, I disgrace everybody, and I disgrace myself, and"—his voice sank lower and lower, to the level of the dead in their quiet resting-place in the old graveyard by the river—"and I disgrace my dead wife." He paused. He began again: "But, Kaatje, dear, I will disgrace thee no more. Fare thee well! Wilt thou see Uncle Pieter again? Fare thee well, for I am going."

He pointed somewhere north, she afterward remembered. Then, pulling his old steeple-crown down over his eyes, he passed across the threshold.

"Fare thee well!" she said mechanically, for she had not recovered from the effect of the display of his intense feeling. "He will be back soon," she told herself, "and get his beer or schnapps."

That did not assure her, though, and she soon went out to the stoop and looked along De Heeren Graft. There was Uncle Pieter, his head drooping, slouching off in the direction of the bridge that led into De Brug Straat.

"I must follow him," she said. "What was it he told me—'Wilt thou see Uncle Pieter again?' And where is he going? He pointed north. I must have my hood."

She went back for her hood, and slipping it on, hurried down De Heeren Graft. She thought he might turn into Van Arsdale's shop. Then there were other pits open to the feet of the heedless. What hope was there for one whose will might be good, but whose flesh was weak? The temptation to trade in all kinds of stimulants was very great at New Amsterdam. The Indian had learned to love fire-water; sailors were often in port; the home-thirst was sharp. It has been said that "almost one full fourth part of the town of New Amsterdam was devoted to houses for the sale of brandy, tobacco, and beer." I want to stamp that as an exaggera-

tion. Uncle Pieter, though, did not yield to any temptation barrelled and bottled up in Van Arsdale's pit. Katryne's heart beat with hope when she saw him beyond the pit and crossing the bridge over the canal, but if hope went up, courage went down. Suddenly Van Schenkel stepped out of Van Arsdale's shop!

"Satan!" muttered Katryne. She faltered. Should she turn back? "No!" she said resolutely, and moved on.

Van Schenkel was coming toward her, but he turned as a voice summoned him back into the shop, and Katryne thankfully saw the glitter of his hateful eyes pass away. She reached the bridge and looked across it. Where was Uncle Pieter? Had he tumbled into the canal? Its waters were low then, and dark and sluggish. They did not look deep enough to cover even a turtle. Where had Uncle Pieter gone? Dirk Van Schenkel was thought by some to have diabolical powers. Had he, this ally of the devil, spirited Pieter away?

Katryne went slowly, thoughtfully home. Not for long days, weeks, months, did she see Uncle Pieter to know whether he were Pieter the sot or Pieter the something else, but in memory there never was a day when his form did not rise before her, the head dropped, a shabby, sorry figure crossing the bridge that spanned the canal and led into De Brug Straat.

When she went home Hans inquired why she had been absent. She frankly told him. She did not omit the Van Schenkel section of this chapter.

"Pooh! Dirk Van Schenkel would not hurt any of the maidens of New Amsterdam!" growled Hans. He threw up into the air above his fond resting-place on the stoop a large cloud of smoke. "There!" said he. "It is my opinion that Pieter was the thief who sneaked into this house, and it is a wonder he did not carry us all out of it in our beds."

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE SAVAGES.

A MAN lay crouching in the grass, listening carefully, intently, as if his great business in life always had been to listen. The ground on which he crouched was near the west bank of the North River, beyond the Palisades of our day. A region that long occupation and patient cultivation have turned into a garden, he had found a wilderness, and having patiently traversed weary miles of it, in vain looking for a white man's home and avoiding signs of the red man's, he was now—he knew not where.

He felt sure of this, that the North River was somewhere at his right, with much patience and great dignity pursuing its steadfast way to the sea ; he was as patiently travelling from the sea. He was crawling through the grass in a nook where the forest trees had consented to part, and enough sunshine had come down to coax up a fair growth of emerald in this open place. He had his senses, even if he was going on all fours like a beast. His great aim and ambition in life at the present time was to get through the grass and reach a clump of bushes beyond. He preferred the bushes to the grass, because

they would give some measure of security, and because not far away was somebody or something he wanted shelter from. So, drawing himself stealthily, slowly along, he would stop awhile, listen intently, and then crawl on again, longingly looking toward the bushes ahead. He told himself, "I'm good as an Indian."

Hark! What if that noise he had again just caught over at the right meant that another person, and a savage, too, were crawling through the undergrowth, having in mind this very white man as an object to be sprung at, pounced upon, and put out of the way at once with a blow of his tomahawk! Then the thought would come that it might be a wild beast, for at times the step was not as cautious as that of a savage. A wild beast! He, the man in the grass, began to breathe heavily and to think over the animals that were inhabitants of the forest in the valley watered by the North River. Some of these forest residents had at times shown a disposition to be friendly and to cultivate a close acquaintance. There was that small place up the river, Beverwyck (now Albany), in the protecting shadow of Fort Orange. A pastor of those homes in the great wilderness was the Rev. Johannes Megapolensis. He thus writes: "The year before I came here, 1641, there were so many turkeys and deer that they came to the houses and hog-pens to feed, and were taken by the Indians with so little trouble that a deer was sold to the Dutch for a loaf of bread, or a knife, or even a tobacco-pipe."

There were other creatures of the woods—panthers, bears, and wolves. This traveller in the grass had on the island of Manhattan shot bears and wolves. One season he had gained considerable bounty money by wolf-shooting. He had trapped bears. He had had one tussle with a panther; might he never have another! Now if at Beverwyck, turkeys and deer had swarmed out of the forest, what wonder if they had fled from the forest before the bears, panthers, and wolves, grown greedier and more numerous, and this softly stepping creature in the rear was not, then, an innocent, frail turkey, but a panther, strong of limb, sure of spring at the desired time, very hungry, and specially fond of blood—human blood!

The man in the grass trembled and crouched lower. He held back his noisy breath. Why not feign death? He dismissed, however, the thought that this was a beast, for a beast is not likely to be a neutral, a do-nothing. It is one thing or the other, vicious and violent, or timorous and feeble; and a wild beast would have slunk away by this time, or it would have made its merciless, fatal spring. No, it could not be a beast, but a man. If a human being, was it white-faced or red-faced, European or savage? Not a white probably, for the whites were not fond of going on all fours through the wilderness. They preferred to watch one another in civilized fashion, standing up. The Indian crawling on hands and feet was a disgrace to all mankind, even though the

first man in the grass might be setting the fashion. Yes, it was an Indian who was crawling in the rear.

The bushes, though, were very near. Two more lengths of the body, and those bushes would be reached. Hark! What, a crackle! A twig under him had broken, and it had betrayed him! It sounded like a gun at Fort Amsterdam. The bushes, though, were near, and he would rush for them and would hide behind them, and fight, too, on his feet, if the Indian wished for fighting. Anything in preference to this awkward, painful crawling on the ground, in constant fear of an attack whenever was heard that sound of another movement over at the right, a suspicious rustling, a strange stirring, a moving, steady but stealthy, an invisible beast, man, Indian—what?

Suddenly up out of his lair sprang a man. He had a gun. He brought that gun to his shoulder and fired. The report sounded like that of a volcano erupting. It seemed as if the smoke from the discharge must fill this forest and every other in the valley of the North River.

The first thought of the first man was, "I am shot!" The second thought, "Before I find out really whether I am shot, I will shoot him." He rose; he brought his gun to his shoulder; he fired, but the aim was hasty, and did not drop anybody. It was one smoke-cloud rolling up against another smoke-cloud, and who was killed?

As the cloud lifted, the first man saw that the other man had a white face. He was busily reloading.

"Hold there!" shouted the first man in English, then repeating it in Dutch.

The second man looked up.

"God forgive me!" he cried, and in English. "What a mistake!" He was now advancing, his right hand extended.

"I thought it was an Indian wriggling along; and are you hurt?" was the first man's inquiry, his hand going out cordially.

"Not hurt, not a scratch even. Your bullet struck a branch beyond me somewhere."

"And I don't believe I came within ten feet of you. My hand trembled frightfully. I thought surely it was an Indian."

The two men were now gripping hands and then laughing, stopping to blame themselves for exciting one another's fears, and yet justifying each other's shooting.

"But who are you?" asked the first man. "I am Pieter Van Twiller, from New Amsterdam."

The reply of the second man was hesitating. "I—I—oh, call me William."

Pieter noticed the hesitation, and when he heard the single name, "William," he told himself, "The man does not wish to be known. I will trust him though."

There was no other way than that of trust.

"May I ask—may I ask," hesitatingly inquired

Pieter, "where my new friend is going? I am going to Esopus to fight the savages."

William's countenance wore a puzzled look. He smiled, though it was a sad one, and replied, "Where am I going? I—I am sure I do not know. I wish I did. If going to fight the savages, I don't think I should hurt the savages if I did fight, judging by my shooting at a mark this afternoon."

The men laughed again. The laugh did them good. It is strange how much prejudice, fear, uncomfortable feeling may be shaken off in the agitation that accompanies a laugh. William had not fancied Pieter's interrogations, and inwardly disputed his right to make them. Pieter began to be suspicious of a man who did not seem to know where he was going finally, here in the wilderness. If a man were on a journey that had an end, or if he were in the wilderness because hunting or trapping for skins—otter, beaver, mink—it was all satisfactory, but this aimless wandering did give a strange look to one's action. Was the man just sane? Then William had not mentioned the place from which he hailed; Pieter had very distinctly quoted New Amsterdam as his headquarters. Pieter could not get rid of his suspicions. Even that last hearty laugh had not shaken off all of these. He now resolved to watch this queer unknown whom he had so strangely met in the wilderness.

The men jogged on together, but soon stopped. The sun was running low. Up the green ladders of the trees

its golden rays had climbed slowly, patiently, and now crowned the highest rounds in the treetops. It was a warning light up in the tall trees, but not that alone brought them to a halt. They had come suddenly upon North River. The forest drew back from the water as if in respectful admiration of its charms. All around the hills gave a green setting to this crystal flashing in the last rays of the sun. The wind had been subsiding, and now, as if weary, seemed to have gone to sleep on the bosom of the glassy stream. From shore to shore was one wide sweep of crystal. The two men were thrown into a sudden excitement by this revelation of the noble beauty of a great river.

"This is—what is this?" asked William nervously.

"North River.

"Then praised be God! The North River! Hurrah!" cried William, throwing up his hat.

Pieter, too, was pleased, but he was comparatively calm.

"Yes, North River. I love it. 'This,' I say to myself, 'this river goes down to New Amsterdam, to the ships that go across the water.' The river joins us to the great world without. If I want to get back to the fashion of the world, all that I need is a boat. It may be that I could sail a log. Truly, I am glad to see it."

"Yea, verily, my friend, for let me call you that," said William. "I must let out my joy in a different

fashion. I rejoice, I shout, I want to sing—yes, hurrah!" Then he began to caper about merrily.

Was he sane, this shouting, dancing man? Pieter swung round as soon as he could do it with politeness, and looked at his companion's face. It was turned in the direction of New Amsterdam, and such a joy was in those eyes!

"It is not a bad face," reasoned Pieter. "No malice is there. He acts as if he had lost his head, but he has not lost, I think, his love for New Amsterdam. It is a goodly face, it is kind, it is in a head that has brains. Have I ever seen at New Amsterdam this man with dark eyes and dark beard? I shall find him out sooner or later."

Pieter was now speaking aloud: "The river, I trow, not only makes one think how he might get away from the wilderness, but of the people that the river might bring to him."

"How will he take that?" wondered Pieter. "He has lost his heart to the river, but it might bring strange beings to him." He watched the effect of his words on his companion.

William smiled eagerly.

"Traders, dost thou mean? They are to my mind."

Pieter asked, "What would my friend say if a canoe of savages came suddenly round that point? This is a good landing-place for savages."

"Oh, I dare say they have been here often. If they

came now I should get behind you. Ha! ha! And come they may, for our guns gave warning to all the world that we were here!"

The laugh that echoed by the riverside did a good work in making Pieter feel more at ease with this strange companion. They began to address one another as "William" and "Pieter," and to use freely that form of the pronoun suggesting a better acquaintance.

"I think this is undoubtedly the first time," observed William, "that white men have laughed in this place, Pieter, if I may so call thee, friend. Is that to thy mind?"

"Call me 'Pieter.' That sounds better. Hark!"

They listened intently.

"What was it, Pieter? Anything strange?"

"I thought I heard a call."

"A war-whoop?"

"It may have been."

"The very name makes me shiver. I think we had better not camp here, if that were thy mind. We will just step back into the woods a few feet, if that be to thy mind."

"I agree to it."

"Thy mind is my mind, Pieter. I will follow thee. Lead on!"

"He trusts me," thought Pieter, affected by the stranger's kindly mood. "I have been puzzled to see him so beside himself, a man who has not yet told me what

place he hails from or what place he is going to. Now I cannot go to New Amsterdam, where the devil is too strong for me, since the beer-mugs help him out. This man, where does he go? Well, Pieter, thou must go to fight the savages."

Pieter Van Twiller was aiming at the North River region known as the Esopus (in the neighborhood of Rondout and Kingston). For various reasons the Dutch had occupied it. There was choice land to be farmed. There were beaver-skins to be bought of the Indians. Esopus had been shattered by the Indian tempest of 1655, but it was gathering strength again. The land was fertile. There were chances for trade. Brandy could be sold, while beaver-skins could be bought. The buying was right; the selling was unfortunate, foolish, wicked. In the spring of 1658 the savages, frenzied by drink, showed ugly fight.* They fired the buildings of one settler, a second they killed. Then they bore torches to various buildings. Brandishing these lurid weapons, their countenances distorted with hate, they threatened unless the farmers ploughed up their fields of maize to fire their property. Plough, the farmers did. The savages threw at the settlers such missiles as the epithets, "Dutch dogs," and taunted them with the horribly mercantile remark that "they could easily pay for killing them by a few fathoms of wampum."

* History of New Netherland, E. B. O'Callaghan, Vol. II., p. 357.

We are told that "the white population consisted at this period of between sixty and seventy Christians," and they had much land under cultivation. An appeal was made by them to Heer Director Stuyvesant to send soldiers "to save the Esopus, which, if well settled, might supply the whole of New Amsterdam with provisions." "It will be vain," ran the supplication, "to cover the well when the calf is drowned." Heer Director, accompanied by fifty soldiers or more, strode off to save this "calf" and seasonably shut up the "well." He inspected the calf; he looked into the well; he gathered the savages and talked straight at them. They talked back.

"You Swannekins," they told him, "have sold our children the boisson. It is you who have given them brandy," and added that the Dutch had made them drunk, and went on to say they could not control their young men. Wooden Leg was ready for them. He dared them to fight.

That must have been a dramatic scene. There was the sturdy Stuyvesant, his eyes flashing, his strong features working, his wooden leg planted stubbornly. Over against him were the Indians, frowning and scowling, and growling that while "we know no malice, neither are we inclined to fight, but we cannot control our young men."

Up sprang Wooden Leg. He thundered, "If any of your young savages desire to fight, let them now step

forth. I will place man against man. Nay, I will place twenty against thirty or forty of your hot-heads. Now, then, is your time !"

Nobody stepped forth. There was no fighting. Wooden Leg's challenge cowed his opponents. Though they could not give up the Indian who had committed murder, as he belonged, they said, to another nation and had gone off, yet the savages agreed to make amends for damages done, and sell land for another village, which Stuyvesant advised the settlers to establish.

The latter went to work. Digging, wood-chopping, and palisading were begun. The village was to measure two hundred and ten yards in circumference. While at work on the fortifications a party of savages approached. They requested the Grand Sachem to take as a present the land he was occupying. The gift, they assured him, was " to grease his feet, as he had undertaken so long and painful a journey to visit them." They asserted that they bore no malice toward the Dutch ; it had been thrown away, and nobody would hurt a Dutchman. The Dutch might have felt that they were rather hasty in occupying the land now so magnanimously tendered, and that the proffer was not only a gift, but a reproof. The Dutch were as friendly as the Indians. They made protestations of friendship, and what Dutchman would hurt an Indian ? However, they went forward and built their fortified village, and when Heer Director started for New Amsterdam, he did not leave behind him a little

town shielded just by savage promises, but twenty-four stalwart white soldiers were doing garrison duty at the Esopus. The "calf" was protected, and the "well" shut up. Ah, if he could have sealed up the brandy-bottles!

The colonists in the Esopus met with varying fortunes. The savages made an uneasy element in their neighborhood, and one of danger. In the fall of 1658 the savages wanted some presents. "Greasing" seems to have been a process employed on both sides. The savages had previously "greased the feet" of Pieter Stuyvesant, after "a long and painful journey to visit them." The settlers, though, are reported to have had in the autumn nothing with which "to grease the Indians' breasts. The meeting was a dry one." It was difficult to oil the machinery in this land of the Esopus and keep it smoothly running. In 1659 "brandy" was the occasion of a terrible collision between the savages and the Dutch. The savages were frenzied by the bottle as they were carousing outside the fort. Some of the Dutch had been alarmed by the bacchanalian outcries. They went out and needlessly, cruelly, fired upon the wretches just then "huddled in sleep." War followed—a war of the torch and the tomahawk. Stuyvesant came to the help of the settlers, but they had already beaten off the savages storming their works. Not, though, till July, 1660, was peace made and proclaimed. Prior to the spring of 1663 there were, therefore, about three years of peace in that

fertile Esopus-land. The settlers increased in number. Pieter Stuyvesant obeying orders from Holland, conferred, in 1661, a charter on the settlers, "erecting the locality into a village." The place thus raised up to honor received the name Wiltwyck. The name was an olive-branch, given because the land was "a free gift" from the savages. It was a free-will village (wyck meaning village) in a beautiful land. Would that Stuyvesant's pleasant conceit had been left peaceably to put forth like a plant blossoms of beauty and fruits of comfort! Into the year 1663 the plant did thrive and increase. A new settlement was laid out for the surplus population of this free-will village. Then came trouble. The savages were restless. They jealously feared this growth and a "new fort." For the land on which it was expected to stand, they had not been paid. Old injuries when recalled stung them like thorns. And the historian O'Callaghan significantly says: "Brandy became more common than ever in the country." This was like throwing a firebrand amid barrels of gunpowder.

The settlers were alarmed. There was the old fear of the "calf" getting into the "well." The relations between the savage and the Dutchman were strained. This was known at New Amsterdam, and it was to do his little toward helping the Dutch interests past this strain that Pieter Van Twiller had come into the wilderness. He knew also it would help him overcome his love for liquor because separating him from it. He was resolved that the

savage in his breast badly wanting brandy should go without it. After a while no savage might be there.

Pieter and his present companion began their night-camp just inside the forest-line and within a few feet of the river. Pieter was much of a woodsman. Of pine boughs he quickly made a hut for shelter, and he set William to work gathering hemlock tips for a bed. After a simple meal they lay down to rest. Pieter turned his face toward the pine roof, and spent a few minutes in quiet thought ere launching his boat on the River of Slumber:

"I have much feeling for this brother of mine under these pine boughs. He may be a fugitive from some place, and am I not fleeing from the temptations of drink? I am a fugitive like my brother, then. Has he not told me he had no family? The body of my dear wife is sleeping with the dead near Fort Amsterdam. He and I are without a home. We are pilgrims and sojourners. I feel for thee, dear brother at my side, though I do not say it, and I trust thee."

It was good to be in this tavern of pine boughs, side by side with one that Pieter Van Twiller could trust. It gave a sense of security to this bed of hemlock tips. Pieter Van Twiller drifted off into a calm and restful sleep. Not an hour had passed ere an Indian canoe was paddled up to the open, grassy nook in the river-bank, and several savages stepped out quietly and lay down on the edge of the forest. One of these

soon nudged his neighbor, and in his aboriginal tongue whispered,

"Hark! I hear a sound like the wind murmuring in the tree-tops."

Silence for a moment.

"I hear a sound like the water running over the rocks," replied the neighbor.

Another pause.

"I hear somebody snoring," whispered a third savage.

All three sprang upon their feet at once.

CHAPTER X.

THE FORT AND THE CHURCH.

"AND where is Uncle Robert?" wondered Harold Wharton.

He found footprints of his uncle, but not the uncle. The landlord at the tavern had heard of such a person, but shook his head when Harold wished to know of the uncle's present whereabouts. In the morning he hoped to find him by evening, and at night he hoped to discover him the next day, but neither morning nor evening revealed him. A bridge built of nothing but hopes never carries one across the river. If Harold had not been endowed with an adventurer's birthright, he would have been very discontented; but he had that birthright, the restless desire to hunt up something new, and this strange seaport town, so unlike the few seaport towns he had ever seen, was a novelty, giving this desire for discoveries frequent exercise. He oftenest went to one of two places, De Heeren Graft, with its canal and its possible chances of seeing a certain fair maiden, and then he haunted the water-front, with its public wharf, its De Paerl Straat, its outlook on the vessels swayed by the tide as they lay at anchor. Sometimes he strayed beyond the wall to the spot where a venturous ferryboat

dared all the perils of East River, and carried passengers to little Breuckelen. We have the name of one ferryman in those early days, Cornelis Dircksen. He was a farmer ordinarily, but kept a horn in a state of suspension from a tree. Let any traveller come up and give a blast on that horn, and the farmer would appear as ferryman, and promptly ferry the wayfarer to Breuckelen hamlet. Harold would sometimes visit this place, which later years have known as Peck Slip, but he never saw any Uncle Robert ferried to Breuckelen.

He was often at the wall with its two gates,* but among those making that entrance or exit was no Uncle Robert. The keeper of the tavern had told Harold about the building of this wall. It had a predecessor, erected in 1644. The savages were troublesome, ready to steal a cow or sheep whenever they had a chance, and also assault the owners. Heer Director Kieft was then in power, and he ordered "a good solid fence" to be erected across Manhattan Island. For nine years it did duty as the northern limit of a "fifteen-acre sheep pasture," and here all kinds of domestic animals were safely pastured, though without Indians might covet and bears roll their greedy eyes.

Time's wheel, that never yet stopped for peasant or king, continued to roll about. It was in the year 1653, one March day, and a chilly, sputtering day I can imagine it to have been, when very exciting news came to

* Land poort and water poort.

New Amsterdam. It set people into a nervous flutter everywhere—a flutter like that of the leaves in the forest when the rough wind gets among them. Down in the drinking-shops, and along the canal in De Heeren Graft, also in De Paerl Straat, De Brug Straat, De Bever Graft, in all the ways and lanes, and up in the proud fort, and in the kitchens where humble housewives by their open fireplaces thought themselves safe beyond question, there was a trepidation indeed. Even under the doublet of sturdy Heer Director Stuyvesant there was an unusual commotion. The heart that beat there in its sturdy fortress went faster than ever. The New Englanders—the New Englanders were coming! These uneasy, enterprising beings, who thought their rights of territory lapped over the soil of New Amsterdam, had been shaking their heads and muttering threats for some time, and were now actually coming. That was the story. The New Amsterdam Council had a famous meeting on account of the exciting news. It was a very long meeting. It sat in profound deliberation, hour after hour. It did not propose to let New England's territory lap one single inch over New Amsterdam soil. It voted that the citizens, some time, must go on duty as night-watch; that the old fort must be repaired, and among other things resolved "to enclose the city with breast-works and palisades." The fort could not hold all the people if an invasion forced them out of their homes and they tried to crowd behind those historic walls, but

behind a wall of palisades going across the island, they would be sufficiently safe. Such an invincible wall! New England's warriors might come in long columns and rave and rage, mutter and sputter, growl and howl, but just the Director's wooden leg, vigorously shaken at them, would keep them at a distance, provided it was shaken behind good, stout palisades. The new wall was set up near the line of the old fence bounding the sheep pasture. One estimate gives a length of three thousand feet of wall that was finally built, stretching from river to river.

New Amsterdam's labors were heroic. Every able-bodied pair of hands went to the spade or the axe. Palisades were erected twelve feet high, and measuring a foot and a half round; and to impale, if possible, those nimbly climbing New Englanders, each palisade was pointed. To assist the palisades, a breastwork was piled up four feet high, and the New Englander that escaped impaling would not escape a Dutch sentinel on the breastwork. To add to all these terrors, to make as deep and awful an impress as possible upon the New England imagination, was a ditch, three feet deep and two wide. Its cold, dirty waters would surely send a fatal chill through any assailant's breast even before he got to their slimy embrace. New Amsterdam dug and dug and dug, and the sound of the axe was heard in the woods, while the spade went thud! thud! thud! New Amsterdam's wall, any more than Troy's, was not to be

built in a day. The work was interrupted. It took a serious scare, in 1654, to complete it.

To man this long-drawn-out fortification, it was resolved to enlist some sixty or seventy men, "in silence and without beat of drum," and they would garrison the stout twelve-foot wall.

The fear and the flutter in the kitchens and shops and council chamber must have sunk all away, like waves on the shore, when New Amsterdam saw its courageous governor proudly contemplating those palisades, and the sturdy warriors distributed along the stretching breastwork. That might not be the only demonstration. There was an open way one hundred feet broad, on the city side of the wall, set apart for the parade of the little city's troops. This grand display of New Amsterdam's warriors made an imposing addition to the long walls fortifying the metropolis of New Netherland. However, New Amsterdam did not rely alone on twelve-foot palisades, ditch and breastwork, troops and guarded gates. Dominie Megapolensis had a serious talk with Heer Director Stuyvesant. It resulted in the appointing of April 9th, that same exciting spring of 1653, as a day of fasting and prayer. Happy is the town that has a good breastwork of prayer behind all its defences! And New Amsterdam built this inner wall. It kept other days of fasting and prayer.

Another fortification, and, like the palisades, interesting Harold, was Fort Amsterdam. It was engineer

Kryn Frederick who planned this fort, begun about the year 1626. The row of houses now fronting Bowling Green, it is thought, would about give the northern wall of that ancient fortress. It could not have been anything very serious, for it is described as "a block-house with red cedar palisades, called by courtesy 'the fort.'"* There were about thirty rude structures, whose inmates pathetically looked to "the blockhouse" for protection, and it was everything to them. It was called, as already said, by the name of a "fort," and the name of a thing, especially when you do not see the thing, adds very much to its reputation. While that structure might do as a beginning, it could not be thought of sufficient dignity or strength to protect the future New Amsterdam.

In 1635 I find something pretentious existing as Fort Amsterdam. It was begun by Van Twiller, New Amsterdam's second director, and after some delay completed by him, and is estimated to have been about three hundred feet in length and about a hundred and fifty feet in breadth. Two years passed before Van Twiller's work was done. Its four sides were only banks of earth, but there were bastions of stone and sleepy sentinels solemnly stalking around. It must have seemed very formidable. The soldiers had barracks within the walls, the Heer Director or Governor, at that time had a house

* Story of New York, E. G. Brooks, p. 31.

there, and there were also various public headquarters in the fort.

Some amusing stories were told about New Amsterdam's fortifications. One April day, in 1633, there came with the spring wind an English ship. There was a lengthy altercation between Van Twiller and this English ship claiming the right to go up the river and trade with the natives for furs. Were not these the dominions of the King of England? Both New England and Old England said so. Van Twiller stubbornly said no; these dominions belonged to the Prince of Orange, Holland's ruler. Finally Van Twiller ordered the crew ashore, also that the colors of the Prince of Orange be hoisted at the fort, and three guns be fired in honor of the Dutch ruler. Boom! boom! boom! went the spunky Dutch guns. English guns were as spunky, and the ship barked three times in honor of the King of England, while the English colors saucily fluttered at the masthead. Instead of coming ashore, the English crew weighed anchor, and up the river to trade, stately and defiant, went the ship. Van Twiller was enraged. His face must have seemed a cauldron boiling over. All who were on duty in the fort he massed before his door. He was going to challenge their loyalty to Holland. He would not submit to such English defiance of rightful authority, and a singular but highly popular way he took to invite and arouse Dutch sentiment. He gave orders that a barrel of wine should be tapped. Then,

emptying a brimming goblet, he shouted, "Those who love the Prince of Orange and me emulate me in this, and assist me in repelling the violence committed by that Englishman!" What enthusiasm there was in showing loyalty to ruling Dutchmen! Bumper after bumper went readily down. The drinking was continued, and the loyal fit lasted till the cask was empty. Up with the colors of Holland! But when it was in order to move upon the colors of England, the people to make the attack were wanting. Patriotism that was only a gluttonous drinking was as popular then as sometimes to-day. When the wine-cask lies empty, such patriots scatter. However, there was at last a rally of Dutch sentiment and Dutch soldiers and sailors. The English ship was followed, reached at Fort Orange or Albany, and sent sulking down the river and out to sea.

When Harold Wharton saw the fort, it was not the structure figuring in the above episode, but the later one of this story, with walls of earth higher than a man's head and bastions of stone, all making a formidable show on paper, and presenting a warlike front to any arrival by sea. It now contained a building that Harold started out to visit his first Sunday morning in New Amsterdam, the church of St. Nikolaas. The first building used for religious purposes was not protected by any fort wall. Some time, when the reader may be walking along South William Street, on the north side, if he will halt about half-way between Broad and Wil-

liam streets, he will be very near, if not at the site of great New York's first place of worship. South William Street was once Mill Street, or in Dutch, Molen Straat, and in a mill erected there were conducted the first religious services of New Amsterdam. A fort, storage-houses for the Dutch West India Company that fathered this settlement on Manhattan Island, and a mill, led off in the column of buildings making their appearance on the shores fronting the wide, restless waters of the bay that had surprised and delighted the English Henry Hudson.

That old mill! It must have been a curiosity. Its power came not from a favorite Dutch source, the wind, but a slowly plodding horse. The stone of the mill was a big one, and in a track paved with bricks it was forced to turn over and over. There was a lengthy axle attached to a perpendicular pole. To one axle-end a patiently minded horse was tied, and then kept in motion. Round and round he stupidly turned, and the stone rolled on as patiently, grinding as it went.

This mill had a second story. It was not easy to find a place where the people could meet. On Sunday, why not hold religious services there in the mill loft? So they met from New Amsterdam's homes. They had no pastor, but two had been commissioned, each as a consoler of the sick, kranken bezoeker, Sebastian Jansen Krol and Jan Huyck, and they gave such spiritual comfort as they could. In the Bible they had a ceaseless

banquet for the hungry, a fountain for the thirsty, and weapons for life's daily war in the new country. Think of the days when, in fear of savages, the little congregation shrank close to one another and God. The mill loft was a bit of heaven to troubled souls.

In 1628 the first minister of New Amsterdam, Dominie Jonas Michaelius, came to the dusty loft and organized his work as a minister of the Church of Holland. The little stream from Europe thus coming to the surface of New Netherland life has widened into a great current of blessing to New York and America, now known as the Reformed Church in America.

Let us stay back, though, in those early days. To the mill loft succeeded a humble church on De Paerl Straat. Captain De Vries, famous in New Amsterdam, one day criticised the building on De Paerl Straat as "a mean barn." Words spoken may be only air, and it costs us nothing to say them, but they may cost us something when others remember them. The above epithet, "a mean barn," was part of a conversation between Captain De Vries and Heer Director Kieft, New Amsterdam's third governor. How much would Captain De Vries give toward a better building, asked Heer Director Kieft. That was a quick turn of the screw on the captain. One hundred guilder, provided Heer Director would give another, promptly replied Captain De Vries, thinking, maybe, he was giving a turn on the screw that was still harder for his challenger. The challenge was

accepted. How, though, get the rest of the money for the new church? Heer Director Kieft went busily to thinking, knowing something could come from the public chest also. An opportunity in private arrived soon. A wedding was coming off at the parsonage. Dominie Bogardus' stepdaughter was the blushing bride, and Dr. Hans Kierstede the fortunate bridegroom. Many of the first people of the colony were sure to be there, from the homes amid the cabbage-gardens of Pavonia, or those amid the sleepy poppies of Staten Island, and from other choice spots. The marriage was duly celebrated. Congratulatory bumpers followed. Four or five drinking rounds were set in operation, and every one doubtless went its full course. Then the company being in a both merry and generous mood, Heer Director Kieft pulled out his subscription paper, liberally headed with his and Captain Vries' subscriptions, and on the spot invited pledges! They were made, and they were of a good size, corresponding with the bumpers that had been drunk. The next day, the pledgers being now sober, thought of what they had done at the exciting marriage feast. Several were in great alarm. They went to Kieft and strove to change the size of their pledges. Heer Director, though, had great respect for the doings at that marriage, and would not consent to any change. The pledges must stand, and most of the promises were fulfilled. The church was finally built. It was of stone. It had a bell tower, almost detached from the church, and might

have been called the campanile of New Amsterdam. The church was of good size, seventy-two feet long and fifty-two feet wide, and sixteen feet "over the ground," or high, in a word. This jewel could find only one place worthy to be its casket—the fort itself. It was built near the eastern wall, south of the governor's house, another but lesser jewel. The door of the church was toward the west. The sun rising above Breuckelen saluted the eastern windows, while the sunsets that flamed above Pavonia flashed their farewell rays through the western. Where Bridge and Whitehall streets now make their northwest angle, it is thought the stone church stood. Year after year it overlooked the ramparts around it. To storm-assailed souls that knew Martin Luther's hymn of a previous century, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," it must have been a pleasant sight, this church within the fort, and the soul could echo the exultation of that hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God."

CHAPTER XI.

A SERVICE AT THE CHURCH.

"HARK!" said Harold Wharton.

A bell was cheerily ringing. It was the bell of the Church of St. Nikolaas. It was a busy bell. On week days it did all the bell business of New Amsterdam. Was there any official event to be noticed? Away went the bell. Did a court sit? In a dignified way the notes of the bell marched out sonorous and stately. Was there a wedding? Then the bell must ring, and it would have been justified if it had gone crazy, turning over and over and over. What was a bell-rope for, save to be pulled according to the mood of the occasion? Was there a funeral? Slow and sorrowful was the pace of the bell, tolling, tolling, and solemnly it announced the fact more important than birth, that somebody was dead.

The mood was cheerful now. Ding! ding! ding! quickly rang the bell that morning of the Lord's day. Its sweet echoes stole over the waters, and died in the golden depths of the buttercups in the beautiful green fields of Breuckelen. Some of these tuneful echoes stayed on Manhattan Island, and went off into the emerald groves to mingle with the drowsy murmurs of the

wind and sleep with it in soft nests of the fir and pine. New Amsterdam obeyed the bell ringing at service-time and moved toward the fort. The schout, or sheriff, had bustled through the streets before the congregation came. No light-minded negro or frowning savage must indulge in any game during service hours. The schout doubtless saw to it that no drinking-places were open, for the resolute Stuyvesant allowed publicans to sell liquor on Sunday only at specified hours, and no dram could be bought after nine at night. Happy town if the restriction could have been extended from Sunday morning to another Sunday morning!

Harold Wharton was among those that went to church. He gained the fort and passed the sentinel wearing a steeple-crowned hat, heavy blouse, and capacious breeches, carrying on his shoulder a threatening match-lock. Harold modestly sat near the door, and he had an opportunity to watch the people coming in. Who noticed this young fellow, proudly carrying his head, his flashing blue eyes making sharp inspection, his brown locks falling in a careless wealth over a fair, high forehead? A few saw him, and the second look was a curious stare; but the greater number went on without a turn of the head, as if their greatest concern, like that of vessels steering straight for moorings off the water gate, was to make harbor in their respective pews soon as possible.

But what if we all make harbor in the church within the fort? If we would appreciate fully the great work

done in America by the children of Holland, we must notice especially their church-going habits. This interest in the house of God entered like a strong beam into the whole fabric of their life, supporting the best habits, giving their good work stability. In thought, in sympathy, reverently, let us attend a Sunday service in the church of St. Nikolaas.

We enter the fort. We step within the church of stone. We take a seat anywhere and look about us as the people are coming in. It is the eye that is first impressed; and what a well-dressed congregation this is! Thrift is a Dutch quality, and it is evident to-day. One might not think that the plain structures of New Amsterdam held so much jewelry, such brilliant dresses of silk.

I find it on record that Dutch colonial dames both "frizzed and powdered their hair," wore, too, "a close-fitting cap of muslin or calico," and above all came "hoods of silk or taffeta." I can see the latter in church rising like sunrise clouds above snowy collars without a stain on their broad surfaces. Then there are matrons and maidens who wear at the girdle rich service-books in costly binding, with gold or silver clasps and edgings, and suspended by a gold or silver chain.

You may have expected to see showy dressing, and many poor women, too, in dresses of humble stuff and sober color. Rich and poor are here; but you were not prepared for the exhibition of brilliant fabrics by some that day, in the New Amsterdam church.

But what is that imposing retinue you now witness, slowly passing through the door of St. Nikolaas' church? The bell-ringer or sexton and his assistants visited the very respectable Stadt Huis, or City Hall, and there marshalled the black-robed burgomasters and schepens (schout, too, I presume, if not needed elsewhere) in a very dignified column. From the Stadt Huis they moved out in solemn order, St. Nikolaas' bell-ringer and his aids going before them bearing their "cushions of state." In a sober way the small procession moved to the gate of the fort, in pride passed its abashed sentry, and in self-conscious, stately fashion now pass up to their appointed pew. How the congregation stare! On all important occasions, civil or ecclesiastical, the City Fathers receive much attention, for it is a very honorable office that they fill. Men in other walks in life may come and go when they please, may dress as they wish, but not the City Fathers.

Dress? How showily some of the men in this congregation dress! The rainbow colors in church to-day are not all wrapped about the women. Far more picturesque and bright than the present century's were the garments in which colonial fathers and sons were decked.

But hark! What do you hear now in the church?

I cannot say just where the sound should come in, but I will let this positive note be struck on the floor here—the bell-ringer's procession heralding it. It is the thump of a wooden leg that pounds its way vigorously, impetuously along the floor; and lo! Heer Director Stuy-

vesant ! He receives a bigger stare than those City Fathers even. He is accustomed to dress richly ; and I doubt not his coat and doublet, lace and buttons, knee-breeches, his one silk stocking and one silver shoe-buckle are all in shining order. He brings to church this morning his smooth, strong face, expressive of great will and a temper that can fire up on a notice not at all lengthy. A man of brains, honest, courageous, faithful to his employers, of excellent intentions, a born leader, he is not always able to appreciate the size of other white people's rights ; and while he has been commended for his vigorous management of the savages, he sometimes has managed New Amsterdam as if it were peopled by Indians rather than whites. But we are more interested in the things of this Sunday. Who is it that radiantly flutters after the Heer Director ? Vrouw Stuyvesant, yes, I verily believe, a lady of French descent, the gossips say, with fair face, and her dresses are reputed to have a Parisian elegance.* More eyes, admiring and envious, are levelled at her than even at the great Pieter.

You see them ; and Harold, too, has eyes for all these. From his seat near the door he has a range of view over the church. Under which pretty silk hood, though, are the dark eyes belonging to the young woman whom he saw one day rubbing such brightness into an old brass knocker ? Where is she ? he wonders.

Suddenly a fat man puffs by Harold's pew, and you

* History of the City of New York, by Martha J. Lamb, Vol. I., p. 129.

notice that the fat man wears a green velvet coat, green breeches, and green hose. Everything seems too small for him, and he has a look as of one imprisoned in something, and who would be very glad to get out of bondage. Of the fat woman who waddles next you can only say that she flutters and pants along under some kind of a white cloud-like hood, for your attention is at once absorbed in a sweet face whose beauty is heightened by a deep blush accompanying the consciousness that Katryne Schuyler, as well as Hans and Lysbet, have come to church late! Just under her chin she has tucked a cluster of shining buttercups, and as they nestle on her snowy collar it wonderfully helps her beauty. She wears a light, soft cherry-colored hood, a bodice of yellow satin, a gown of black satin, while the silken petticoat is of pale blue. Her hose are blue and her slippers have gold-colored lacings. This late flock is penned at last, and the eyes of Harold and the rest of the congregation, including ourselves, are turned toward the dominie.

The occupant of the pulpit to-day will be the Rev. Johannes Megapolensis. The Rev. Samuel Drissius is also serving this church and assisting Dominie Megapolensis. He knows both the French and English tongues while a preacher in the Dutch, and this extra knowledge won him his place, for he can hold service in both those extra tongues. Once a month he preaches to the French Huguenots who have found on Staten Island a home and a path to heaven their own way.

It is Dominie Johannes Megapolensis that is in the church

to-day. His name is long enough to be Dutch or anything else in Northern Europe; but this is from the South, from Greece. Once he was a plain Van Mekelenburg, but there has prevailed among mankind a fashion of changing the name—perhaps for reasons of religion—and in this New Amsterdam parson's name we find traces of an old European custom whereby scholars have given a Greek dress to their name. A promising young classical scholar, Schwartzerd, became Melanchthon. So Mekelenburg has become in Greek Megapolensis.

There he stands now at the foot of the pulpit stairs in the church of St. Nikolaas. Look at him twice, apostolic Johannes Megapolensis, gray-haired, a man of sixty, who up the North River, at Rensselaerwyck, learned the Indian's "heavy language," as he called it, and then he made of it in his love a light, quick wing on which he sent out his messages of the cross, winning many.

He now halts ere he ascends the stairs, bowing, and covering his face with his hat. He is silently offering a prayer that the blessing of God may rest on his prayers this day. Then he ascends to his place in St. Nikolaas' pulpit. I can only think of this as in the old colonial Dutch church style, round and lofty, and a sounding-board is suspended above it, holding both a promise to assist the dominie's voice and a threat to drop and smother any infelicities. As the dominie stands there in his sacred nook we notice that he is arrayed in a black silk gown with large flowing sleeves. This was an imperative custom

in colonial days. The story is told of an old-time minister who was to be installed in his work, but was not furnished with the customary vestment. The presiding clergyman refused to officiate. Fortunately a kind-hearted minister furnished the desired robe, and the appointed service went forward.

The sable gown of Dominie Megapolensis is doubtless not only in due order this Sunday, but the clerk* or reader is in his place—a little pew-like nook in front of the pulpit. The clerk's duty is to read the Scriptures in the morning service, and in the afternoon he recites the Apostles' Creed.†

Listen now! The services are reverently opened. You will hear the dominie's assistant read sonorously and impressively the Scriptures. This same officer is an important medium between the common world below and the sacred oracle above. He receives any notices from the sexton, and placing them on the end of a long rod, he will at the proper time respectfully tender them to the dominie for judicious publication. He is seated now. The praying to-day is to us in an unknown tongue. The tone is reverent and tender.

* Voorleezer.

† This and other customs I find in such works as William L. Stone's History of New York City, pp. 77, 78, and G. P. Disosway's Earliest Churches of New York, pp. 35, 36; A. J. Weise's History of the City of Albany, pp. 192, 193; and as they are old colonial usages, I have thought of them as features of the services in the church of St. Nikolaas.

But the singing, what of that? I venture to apply to it the words of another about an ancient service, the "solemn psalmody," the "long-drawn Gregorian chant." How it rises higher and higher, expands more and more till the church within the fort is filled with the melody! The clerk is expected to lead, and he fails not to keep his voice at the front! One other voice I specially notice, for it is special. There are substances which we call diaphanous because letting the light through. So there are voices which let the soul through the sound, the emotion within, reverence, worship, compassion, consecration, coming out through this susceptible medium of the voice and soaring in adoration or sinking in submission, then reaching out in sympathy to every want or turning to God in a quiet trust, and there nestling like a timid bird's wing folded against the mother's breast.

Harold Wharton notices that voice. "It is the fair Dutch maid," he says, and admires.

No, it is not Katryne Schuyler. She sings, but not in this unusual fashion. She sings more for herself than for others, even as the swallows twitter.

While this digression has been occupying our thoughts, the dominie has reached his sermon. It was an old-time custom that as a dominie pronounced the last word of his text and before he began his sermon he should piously ejaculate "Thus far!" Why was that? To signify the separation between the divine and the human, that

"thus far" it was God's Word and then came a man's comment? I will pass on to the human comment which Dominie Megapolensis gives in unmistakable Dutch. Patiently, and I doubt not edifyingly, he follows his text.

How long? Where is the clock? No church clocks in those days to tick their "now! now!" when a sermon begins, and their "stop! stop!" at a reasonable point for closing, but oftentimes warning ineffectually.

There is the hour-glass instead, and set, too, at the preacher's right hand. It is a clerk's duty, when the last grain of sand may have run out, to remind the absorbed dominie of the fact that sermon-closing time has arrived, and admonishingly he must rap three times with his cane. The story is given of one dominie who saw his clerk asleep, and he kept on and on and let the hour-glass run out a second time. Then he remarked to his hearers that as they had been so patiently sitting through two glasses, he would proceed with the third!

I do not think this is a mistaken vision in me when I see an hour-glass at the right hand of Dominie Megapolensis, and that he does not need to hear three ominous cane raps to know that the glass is out. Faithful preacher of the Word! Toiling alone or with others, he is loyal to the Rule of God. This year (1663) the chroniclers set down as the date of his son Samuel's appearance in New Amsterdam as a clerical worker; but whether that helper may be here now or not, the father will do his duty, setting

the hour-glass on the tall pulpit Sunday by Sunday, and watching the sands dribble patiently away, and so on, other Sundays, till one day in 1670 that hand will be powerless, the sands in his own glass of time having all run away.

The sermon over, is an offering made, and for the poor, perhaps? Let us think of an old-time method as kept this Sunday in 1663. The deacons rise to officiate, stand while the dominie commends kindness to the poor, and then each seizing a long pole that in turn seizes a black velvet bag, goes among the congregation.

And hark! A soft, clear tinkle, and then another and another you catch among the aisles. The tinkles musically go down the aisles, and then come up the aisles, and clash together at the journey's close. Ah! there are diminutive bells swinging from the black velvet bags. Whether these sweet warnings aroused the sleepers and stirred the consciences of those wide awake, the contents of the bags in wampum and silver will show.

The dominie, though, is praying, and please give attention. His hands are lifted in the benediction, and to the hush accompanying it soon succeeds the exit of the congregation. Then the men march toward the door, and the hoods of their spouses swing obediently and point to the door like the vanes that turn and head the way of the imperative wind. All go, Pieter Stuyvesant, his vrouw, the City Fathers, the deacons, the dominie—all.

And Harold goes out also? No, he is sitting there by

the door, his head suspiciously rising and falling. He is very tired, having rambled much the past week. He followed the sermon as faithfully as possible; but at last a veil, a thick veil, seemed to drop before Harold's eyes. The preacher's tones, caught in the folds of this veil, were softly muffled. They finally came to Harold's ear like the pleasant hum of the wind rising and falling amid the rigging of the ship that brought him over the sea. He was then back in England again, in the old parish church at home. His father was officiating. He heard the reading of the Psalter and the singing of the sweet chants. He was in the rector's pew; and was his mother singing? When she bowed her head did she bow in prayer for an absent son? Did she know he was there? He went up to his father and laid his hand on him. Did his father feel the touch? Suddenly it came over him that his father was dead. In an instant everything changed. The light in the windows vanished. The singing came from a distance. His mother was holding out entreating hands to him. Everybody seemed to die. Harold went into a silence, a dark, death-like mist. He was aroused by a sound somewhat like the noise of feet passing over a floor. He heard an object go "pound, pound," and it went by him. Was it a hammer falling, or could it be a leg of wood striking other wood like that of a floor?

There was a continued noise of passing feet. There was more rustling of dresses. It seemed as if one sweet

face looked pityingly at him. That must have been the Dutch maiden's, he confusedly thought. Then a hand shook him roughly. Was it Van Schenkel's? He awoke. Where was he? What was this empty building? Oh, a church! He rose sleepily, shook himself, staggered out into the air, and saw a sentry in his steeple-crowned hat, heavy blouse, and capacious breeches, a threatening gun on his shoulder, who was lazily pacing a path in a fort with walls of earth and bastions of stone.

CHAPTER XII.

A MASTER WANTED.

"WHAT a spectacle I must have been in that Dutch church!" thought Harold.

Did that young woman see him? he wondered. He left the fort by its main gateway and stepped out upon the Parade. Then he sauntered along the plebeian Beavers' Path (De Bever Graft). Hanging his head low one moment, he threw it up the next; there was that young woman, and walking, too, with the strutting, pirate-looking Captain Van Schenkel!

He seemed in Harold's eye to be a demon-eyed griffin leading along triumphantly an unsuspecting lamb with fair face and fleece. If Harold could only have been the guide of this lamb!

"How is it that she and that man are together?" he asked himself, scowling gloomily. "It would please me if I could take that imp to the river and duck him. I will keep an eye on them and see where she goes. He may go as fancy drifts him, for I don't care anything at all about *him*."

They made a turn around the corner of a building, and Harold intended to make the same turn, but he halted

when he saw a most lugubrious face at a window. It was sable as well as mournful.

"A slave!" murmured Harold. "The man looks as if he wanted something of me."

Harold's guess was correct. It was one of New Amsterdam's bondmen.

Slaves were early brought to the Dutch in America and by the Dutch themselves. They were found in New Netherland as early as 1628. The Dutch took them also to the English on the Virginia plantations. That might seem a strange traffic for such liberty-loving people as Hollanders; but liberty for yourself does not necessarily imply that you will let your neighbor have it. The past has some strange ideas current among its thinkers, even as the thinkers of to-day carry along some singular ideas in their mental packs. Sir Edward Coke, that famous English lawyer and jurist, is charged with this saying, that a Christian fittingly could hold a pagan in bondage, for the Christian was the servant of God and the pagan was the bond-slave of Satan! One naturally asks what was the special need of slave labor in New Netherland. It is said that one thing making a demand for slave labor was the tempting nature of the fur trade, to whose profits New Amsterdam owed its existence. The farm hands brought from Holland saw such pecuniary fascinations in the skin on the back of the beaver and other animals that for the sake of the traffic they would quit farm work, and the farmers felt obliged to

resort to slave ownership. There were about eight hundred negroes in New York when the seventeenth century closed, and most of these were slaves. There were Indian slaves also. There was a law in 1711 that "all negro and Indian slaves that are let out to hire within the city do take up their standing in order to be hired at the Market House at the Wall Street slip." The negro slave was so much of a fixture in the possessions of New Amsterdam that slow-plodding Dutch vessels brought the unhappy slaves direct from their homes in Africa. In its outward feature it has been classed as not a very harsh slavery, for the Dutch were not rigorous taskmasters; but any form of slavery that stands between the soul and the free enjoyment of sun or soil or water, anything affecting personal liberty, is an accursed evil, and, like Abel's blood, cries out to Heaven for vengeance. The latter will come. The negro element in New Amsterdam was an earthquake uneasy enough and violent enough to make the little Dutch city tremble at times. It was white with fear more than once in the presence of these black faces. In all this, New Netherland anticipated the curse sure to be reaped by America one day when God might call it to go out and gather in its bloody harvest. New York, ever cosmopolitan, even in its infant days, was inside the small limits of New Amsterdam confronting some of these serious problems that have perplexed later America in the presence of the negro and Indian. Ah, rather, how we have perplexed

the Indian and the negro! Looking up in surprise to see the polyglot nations swarming to our doors, we think of New Amsterdam as the humble prototype of Great America—New Amsterdam, that heard in its pigmy streets the jabber of eighteen tongues, and made room for them all. While Great America excludes crime, may we with both hands make room for and welcome every foreigner bringing an honest, ennobling purpose!

One of the negro race was now about to challenge Harold Wharton's attention. There was such a helplessness of expression to this slave's face that Harold's attention was both caught and held.

"He must be a man about fifty years old, anyway, for that knob of hair on top of his head is gray," thought Harold. "He stares out of that window as if he wanted something of me."

The interest always wakened by anything new was very strong in Harold now. There was also the appeal of something in weakness to his strength, to the opulence of a young man's resources. Harold felt that he must turn toward the black and respond to his mute appeal; and yet if he did this he would lose sight of the griffin and the lamb. He did make a temporary halt, and, facing the window that framed the black's melancholy features, gave him a very sympathetic and prolonged look.

"I'll come again in a few minutes and find out what the matter is with the man. I shall lose those people if

I don't look out. I want to see where—he—*she* goes," thought Harold. But when he turned to follow them, and looked round the building at whose corner he saw them last, they had gone! Where had the griffin taken that poor helpless lamb? Where had he gone off with his booty—or was it a going down? Had he access to the bowels of the earth, and had he sunk by a secret passage to his den?

Harold looked to right and left. Was there a door near him suggesting that somebody could get into a house thereby? Every house he saw had closed walls in his direction, and looked as if they had been sealed up for a century. Reluctantly Harold turned back. The moment he had done so Van Schenkel peered slyly round a corner and sent a diabolical grin after the chopfallen young Englishman. Then the griffin laughed softly, and pulled his head back.

Harold returned to the building at one of whose windows he had seen the negro.

"Nobody there," he said; "but I will look in and see what straits this man may be in. He may need help."

In the front wall of the building was an open door, and it seemed to say "Come in!"

Harold entered.

A frequently found style of building in New Amsterdam was one that on the first floor was arranged as a store. Harold saw counters and shelves in the room he

entered, but nothing heavier than dust was on the shelves.

The negro was the occupant of a rush-bottomed chair in the centre of this room. He slowly rose as his caller entered, surprising Harold by the revelations of height he made, his figure steadily elongating, like a bamboo fishing-rod pulled out section by section.

"What a giant!" thought Harold, wondering where all the material for this imposing monument came from. "He is like one of the sons of Anak."

The idea of any weakness in such a structure seemed an absurdity; but there was the pitiful, the appealing face, and it was all the more touching because it capped such a seeming tower of vigor.

"I saw your face at the window, and I thought you looked sick. Can I do anything for you?" asked Harold.

"Yah, yah," was the answer in negro-English. "Me sick. I'm better when massa come."

"Your master lives here?"

"Yah—his shop."

"He will look after you, then?"

"Yah; when he come."

"Is he away?"

"Oh, yah. Done gone 'way. Oh, some time!"

"Why doesn't he come and look after things?"

"Dunno. Dey all say jes dat: 'Whar he go?' 'Why don' he come back?' Me know nuffin'."

"Are you sure he is coming?"

"Oh, yah; some time—he mus'—dis yer shop—he mus' come."

"Who takes care of the shop?"

"Me; an' den a man who lib on De Heeren Graf, he come. Oh, he want eberyt'ing—he want me."

"What does he want everything for?" asked Harold, whose interest in novelties might betray him into inquisitiveness. Here was a new section of humanity, and he must go over it and look into it and find out what he could. He was the traveller who had just struck a new shore, and he must see what there was behind the shore line.

"What dat man want eberyt'ing for? Oh, he—he—he—pig!"

"That is bad. Your massa away and a pig wanting everything! Haven't you any friends?"

"Oh, hab some. Hab injul!"

"An Injun?"

"Injul, injul!"

He could not make his meaning clear, and left in a fog the whole subject of this mysterious friendship.

Harold changed the subject.

"How do you get your living?"

"Whah?"

"Oh, things to eat—your bread, wood, clothes?"

"Oh, me fish, go on ship, do anyt'ing. Ah, me hate de man dat bring me here!"

"Bring you here? Where from?"

"Ober de water. He bring lot ob slabe. Ole pie-rat!"

"The man that brought you over the water a pirate?"

"Yah!"

"Bad man—very bad man!" declared Harold, shaking his head.

The black man now acted as if it were his turn to find out who this inspector might be.

"Whar you come from?" he asked.

"Oh, I am from England."

"Yer mummer wid yer?"

"Mother? Ha! ha! You think I need her?"

"Good to hab yer mummer. Me hab one ober de water. Dat ole pie-rat tuk me!"

"Did he? The villain!"

"Yer gwine lib here?"

"I may if I find my uncle."

"Los' yer onkl?"

"Afraid so."

A sudden light came into the negro's dark eyes. An idea had visited him. He was anxious to find the master whose property he was guarding, and this young man wanted to find his uncle. The common need established a bond between them. He reached out a huge paw.

Harold took it, or, rather, it covered his hand, folding all about it.

"Two frien's!"

"Yes," said Harold, acknowledging the fellowship.

Looking out of the window just then, Harold gave a start. Captain Van Schenkel was going by. The griffin was alone.

"I don't like that man!" muttered Harold.

The negro looked out and gave a start also.

"Dat de ole pie-rat!"

"He brought you from Africa—over the water—in his ship?"

"De berry one! Wha' he done you?"

"He has in his ship one of my friends, a sailor."

"He bad! Nuffin' good in dat man!"

The black thought a moment. He and the young man both disliked "de ole pie-rat." It was a new bond of fellowship. He reached out his big hand again.

"We be frien's?"

"Yes; and here's my hand; but I must go now. I want to find out where Captain Van Schenkel's vessel is."

"Ship?"

"Yes."

"He a rat—pie-rat. No much find 'bout him; not one t'ing."

"I'll try it, though."

"Me go wid ye—no, me sick."

"Oh, you stay here. I'll come to-morrow, and I may do something for you. Take this money, and buy what you want."

Harold left behind him a cavernous mouth ejaculating in wonder and joy, "Oh—h!" He was determined to track Van Schenkel to his ship; but when out in the street again he could see nothing of the man. He had again mysteriously disappeared.

"I will go down to the water-gate and along the shore and hunt up the man's ship while he is gone. Then I can see George Martin. Van Schenkel would never let me see him if he knew of it."

The water-gate always was a magnet to Harold. Where to-day Pearl and Wall streets meet was the site of the old water-gate. The name is pretentious, and if bordered by a battery of two cannon and a steadfast guard grimly supporting his matchlock, according to one prevalent sketch of the place, the neighborhood must have been imposing. Harold looked down upon the waters of East River, swept by a cool, noisy, rough wind. High tides had sometimes been very troublesome.

The Stadt Huys (City Hall), fronting East River, and located near the head of the present Coenties Slip, had been very uncivilly approached by high tides, sending their foam with a menace almost to the door. Municipal pride could not stand this, and it was more potent than ever Canute's sceptre when his parasites wanted him to shake it at the advancing tide. Along the river bank was built a "siding" of wood called "the Schœyinge," and it protected both the Stadt Huys and the bank. As the people living along De Paerl Straat had been much

annoyed, the waves showing a very unceremonious disposition to call upon them, washing up to their very walls, this siding eventually was extended so as to give all needed protection.

From the water-gate Harold now looked across East River to Long Island. Suspended as by magic in the air was no mighty bridge, across which flocked the inhabitants and vehicles of some apparently supernal region. There was no stretching water front of a great city on that eastern shore, no lines of noble warehouses, ships and steamers, and farther away the receding roofs of a multitude of homes. It was a shore waiting for fuller occupation—for that Breuckelen whose great future as a noble municipality was sure to come.

A single vessel was lying in the stream. Was it Van Schenkel's? A boat, the only boat visible on the Sunday tide, was making its way, not toward, but past the vessel.

"I think I know," reflected Harold, "that the man in the stern of that boat is Van Schenkel. He has shoulders like the pie-rat's, and carries his head the same way. But it can't be his vessel, for his boat is going beyond it, toward Breuckelen. George Martin is not in that ship. I will wait and watch, though. The boat may come back to the vessel."

The little craft patiently made its way to the Breuckelen shore, and there halted. Harold waited a long time. He saw no prospect of the boat's return, and was discour-

aged. He was hungry, and he might lose his dinner if he waited longer. He turned toward his tavern, with its sanded floor and steaming table.

Soon after he left the water-gate, Van Schenkel's boat pushed off from the Breuckelen shore, and was rowed to the vessel. It was Van Schenkel's ship, and George Martin was aboard. Early the next morning it let out its white sails and slowly floated away.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRONG DOOR.

HAROLD was at the negro's the next day as the sun was going down, and the negro said he was better.

"Me feel better when de injul come," Harold was informed.

"Injun?"

"Injul, injul, in—jul."

"How old is he—the—"

"Me dunno. It am—she!"

"Some wrinkled Indian squaw, probably," thought Harold.

"Hark! Me t'ink she come fur now. Don' ye hear dat step?"

As the negro looked up, Harold did not know but that she would come down through the ceiling.

"I—I think I will go, and come again some other time."

"Oh, you—you needn'."

Harold had closed the door by which he entered. Seeing two doors side by side, he took that which he thought might be the right one. Instead of a way outside, it was a door into a closet. He had planted one

foot within, and realizing his mistake, was backing out when he heard a step on the very threshold of the other door.

"That injul—that aged Indian squaw! I won't step out and surprise her, for that would be awkward, and it would give her a shock," he reasoned.

Added to this was Harold's steadily developing interest in this mysterious being, the "injul." Why might not the closet give him a good chance for observation? He fell back into the closet, and shut the door.

"That voice sounds natural," thought Harold, as he heard two voices busily talking away in the room without.

"One is saying something about 'I brought you this;' and there he goes, 'Me berry much t'ank you.' 'Now I must go,' says the caller. 'Now—'"

Harold trembled, for he noticed a pressure on his door. Was "de injul" coming in?

"De odder door!" hoarsely exclaimed the negro, rising up and waving his hand to the visitor.

It was too late.

The "injul" opened the door before her, and lightly screamed, "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Oh! oh!" said the confused, blushing Harold, stepping out, "I am very sorry to be—a— I thought this was the way out; and then—" Should he confess his curiosity? "I—I thought I—would like to see the 'injul!' Forgive me, I beg thee!"

He looked at the blushing face, and there was Ka-

tryne Schuyler. She had clasped her hands over her heart, throbbing as if it would break its way through the pretty red bodice imprisoning it.

There was the handsome young Englishman she had been longing to see.

The negro now shuffled forward, holding up his big hands.

"Don' say nuffin'!" he pleaded. "Me nail dat door—"

"Oh, don't!" begged Katryne, as a matter of politeness.

In her heart she thought it was the dearest door in the world, and ought to be commended, not scolded.

"Am I not to be forgiven?" asked Harold penitently, holding out his hand.

Katryne just touched it, but how it thrilled her!

"Yes," she said faintly, dropping her blushing face.

She recovered herself.

"I must go," she murmured.

"Let me—" Harold was opening the door into the street.

Katryne stepped out.

Harold followed.

"Let me—walk with thee. It—will be dark soon."

Katryne had a bewildering idea that she ought not to let him, stranger as he was, and yet she did not feel unacquainted, for had he not often been in her thoughts, keeping up a steadfast companionship since the day when

she had kindly consented to stand as a kind of guide-board for him? And he had not by any means forgotten the guideboard. She did not wish to repulse him, and yet she felt obliged to shake her head; for what would those at home say, and what would all New Amsterdam say, did she accept the guard of a stranger—a guard not necessary?

She shook her head again, feebly, however, and added, "Then I have an errand down by the water-gate—" She paused. "I thank thee," she said in a very grateful tone.

That muffled the sharp point of Harold's feeling of disappointment.

He was preparing to bow and leave her, when looking up, he saw a most welcome sight. A disorderly crowd of sailors and negroes swarming out of some place made an angry turmoil ahead. It was a block in the way of any advance to the water-gate.

"Oh, look! You must let me come now. There has been a quarrel some way and somewhere, and it may make a lady much trouble. Let me be thy protector."

There was no excuse now for Katryne's further declination. On the other hand, there was justification of her acceptance of this escort. Hans himself, Lysbet, the schout, all the schepens and burgomasters of New Amsterdam, and the very Heer Director himself, could not get up a reasonable frown in this matter. If they had all come and planted their rotund bodies like barrels in

the way of her progress, such obstacles must now roll away, for there was the turbulent crowd ahead. How could she, without an escort, attend to that errand at the water-gate? And of course that errand must receive attention. Indeed, the longer she looked at that crowd the more loudly did duty beyond summon her to go forward. Now that she could have an escort, duty that had the look of necessity also took on a strange fascination.

"I thank thee," she murmured again, and so gratefully.

Harold strode off boldly, while Katryne followed him with all docility. There were dragons, centaurs, griffins, fire-breathing bulls ahead, and one must defend and the other implicitly trust the defender.

"I don't know those people," said Katryne.

"No; and I don't want to."

"Are many people known to thee in New Amsterdam? Thy home is in—"

"England it was," said Harold promptly, supplying the needed word. "America it will be. Do I know many? Very few. I don't know many acquaintances, and I don't want to know them too fast."

"Some cannot be trusted."

"Some people one seems to know at once. They are very pleasant; one likes them, and yet one may feel that they may go away and talk about him and make him the butt of their ridicule."

"That is heartless!"

"I sometimes think such people may not mean to be unfair. They are very quick to see anything funny, and like to speak of it. They let it out without any thought."

"And it does harm, just the same. A bee's sting hurts one, whatever the bee means."

"Yes, yes. Then, some people don't let one know them at once; and what one may see of them may not be liked. They are cold, and they may not be sweet-tempered, and so on; but we find we can trust them, and they are sincere, which is a great matter."

Katryne was wondering in which class she might be put by her escort. She had a statement to make. "I think some people hold one off, not because they like it, but they feel that they must be guarded. Now, I have a friend, Geertruyd Smidt. She is very kind to those she knows. As the dominie says, she is one who goes outside of herself. When she meets a stranger, though, she draws into a kind of shell, and she pulls her head in—"

"Is thy friend a clam?"

"Geertruyd Smidt?"

"Forgive me, lady!"

"Ha! ha! She is very kind. It is only her way. Truly, she is a peach without any stone in it."

"I would I had a tree of them! You have some fine orchards here in New Amsterdam; and I wonder in which one is this favorite."

Katryne was not going to tell this young man from England everything, and she made no other reply than this: "New Amsterdam peaches are very fair and sweet."

"Oh, yes, yes, that is so, I trow."

"And then sometimes people that may laugh at other folks' follies and talk behind the backs of others, strangers and that sort, may be very sorry for it; but funny things they can't help seeing, and they speak quick, too. What is in one seems to come out even when the door is shut close, as we think."

"Oh, oh, of course! I did not mean anybody in New Amsterdam."

"And I did not mean anybody from England."

Now they were approaching each other again, and went along laughing merrily.

Once Katryne thought of that crowd of sailors and negroes. Where was it? Away behind them. They had gone through the crowd, and neither had given it special attention at the time. Suddenly Katryne stopped, and, guiltily blushing, ejaculated:

"Oh—h—h!"

"What is it?"

"Where is that crowd? I must not keep thee."

"The crowd? Oh, I forgot about it. The walk was so pleasant."

But the way to the water-gate was unobstructed, and why should he walk with her?

He in turn exclaimed "Oh—h—h!" and confusedly stopped.

Suddenly three dogs broke round a corner and snarled vehemently away.

"I must not let these bite thee," said the protector proudly and promptly, bristling up as Katryne's lawful guardian.

The conversation was resumed. They talked of everything, so it seemed, during the timely barking of those dogs, creatures who are quite wont to put in their bark at the wrong place.

The Indian, the savage, was an unfailing topic of talk in those days, and they talked of the Indian. Then Harold wanted to know if she had been in England.

"Oh—oh, no! I have lived in New England, in Boston."

A brief conversation followed on the important subject of the encroachments of the New Englanders, Harold having picked up odd items in his rambles about town.

A gap opened in the conversation, and, if prolonged, it might have been embarrassing; but a solitary pedestrian went by, and he was so richly dressed that he became an object of engrossing attention. He wore a long black velvet coat decorated with silver buttons, yellow silk breeches, white silk hose, and carried a silver-hilted sword.

"That is some grand man," observed Harold.

"He is a patroon that comes to New Amsterdam sometimes, though I don't know him."

"What are patroons?"

"My father has told me something, and my Uncle Pieter still more. The patroons, when the country was settled, were allowed certain rights and so much land if they would plant colonies having fifty people—they must be upward of fifteen years old, too. So patroons, with their colonies and much land, became small directors really; and the big one, Heer Director Stuyvesant, thinks the small ones have too much power. There is one in Rensselayerswyck. That colony and the Heer Director don't get along well together. That colony is up the river. Hast thou ever seen it?"

"I never saw it," said Harold, with an air as if it were his greatest misfortune not to have seen Rensselayerswyck. "I thank thee. I never knew so much before," he added in a tone of profound humility, appreciative of this great privilege of sitting at the feet of Katryne Schuyler.

He wanted to ask her to tell him all she knew about Captain Van Schenkel. The humble scholar thought perhaps the great teacher might not like to give lessons on this subject, and possibly she might say something good about the captain, and he certainly did not want to hear about that. But the dam restraining the impetuous tide of desire for information could not resist the pressure upon it, and it gave way and let out, not a question,

but the assertion, "I don't like that Captain Van Schenkel!"

There came a question: "Is he a patroon?"

Katryne's rich voice was let out in a musical laugh. "Van Schenkel a patroon! He would like to be one, and lord it over everybody; and when he overtook me Sunday and told what he would do if he were a patroon, I was afraid what my Lord Patroon Van Schenkel might do to me, and I slipped from him as soon as I could."

What a load that lifted from Harold's shoulders! Not a dog was barking now, and Harold's escort seemed unjustifiable. Two drunken sailors, though, accommodatingly reeled into the open space around the water-gate.

"Don't be afraid!" Harold said protectingly. "See those clouds of the sunset!"

They looked along a stretch of land a hundred feet wide. This, when the wall was constructed, had been left as an open way, a parade ground for troops. Along this progenitor of our Wall Street, Katryne looked at the sunset clouds heaped up where shoots to-day Trinity's graceful spire, clouds that were a great vapor-army in glorious uniform out on parade in the western sky. Harold was not looking west or east, on the land or the sky. He was watching a face that to him had more beauty in it than a thousand New Amsterdam sunsets. What a complexion she had! It had the purity of the lily, the delicacy of the peach bloom, the—everything beautiful. Her voice, too, in some of its modulations was so very

soft and sweet. He wished his mother could hear that voice. He wanted her opinion about it. Then those eyelids enclosed pearls; but suddenly an emotion of surprise flushed those eyes. Why should she detain this young Englishman? No crowd of belligerents could be seen, no drunken sailor, and nowhere in sight was there a single vicious dog. Besides, close at hand was the place where her errand was to be dispatched.

"Oh, here is the place! I thank thee," she softly said, and slipped away.

Harold gave a stately, half-surprised bow, and strode tavernward sombrely.

Katryne's errand was soon executed. It was only an inquiry at a house about a vessel's master that Hans wanted to see, and then she appeared again on the street.

She stepped a few paces toward the water before she began her solitary walk home. She fastened her eyes on East River. It was sleeping in glassy beauty at the base of the "schœyinge." Beyond the river was humble little Breuckelen, fast withdrawing into the shadows waiting to blanket it and tuck it up for the night. But Katryne did not see Breuckelen. She was dreamily thinking of the river, of the day when she watched its drift and thought of her life, coming she knew not whence and going she knew not where. Would this young Englishman, so gallant and courteous, have anything to do with the drift of that life? She had often longed for a brother. In this late walk with Harold she had several

times imagined that he was a brother out walking with her and protecting her. What noble protection! Did she really want him, though, for a brother? Would she not like to have him as some one nearer? Suddenly something dark rose up behind a bush at the right! It grew to right, to left. Was it the threatening, scowling beginning of a thunder cloud that had been stealthily rolling over the water? Without any appreciation of its meaning, Katryne trembled at the sight of the blackness. It took the form of a man, broad, squat, formidable. Something more than thunder came out of this kind of cloud as a low voice rumbled away. Even a bolt seemed to strike Katryne, for the voice of Hans Schuyler inquired gloomily, "Katryne, Katryne, what hast thou done, walking and talking with that young man?"

CHAPTER XIV.

IN SAVAGE LAND AGAIN.

THOSE savages who had become suddenly aware of the proximity of human beings to their night camp on the shore of North River listened again for the breathing that was the sign of a heavy sleeper.

Bang ! came the sound of a gun fired within a few feet of them. They sprang up as if they had been shot, and were prepared to tumble accordingly ; but it was not necessary, for they were unhurt, and the next move was toward their canoe. They sprang into it, pushed off, and quickly disappeared in the shadow of a bluff overhanging the river. There was a small moon in the sky, shedding just enough light to show what a dark river was running to the sea, and what dark woods bordered it. It showed, too, what a black shadow that bluff could throw. A step was now audible.

" Well," ejaculated Uncle Pieter, stepping out into the open space vacated by the savages, " my gun has just sent them flying. William's snoring woke me, and then I heard them. I did not care to hit them, and there they go round that point. Good !"

He was here joined by his companion, who came

scrambling out of the thicket, rubbing his head, looking up at the moon, glancing down at the water, then staring at Pieter.

"What—what—is this?" he asked. "Was it thy gun?"

"Yes; I fired the gun."

"Eh—er—any animal?"

"Yes, two-legged ones."

"What is thy meaning?"

"I was lying awake and I heard the noise of a canoe scraping on the bank, and then several savages came up and stretched out just on the edge of the woods. They began to jabber about something, and, for all I know, they wanted to scalp the man with me, and I frightened them off."

"For the love of me, say—will they come again?"

"Not till morning at least."

"Had we better stay?"

"We won't if my friend may not wish it. I don't think they will pay us a visit again; and yet it would be safest to watch."

Uncle Pieter's companion reflected a few moments, and said: "Thou art right; and we will hold on here. But sit down and I will tell thee, brother, all that is in my heart. I want to tell thee."

The two men sat down on a log by the bank, and faced the dark river. Pieter van Twiller's matchlock rested against the log. As the two men talked, the voices

echoed off upon the water, and their tones mingled with the sound of the drowsy ripplings.

"Now, I will tell thee why I am in the wilderness, though I am really ashamed to confess it. I am lost, and I did not want to own it, but strove to keep it to myself as long as I could," said William.

"Lost! That is not the worst thing that could happen to thee. I can get thee back somewhow, so never give thyself uneasiness on that score."

"That is like thine own kind self. I will tell thee how it all happened. I trade in furs at New Amsterdam and in New England also, and wherever I can find one who would like to buy or sell. I am known at New Amsterdam. My name is Robert William Wharton. I gave thee my middle name, and now thou shalt have my full name."

"It is a good name," Pieter assured him.

"Now I will tell thee how I was lost. I came up the river in a vessel, and while it was anchored one sunset, I landed only for a stroll into the forest, taking my gun with me, and—and I got lost! The more I tramped, the more confused I was. I went to sleep after awhile, and in the morning began to search again for North River and my vessel; but neither came to me, and I could not get to them. I verily was lost. I had been wandering about for several days when I saw thee, and my gun brought me game each day, so that I could live. When I saw thee I was in sore trouble; but thou didst help me

out of it. Now I am ashamed to confess that, like a boy, I got lost; but it is a fact, and I was loath to tell thee. I feel like a fool for two things: first, for getting lost, and then because I was too proud to tell thee. It is told now, and my brother understands, and I am so glad to see the river."

"I am glad my brother has told me all, and I understand his pride. I have a lump of that same pride in my breast. Now I take it that the sight of a vessel would do thee much good."

"Yes, and I shall have to take it; but I hate to lose a good companion."

"My loss will be greater; but I will get thee back to the world. Some craft will be going by, and we can hail it. I have good lungs and so hast thou, and a good cause will help us. Thy way is up river?"

"Yes."

"Very well; up river thou shalt go. Now that I recall it, I saw last night a vessel lying at anchor round a point near us, and we can watch for it in the morning. I am glad all this was told me; and now, would my brother know why I am here?"

"Tell me if thou wilt."

"I am a fugitive from New Amsterdam, and I left it because I could not stay there a man. I left it because I could not trust myself. Drink was my master. I was its slave. I was not strong enough for the drinking-shops."

"They are a curse."

"I wish New Amsterdam thought so. I could not face temptation, so I ran from it. I am safe from it here. Now you know my story."

"Yes, and I thank thee; and God give the victory to my friend. I shall not forget thy friendship ever. If I had not found thee! Ha! ha! That I must put another way. If I had not come upon thee and tried to shoot thee for a beast, where would I have been? I owe thee much. Ugh! how this thing troubles me! I don't mean the gun I have, but this flask, for it keeps falling out of my pocket."

It was a flask of liquor.

"Don't think I shall say 'Drink' to my tempted friend."

"Oh, no. Heaven save me!"

"I only take it into the wilderness with me or on a voyage, if some time of trouble come up."

"I dare not stay near it, now I know it is there. I pray thee forgive me if I get on the side opposite the pocket with that flask."

"No harm is done, no harm is done! Sit on either side, and thou wilt find a friend."

"I thank thee, for I need a friend as often as I can find one. Now, my brother goes back to New Amsterdam?"

"No; I take this first vessel round the point if they will take me. If it goes down the river, I must go with

it even to New Amsterdam ; but I hope to meet some vessel going up the river, and then I can finish my journey to Fort Orange. If this vessel near us is going up the river—"

Pieter's hand upon his arm detained his voice. To be left alone was anything but agreeable to Pieter. A sense of solitude came down upon him. Nothingness oppressed him. A vacuum was like the weight of tons. He hated to be left alone again.

"Brother," he said, "I started for the Esopus, but my vessel did not go so far. I landed, thinking I might travel through the woods, for I am an old gunner and trapper, and anyway, I could hail some vessel going up the river. I have found none. Now, if thy vessel goes up to Fort Orange, I will get aboard. I cannot bear the solitude."

"Let us journey together. It shall be so with all my heart. And didst thou say thou hadst been tempted? Didst thou think that things looked black? They are brightening. See that!"

He pointed across the river. Over the brow of a hill on the other shore shone the morning star, fair and white like a snowdrop borne on a stem whose roots were sunk in the crest of the hill.

"The morning is coming," said Pieter. "If any soul waits for a new day with eagerness, it is Pieter van Twiller. There is a young woman at New Amsterdam who told me a pretty story about Hope that is always

at the bottom of the box. I must tell it to thee, brother."

When he had finished, Robert William Wharton said: "That will help me if I get lost in the forest again. A young woman told it?"

"She is bright as she is beautiful. She told me to try; and she cried when she said it—to try—to get the better of my temptation—she meant to try and to pray. I am doing it," Pieter said soberly.

The faces of the two men were turned toward that fair snowdrop blooming in the sky. It soon faded, not so much because the light was coming, but clouds were gathering in the east. The folds of mist so thickened that they finally extinguished any ardor of the sun in trying to rise above the hills. Clouds, too, had gathered in the north and occupied the same heavens but a few hours ago as beautiful with white stars as any summer field with daisies. There was a sound of the rising wind in the forest, one moment lifting wearily the leaves, then letting them heavily fall. The river, so still and glassy, now began to shiver. It blackened while the sky continued in shadow.

"Hark!" said Pieter.

There was a low, heavy growling up the river, the mutter of distant but nearing thunder.

"Hark! Hendrik Hudson is rolling his balls. We are going to have a lively storm while it lasts; but that

vessel may start in this wind. We will hurry and catch it. Roll away, Hendrik!" cried Pieter.

The two men hurried to the shore nearest the vessel, whose anchor the crew were weighing.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Pieter. "Take two men aboard?"

"I will pay you well," added Robert Wharton.

"Aye, aye!" was the ready answer.

A boat put off for the two passengers.

When it landed, Pieter asked, "Are you going to Fort Orange?"

"To New Amsterdam," was the reply.

"Farewell, my brother," said Pieter to Robert Wharton sorrowfully.

"Oh, come aboard! I may get a chance to take a vessel for Fort Orange, and leave thee at the Esopus—"

"And I may be obliged to go to New Amsterdam, which is not my helper now. Farewell!"

"Farewell, brother!" cried Robert Wharton. He paused; he cried again, "Oh, what is the name of the young vrouw who told thee about Hope?"

"Katryne Schuyler."

"Did he say 'Katryne Schuyler'?" wondered Robert Wharton. "I must tell my nephew when he comes."

Desolation entered the soul of Pieter van Twiller as he stood alone upon the bank. Before him was a blackening river; above was a sky rough with storm-clouds; behind him, about him was a wilderness opening as if to

swallow him up. So lonely was the soul of Pieter! Gusts of wind drove at him, as if to force back into the wilderness this refuse of civilization, this castaway, this despised of men. The vessel was going out of sight as it turned a point, and in the stern stood Robert Wharton, waving his hand. Another minute Pieter saw only a black atmosphere extending across the roughened river. In that moment the box of Pandora, that "poor little girl," did not seem to hold even Hope at the bottom.

He shrank into the hollow of a pine to wait for the passage of the storm. Little rain fell, and he soon stepped out from his retreat and went to the spot where he and his "brother" had had their late conference.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly, "a bottle! Why, it's that flask, and it fell out of William's pocket. Well, let it lie there. No, I must pick it up—it is William's property—no, I dare not. Why, I thought it was all settled, and I was to have no more temptation! Can I not escape?"

No; the flask down in the grass tempted him. If a snake's eye had been set in the mouth of the flask, and if Pieter had been a little bird, the fascination could not have been stronger.

"What is it?" Pieter began to inquire. Brandy from France, gin from Holland, beer from New Amsterdam? The little bird began to move toward the snake's eye. How helpless was poor Pieter!

Why, he thought he was beyond temptation here in

the wilderness, and now it was just before him. The temptation of a whole drinking-shop of New Amsterdam seemed to be concentrated in that glittering snake's eye, and it was coming toward him, or was he going toward it? Certainly there was not a greater distance than fifteen feet between him and the flask one moment, and the next moment it had lessened to twelve.

"If thou drinkest what is in that flask, Pieter, thou wilt set on fire a thirst that will compel thee to hunt for long miles that thou mayest find another dram at the wigwam of a savage or in the cabin of a vessel," a voice said to him.

Still he went on.

Nine feet now, and that snake's eye? Why, it had flashed into two eyes, and horns were above them, and a wicked, pitiless smile was below them, and farther down would be found hoofs, and the forked tail of the Evil One somewhere!

Run, Pieter, run!

Three feet now!

Where was his regard for his dear Kaatje? He stopped and thought.

"Where is my regard for her? I promised once to 'taper off,' and what became of my promise? Oh, it is of no use! There is no Hope at the bottom of the box."

He took another step.

But where were those prayers Pieter had been putting up so earnestly of late? Had God no answer for them?

"AN ARROW STRUCK THE TREE." (*Page 185.*)

One foot now !

Oh, the thirst of a furnace like that in some materialistic doctrine of hell was burning in Pieter, and all his good resolutions were like straw in this flame, and he said he must stop the raging fire, he must quench it, and he was reaching his hand down to seize that flask when shrill and piercing over the water rang out a savage war whoop ! Pieter looked off upon the river. A canoe was swiftly advancing, two savages paddling it.

" God keep me from the savage without and the savage within me !" solemnly pleaded Pieter, looking up. He turned from the flask deliberately. Then he sped for his gun and for the shadow of the forest.

An arrow that struck a tree just as he slipped behind it showed how narrow his escape had been.

Pieter was a man about fifty, but quick and nimble as a squirrel. He sprang up a tree with a bushy top, pulling his gun after him. He secreted himself amid the leafy branches, and looked down through loopholes in the foliage.

Soon he heard the savages searching below. They could see no satisfactory trace of him. He looked down and saw them. He was all nerve, cool, keen, ready. His aim was unerring.

" I might shoot them both," he said. " Shall I ? No ; I will not kill unless it is really necessary. I did not come here to take life, but just to protect it when in danger. Wait, Pieter !"

He waited, the old hunter, all his powers controlled by that strong brain above, in the watch-tower now, vigilant, masterful.

The savages found not the human booty they had in mind, but they found a flask of brandy, and in great glee they carried it to their canoe, and Pieter saw them moving off, alternately paddling and brandy-gulping.

Then the hunter came down from his watch-tower. The excitement of the hour, though, was over. His nerves were unstrung. He dropped carelessly from branch to branch. From the last branch he almost tumbled in a heap, his gun pitching after him.

There he lay at the foot of the tree, beads of perspiration on his brow, weak and helpless as a child, bewildered with a sense of his narrow escape both in body and soul, poor Pieter in the wilderness, going to fight savages and yet carrying a savage in his appetite! Was Pandora's Hope at the bottom of the box now? In his weariness he fell asleep, and the goodness of God guarded him.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT COULD HE DO?

New Amsterdam in general and Harold Wharton in particular were in a flutter. That flutter was felt along the canal and on the bridge crossing it, in the fort and the homes clinging to it and in those that did not cling to it. The time of day was sunset, for the sun, sullen and clouded, was sinking down the disturbed skies above Pavonia. Three ships, with their high, imposing sterns, had halted off New Amsterdam, each in a leisurely way dropping anchor and furling sail. Budgets of letters had been sent ashore, and more than one dealer in furs anxiously wished to know if the market over seas were favorable.

Harold Wharton was more excited than any one else —so it seemed to him—for the largest was an English vessel, and might it not bring long-expected letters from home? Was his mother well? His money had almost entirely dwindled away, and how would he get any more? With trembling hands he opened the bulkier of two letters handed him as his share of the letter-cargo. It detailed his mother's last illness and death! The sec-

ond told him that any property belonging to Harold's family had melted away in the heat of a great fire.

The two letters were from Abram Tillotson, who had been entrusted with the management of the Wharton financial interests in England. The letter announcing Mrs. Wharton's death was in a cool, business-like tone, as if stating without any feeling the details of a bad investment. The second was as cold, though on a warm topic, and proceeded to say, "I wish to state that two days after your mother's death a fire in London reduced to ashes several buildings she owned in that city. Money that had come in from the London property I had laid out in repairs, yet thought soon to send you some rentals, but houses are now ashes, and ashes you do not wish to receive. The home estate I must sell to pay debts against it. As for the future, I would not advise you to return here, but find employment in America. You would come home to nothing, and as a pauper would be cared for. We do not like to care for nobodies. Your mother did not want anything in her last illness, as I advanced her money to meet every want. I must look to the estate for my pay—that is, when it is sold."

"Sold! that beautiful home!" murmured Harold. "Everything to go for debts!"

When he read the signature to each letter, "Abram Tillotson," written in very twisted form, it looked much like a snake that had started to writhe across the page.

If Harold had received by the vessel coming across the sea two slabs of ice, they would have conveyed as much sympathy as those two sheets of paper.

His mother dead and he a pauper, and he had better not return to England to be a beneficiary there! That was the real situation, then; and here he had been living in New Amsterdam all this time, looking forward to a position of ease and competence when his Uncle Robert might turn up, and then some day, if remaining in America, he could invite his mother to a home of comfort, and Nurse Martin was also coming to care for her!

No, she was not coming. His mother was dead. Uncle Robert was—nobody knew where. George Martin he had seen a little while, and then he had vanished from a tavern door as if swept away by a whirlwind.

Harold's stay in New Amsterdam, then, had all ended in this—a pauper reading those two letters! What a life of mockery he had been living in this new world—his appearance that of a gentleman and his real situation that of a mendicant! He had been blowing rose-tinged bubbles, and now they were all bursting! Life was just a sarcasm. His part in it was a farce. Existence was empty of meaning or profit.

Bewildered, he walked about the odd little seaport town. The dull sky over Pavonia had blackened into a thunder-cloud. A fat soldier strutting by the fort gate looked so stupid, about as effective as an animated bale

of straw. The fort itself seemed like a clay heap that would collapse in the storm coming, and the threatening cannon would in the rain rust away into useless old junk.

There was De Heeren Graft, with its black ditch—"yes, ditch, and a dirty one," he muttered, sauntering along. The barges in it looked like coffins afloat, and the few sailors he saw were undertakers about to conduct these coffins in a dismal funeral procession. Could they give a pauper any employment? His mother dead! Hark! As he walked on he heard a windmill, that with its vanes was beating the air as if a threshing-floor were there; and what a hard, rusty noise it made—a dull, heavy clang—clang—clang! a noise that was a prolonged groan—groan—groan!

The storm-cloud was now coming nearer. Hendrik Hudson was rolling his ponderous balls over Hoboken and Pavonia and across North River at a frightful rate, and the wind-blown coals of his fiery pipe flashed in sharper and sharper lightning.

Harold went to his room in the tavern and sat down by a window looking toward North River. What was to be done? He could not go to England. He had no money with which to pay a passage, and no experience with which to earn one. To go up the ship's rigging—what did they call each part? To furl sails—what were their names? He could do nothing on board ship. He must stay in New Amsterdam. What would he do? Rather, what *could* he do?

This last question struck him with peculiar force. He had never before thought seriously upon the subject. There had been no demand for thought. Things had been done for him rather than by him. It was not necessary that he should do anything. Without cost his bread had been baked for him, and with the bread came the butter for it. While his mother's money had cared for him in the past, he had not worried about the future. Uncle Robert's money would fill up any deficiency in the future. And to-day everything had been swept away like a sand-house by the tide rushing up the beach! And now this question sent through him such a chill: What could he really do whereby to earn a living? Could he build a house of wood, or lay bricks? Could he serve in a profession and be a doctor and administer pills? Could he trade in a store? Could he teach? Could he take care of a farm, or make cloth? He could eat what came from a farm and he could wear the cloth that another had woven. He had dressed well. His appetite for the substantial tavern-dinners had never failed him. With his mother's money he had paid the bills due. He was known at the tavern as "that young English gentleman." What could "that young English gentleman" do, though, to earn his dinners? Here he stopped asking questions. He saw as never before that ability to do something is the capital from which to expect lasting investments. He who can do something, who can work out any result, has resources on which he can surely rely.

Brains and knowledge and industry are the only satisfactory, sure possessions in the world.

All the while that Harold Wharton was supposed to have property, he had none! He had not really been able to do anything; and he, his mother's heir, was worth—nothing. Why hadn't he thought of this before, and anticipated such an hour?

"Fool! fool! fool!" he called himself.

It was raining now, raining heavily on New Amsterdam, while Hendrik Hudson was rolling still heavier balls, and his pipe-flashes were more intense.

Harold turned away from the window. He looked into the depths of his retirement in that room fast growing darker. His mother dead! His mother, the mother who used to pray for him and with him! Why, he seemed to hear her voice just as he had heard it in the old parish church in England, making its reverent responses in the service-hour. He always thought she had a clear, sweet, musical voice. He remembered, this wild evening, how on stormy days he had at church heard the wind wail about the windows, and then across the bent stones in the old churchyard angry flurries of storm would come at the panes and moan there as if suddenly penitent. Through it all, like a gentle strain of music, wound the tones of his mother's voice praying.

She had said that her prayers would follow him, and were they not following him now? Perhaps they reached into his present isolation, bringing God near.

He had never given thought of a special, serious kind to this subject—God's nearness. God and a divine care had been things looked at rather than a truth received within the very soul. He had kept this subject outside the door, rather a matter respected but not fully welcomed. To-night he felt very lonely. He wondered if anybody in New Amsterdam or in all that neighborhood felt more alone—any savage from the wilderness, prowling along outside the wall; any homeless sailor in a barge in the canal; any prodigal turned out of the tap-rooms; anybody in a frightened little boat blown down the bay in this wild, wild storm, and then out on the dark sea!

So lonely!

How it did thunder! How it did lighten! And the rain poured as if North River and East River had been sucked up into the sky and then were dropped again in a heap.

Into his loneliness still glided the thought of that mother. It was a footstep so gentle. Her footfall was never rough and noisy. The dead mother came now just as softly. She laid her tender hand on the bowed head of her lonely boy, and she seemed to be pointing at something. Suddenly he saw a picture. In the old church at home, wrought in glass, tinged as by a sunset, was the scene of Christ walking on the sea. He was holding out a hand to the sinking Peter.

When in America had Harold thought of that particu-

lar window before? He saw it now as he thought of his mother and her prayers.

What could he do in life? What could he do now or at any time?

He could do this: like Peter of old, he could take hold of that outstretched hand. It was the first thing to be done. He was starting out in a new land, his real self starting in a real life. It was not Harold Wharton the heir, and leading a life that was a pretense, but Harold Wharton the empty-handed, and going out to a real life. He must start now.

"Yes, now!" the mother seemed gently to plead, pointing at the outstretched hand of the Saviour.

Would not her boy cling and trust now? He fell upon his knees.

That night he touched God, and he never fell back from that touch. It was destined to make a wonderful change in Harold's life. He lay down to rest.

The thunder had rolled away. The lightning had ceased to flash. There was only the sound of the rain, that steadily, not violently, dripped, dripped. After a while there was a lighter fall. It had a drowsy, musical sound. The sweet voice of Harold's mother echoed in the gentle fall. This sound of the rain quieted him. It stilled him into slumber. He slept. His mother watched.

CHAPTER XVI.

GEERTRUYD.

Geertruyd Smidt was spinning in the kitchen. Whirr-r-r-r !

That Dutch kitchen was very dear to Geertruyd, who, since her mother's death three years ago, had been her father's housekeeper. Her ally was Betje,* an old slave who thought she was a Quaker mostly because she did not know what a Quaker was. Geertruyd and Betje kept the kitchen very neat.

The parlor was something very separate and sacred, as if one stepping into its shadowy atmosphere might expect to find there a row of idols in silver shrines. There was nothing in the parlor more sacred than a line of chairs bottomed with Russia leather secured by brass-headed tacks. These chairs were set against the wall as stiffly as if frozen to it.

I am omitting, though, a round tea-table, and the beaming portrait of some far-off ancestor above the table. Geertruyd thought that he smiled in approbation of the fine sand-designs on the well-scrubbed floor.

The kitchen was a very different spot. It was the

* Our Betty.

living room. It had some individuality. Geertruyd had left here and there touches of her housewifely interest in this particular room. Across the lower half of each window ran a curtain of bright red chintz, a pet color with Geertruyd. On the walls were pictures of unreal war-vessels on impossible seas, fighting all sorts of imaginary naval battles. These battles had been going on many years. They bade fair to outlive the walls from which they were suspended. In the centre of the room was the heavy, square table of pine, at which the family sat two hours ago when reminded to do this by "the noon-mark." This "noon-mark" was one of the divisions of the sun's celestial travels, watched and recorded by the sun-dial on the window-ledge. The floor had been freshly sanded, and Geertruyd's dexterous broom had whisked the sand into various ingenious figures found neither in nature nor books. The most imposing feature in the room was the fireplace, so large that it looked as if New Amsterdam's schout, its burgomasters, and all its schepens could have sat there in a row and been roasted in company. It had its equipment of hooks and trammels, shovels and pots. There was a kettle of soup even now suspended over the fire, gently simmering away, dreaming of the time when its contents, duly put together, were bounding in the shape of a kid over the fields of Manhattan.

Another interesting item was Geertruyd's spinning-wheel; but an attraction exceeding anything in the room

was Geertruyd herself. She was Katryne Schuyler's bosom friend. They were New Amsterdam's prettiest maidens. Katryne was fair and dark-eyed; Geertruyd was fair and blue-eyed. They were as unlike in character. Katryne was impetuous, enthusiastic, fond of adventure, ever seeking some expression of her feelings in the activities of life, and very lovable withal. Geertruyd was deliberate, quiet, a stay-at-home body, shrinking from the outside world, and also a very lovable body. Though so very dissimilar, they agreed perfectly in two things: to disagree with sweetness where they could not agree in sentiment, and to love one another intensely.

Geertruyd was spinning the afternoon of this chapter, and with more than usual eagerness. Like other Dutch maidens, she had been trained to keep marriage in view, and to believe that every Dutch bride should have in readiness suitable and ample store of white goods. To ensure variety and quantity, there must be timely activity. Marriage? Whom would Geertruyd marry? Thus far she had seen nobody that she wanted to marry, she affirmed, except Katryne Schuyler, and Katryne formerly had often hotly declared that Geertruyd was her only choice. Recently, for some reason, Katryne had been silent on the subject. Why silent, Geertruyd could not say. Had Katryne seen any masculine adorable that she preferred to Geertruyd? If so, it was time that Geertruyd was stirring in the matter for herself. And this afternoon, as stout Betje had waddled off to a gathering of

colored friends on De Heeren Straat, and as her father, Adam Smidt, was absent on a lengthy errand about some beaver skins, Geertruyd, in this freedom from all observers, had resolved to put on her finery, make believe that she was a bride, and see if her husband would appear. Of course, it would not be actually a wedding dress, but it would do no harm to imagine it as that, and some Dutch fairy might happen along to give it a hymeneal fitness. Such a fanciful mood was wholly unlike the quiet and conventional Geertruyd, but then the most sedate and regular people may do the most irregular things. Geertruyd intended to keep all the above a secret. No one should know it. She would not confess it even to her husband, if he should happen along. Unusually dressed, then, for this unusual and secret purpose, she sat down to spin. In what a radiant dress she was arrayed! A close-fitting cap of white muslin covered her light-brown hair, neatly brushed back from her forehead. The collar that enclosed her fair neck was as snowy as her cap. She wore a jacket of blue silk, and there shone in her bosom a brooch of twisted gold. Her skirt of red silk parted to show the most ingeniously quilted petticoat of golden yellow satin. Her worsted stockings, knit by Geertruyd the long evenings of the previous winter, were of yellow, to match her petticoat. Her small and symmetrical feet were slipped into dainty high-heeled shoes. Ah! I could not catch in any description the flash of the bright gold rings on her fingers,

and of a string of gold beads around her neck. She had taken one inquisitive look in the glass, and then, blushing and frightened, she ran to every outer door and closed it and firmly bolted it. For what if her husband might really come! He never should get in. She was determined on that. But ah! what if he should look in at a window? Never! She pulled each curtain carefully across the little panes that had come all the way over the tossing sea from old Amsterdam to this miniature city. Then, blushing most fascinatingly, she sat down to her task, her heart seeming to trip away so fast that not even her spinning-wheel could overtake it.

Whirr-r-r-r!

As she spun away, this member in our breast which we cannot get along without, and yet cannot always get along comfortably with, by degrees was quiet. The blood left her cheeks, and just a faint flush was there to suggest the rare shades hid in the depths of flower-cups, or secreted in shells of the sea, or lingering in the last shades of the sunset. She was only Geertruyd Smidt, housekeeper for Adam Smidt, a single young woman, without ambitious matrimonial projects. Not the marriages made in heaven, but things on the earth, prosy, daily, domestic, engaged her thoughts. She mused upon the house she lived in, the houses in the neighborhood that others lived in, and New Amsterdam in general. She had seen Breuckelen. With her father she had ridden in the lumbering family-ark as far as New

Haerlem, but that was a nobody kind of a town. Great was New Amsterdam! Her father had carefully described to her several Dutch hamlets in New Netherland, and several villages settled by the troublesome, inquisitive, aggressive New Englanders. She had his word for it that none could compare with their New Amsterdam. She herself believed that this metropolis of New Netherland had attractions by way of houses that probably could not be equalled anywhere on this side the sea. She had had glimpses only, but in a few quick glances you can see enough to fill a gallery lasting ever. There were in New Amsterdam houses through which from door to door stretched an imposing hall. In these mansions one saw rich, heavy furniture, antique cabinets and chairs, and tables that at banquets shone with ostentatious pieces of silver plate. From the walls pompous ancestral portraits looked down, also large mirrors in two plates, the upper adorned with gilt and flowers. In the chambers could be found portly bedsteads, four-posted, furnished each with rich canopy and elaborate valance. Yes, New Amsterdam had its fine houses. This must be, then, the biggest, most glorious place the sun shone upon—at least the western sun.

Her spinning-wheel now turned vigorously—whirr-r-r-r! whirr-r-r-r!—and the yarn lengthened rapidly. She felt that she ought to be a very grateful young woman. How comfortable was her home! She had heard her grandfather tell about the houses that many of the peo-

ple lived in when New Amsterdam was first settled—just one story in height, with chimneys of wood, their roofs thatched with straw and reeds. Geertruyd lived in a building of brick made in New Amsterdam, and having, therefore, for Geertruyd a peculiar virtue. The gable ends were of black and yellow brick, and, like those of other houses already described, suggested checker-boards, across which any time Adam Smidt and his beloved Geertruyd, mounted on long ladders, might set the checkers to moving at a lively rate. The birth-year of the house was ostentatiously set in figures of iron into the walls. Above all was as ambitious a weather-cock as ever pretended to wind his clarion in clearest, brightest tones at early dawn, and yet never struck a note. What an honored house to support such a noble bird!

Yes, New Amsterdam had some very nice, comfortable homes. It was the best place to live in that Geertruyd had ever seen, or that she had ever heard of in all the world.

Whirr-r-r-r!

All the world?

Yes; and all the world was coming, little by little, to New Amsterdam. Now Katryne Schuyler wanted to see the world. She had said to Geertruyd that if she had wings she would mount upon the palisades, there spread those wings, and fly to Paris, to Amsterdam, to London. Now, if Geertruyd really had wings, she would

fold them up neatly and stay at home. Why go to see the world, when all the world was coming to New Amsterdam? How many kinds of people were already here! In her own family, streams of several sorts of blood ran in the Smidt veins. She was Dutch, one of the kind that liked to stay at home, just as Katryne was of the Dutch kind that liked to be flying round, going to strange countries, conquering new worlds. Geertruyd's father was Dutch, but had English relatives. Her mother's father was French, a Walloon, one of those French Protestants fleeing for refuge to American shores, some of them coming to this hospitable port. I have already referred to the fact that eighteen languages could be heard in New Amsterdam's streets, some polyglot enthusiast having counted up that number of tongues in their Babel of sounds. What place of many-tongued talk like New Amsterdam! It must be a great place, a wonderful place some day, if all the world kept flocking to it. As many as one, two, three millions of inhabitants it must have, and little Breuckelen would also become a great city.

Whirr-r-r-r! Spin, spin away, O wheel! Life too is spinning and full of excitement.

Katryne, Geertruyd's friend, wanted to see lakes and ponds and stretching fields; but why have wings to fly away and see them?

There on this island one had all this variety. There was Fresh Water Pond, a beautiful sheet that the sun-

set stained with most fascinating shades, like some of those in Geertruyd's marriage garb. What fish abounded in its depths! Depths? The pond was said in one place to have no bottom. This bottomless abyss made Geertruyd shudder. What awful forms must wriggle down there in the dark!

Katryne had said "Pooh!" to all this. She believed Fresh Water Pond had a bottom, and had told Geertruyd if she would lengthen her—that is, Katryne—just three feet she would agree to wade from shore to shore of this awful mystery, and nothing worse than an eel would nibble her heel.

But Geertruyd preferred to cherish the old myth and the story, too, of the weird abysmal forms down in the dark water. She had been afraid that her father, who loved to drop his line into those mysterious depths, might hook up a strange creature with serpent's mouth and form, or with a forked tail, or a tiger's claws, or a bat's wings, and as he was sometimes absent-minded, he would bring it home to sizzle in Geertruyd's frying-pan in the roaring big fireplace! Ugh! It might hop out and fly up the chimney, or fly at her!

Whirr-r-r-r! How the wheel did buzz behind those dropped curtains!

As for fine fields and beautiful farms, what handsomer specimen of husbandry than that of the Dutch West India Company!* This stretched along the west side

* Astor House is said to be on the site of the Company's farmhouse.

of our Broadway, not far from City Hall Park, and it ran back to North River.

It was good to see the farm in summer, when emerald with the luxuriance of Nature's promises, or in autumn, when blushing with a modest sense of the accomplishment of all prophecies, for it showed the noble fruitage of Manhattan, such as cabbages fair and spherical as the silver moon, or pumpkins round and with golden pulp.

Beautiful and bountiful was the earth, and earth, too, just there in New Amsterdam, Geertruyd meant, rather than earth all over the world. Geertruyd was going to stay at home and enjoy it.

Whirr-r-r-r ! Faster, faster, faster went the wheel.

Yes, New Amsterdam was a wonderful treasure-box. Ah ! did it have among its valuables a husband for Geertruyd Smidt ? This was a silly dream, she declared. There were so many things of an eventful nature every day, and this very day doubtless, though not happening as yet, that she must resolutely close the door upon marriage—yes, slam the door ! This she proceeded to do by stamping on the floor energetically with her high-heeled shoe.

But hark ! there was a pound with the knocker on the door itself. It was a summons. It was imperative too. Somebody wanted, must have, something.

She did not go to the door directly, but prudently pulled away a corner of a curtain and looked out. Her

heart beat quick. It was a young man! She hurried to the door.

He was a good-looking youngster, and had a fine figure. His eyes were blue and kindly, his features regular, his complexion ruddy, his face intelligent and energetic, but it had a hurried look just now, and his manner betrayed the fact that something besides mere water was on his mind, though he said, "Oh! oh! will you give me some water—"

He hesitated.

Such a vision as of an angel in glorious color had broken upon him! Such a beautiful face bent toward him! A celestial being, or who was it—where did she come from, this rainbow, this tulip bed, this cluster of precious stones? He spoke confusedly, "Oh, do you speak English?"

What was the native tongue of this angel, English or Dutch?

She began to smile. She colored, too, for it flashed upon her that this young man might be—yes, could it be her future husband?

She was blushing deeply now.

"Do you speak English?" he asked again.

"Oh, yah! oh, yah!"

She turned, then halted, for he was speaking again, and hurriedly, looking back at the same time over his shoulder, as if afraid of seeing in the street some unwelcomed object.

"Could I go into the garden?" he was saying.

"De garden? Oh, yah! oh, yah!"

One of her first thoughts was that she was very glad Katryne Schuyler and her own father had given her some idea of English. Then she filled with water an antique drinking-cup of silver and ran out into the garden.

Geertruyd, holding the cup in her hand, her sweet face blushing crimson under her snowy cap, her jacket and skirt and petticoat and hose a mass of brilliant color, the drops of water that trickled from the cup changing in the sunlight to a necklace of pearls that this Dutch enchantress was recklessly dropping—what a pretty picture!

But where was he?

She stopped. Had her husband gone? She looked among the cabbages, the poppies, the borders of box.

Somebody in the shade of a large thrifty peach-tree in the rear murmured, "An angel!" and stepping out into open sunlight cried, "Here I am!"

She almost let the silver cup drop when she heard the voice.

Bowing, he came forward and took the cup.

"Lady, I thank thee," he said gratefully.

She dared not look up, but shyly dropped her head, as if her white cap were a heavy burden.

"I thank thee," he said again.

As she took the cup she noticed on his hand a gold

ring. The stone in it was of a warm red, warm as the blushes in her face. She might have seen her husband if she had looked up, but with true modesty she continued to hang that crimson-flushed and charming face.

He was speaking.

"I am going to tell my story. I have an enemy. Captain Van Schenkel—"

She did not catch more than half his words, but in her thought she repeated the most important.

"En—enemy! Captain—Van—Schenkel!"

She gave a frightened start. Captain Van Schenkel her possible husband's enemy!

"Oh! oh!" she murmured in most pitying, sympathetic, delightful music.

"I have been in his ship—and—I am afraid he will send men to take me—and—could you let me hide in that shed? I shall be so thankful!"

She wanted to gaze into his face and look her sympathy. She dared not. She said, though, intensely, promptly, "Oh, yah! oh, yah!"

Katryne disliked Van Schenkel, and of course Geertruyd disliked Van Schenkel, and when she saw his cruel plans she said she would do anything to befriend his enemies or defeat his allies. Was this an enemy of Van Schenkel? He was Geertruyd's friend, and might hide in her shed or her parlor.

He touched his cap, and withdrew into the depths of the shed.

Geertruyd hurried into the house. Quickly she came running back again, and without a word set down by the door of the shed a drinking-cup filled with water, as if she were placing it at the door of a bird-cage for some precious pet. Then she timidly stole back to the house. Her heart was going so fast now! Her spinning-wheel seemed inside of her. Who would come next? Was she in a suitable dress to receive the next marital appearance? The next? There should be no other. She would keep her present garb sacred to her husband out in the shed. She tripped up the stairs leading to her chamber, removed all her finery, packed it carefully away, and soon went downstairs again. Now she wore a dress over whose white background flew a multitude of little birds in blue all mounting upward, as if anxious to get into Geertruyd's cap or the wealth of her rich brown hair and find a resting-place there. She was very bewitching now, more so than ever, and the accepted though unconscious candidate for matrimony out in the shed would have said so.

She sat down to spin.

Again the wheel went whirr-r-r-r! whirr-r-r-r!

It was but for a moment. She ran to a window that looked out upon the garden. She leaned forward to catch a view of the shed-door. Had the cup of water been taken away? It was still there. The bird in the cage had not touched it. Ought not Geertruyd to take out a plate of those old-fashioned Dutch waffles her father liked? Might not her husband be hungry? A

little later, or when it was dark and nobody saw her, she would take out the waffles. She would spin now. Spin? How could she when her husband was in danger? What if Van Schenkel came to awe her and seize him? The thought terrified her. She could not spin now. She went to a window. There she sat with folded hands, looking sadly at the shed. How silent and oppressive was the old Dutch kitchen! No longer did she take pride in its dresser of curious old Delft ware, or its scrubbed pewter dishes, or its mirror-like tins. Her heart was out in the shed and a tearful face was at the window watching the shed.

Betje soon came from her visit to a spot that long has been known as Bowling Green.* In this neighborhood, on Sunday, drawn up in order, might be seen the clumsy vehicles of the farmers who from their country homes had in dignity been borne to church. Here on this same green, New Amsterdam reared its May-pole.

Betje had found near the green a group of negro friends, and sauntered with them along De Heeren Straat to the land gate or land poort. She had now returned to her domestic sphere wearing her green baize dress with its brown linsey woolsey petticoat. She serene-

* "On the north side of Fort Amsterdam, and almost under its walls, was a grass plot which some of the very oldest inhabitants of New York recollect as the gathering-place of the *beau monde* in their younger days."—History of New York, James Grant Wilson, Vol. I., p. 294.

ly waddled about the kitchen. It was pleasant to hear her clumsy movements as she slowly oscillated between the fireplace and her waffle-pan, anticipating the mark on the sun-dial for supper-time. She would oscillate no faster, though the shadow might be on the supper-mark itself.

Geertruyd was still at the window, apparently knitting on the family supply of hose for the next winter, but maintaining that steadfast watch on the shed.

Adam Smidt, her father, returned to his shop in the front part of the house. He had an honest, noble face. A tradesman of conscientious habits, his gray hair was not more carefully tied up in a queue than were his accounts duly kept. He now stood behind his counter to wait for a customer and in the mean time speculate on the possible profit of his trade in furs that afternoon.

Geertruyd almost dropped one of Adam's big hose as she thought with a start what if her father should go out into the shed and look about!

He considerately did no such thing, but stuck to his counter and his meditations. He did not leave these until supper and Betje's waffles were ready, and returning to his shop, he stayed there until, looking out of a window, he exclaimed:

"There is Tanneken!"*

Tanneken was the family cow. It was an old-time custom in New Amsterdam to employ a herdsman who

* A form of Ann or Nan.

came about winding his horn and collecting the cows. These were driven through the land gate in the wall to the Commons, the town pasture. Tanneries and the nobler buildings of an advancing civilization had lessened the old pasture space within the wall. The Commons not only made a place available for cows, but public executions.

From this public pasture ground the herdsman of New Amsterdam gathered the straying cows at twilight, and conducting his precious charge within the wall, blew his horn again to warn the owners of the arrival of their bovine pets. Whether Tanneken came home in this imposing fashion or in the simpler way of an earlier date, she was cordially received by Adam to her comfortable quarters in the shed.

Geertruyd's heart was beating fast. What if her father might see the drinking-cup and hear a noise made by the hide-away?

Adam Smidt was kind enough to be blind to the one and deaf to the other. At least he reported nothing seen nor heard, and only said, "Tanneken is glad to get home."

In the dark, Geertruyd ran out, thrust her head into the shed and said:

"Pe you in dis house, myn vrind?"

She dared not say husband, but it was "myn vrind."

The only reply was the noise of Tanneken gratefully champing her fragrant evening cud.

Was the drinking-cup empty ?

Geertruyd felt for it, and found that nothing was in it. Then he had drunk it dry. She was glad to know it had been acceptable, and she stole back into the house to fill the cup and set it out in the shed again, for he might still be within, but fast asleep, and, waking up, how grateful he would be for a draught of Tanneken's milk !

She had hardly gone into the house when a black cat, that had drained the first cup, slyly came and greedily lapped this second one empty.

At the curfew-hour, nine, Adam and Geertruyd heard the bell of St. Nikolaas' Church drowsily ringing, and they promptly went to bed.

How could Geertruyd sleep !

Perhaps an hour later there was a noisy shouting under the window.

" Do you see him ?" asked one voice.

" Nowhere," replied another.

" You might as well try to hunt up Hendrik Hudson," growled a third.

Adam thrust his head out of the window. He could make out a number of shadowy forms.

" What is wanted ?" he asked. " You are waking up people."

" I am Captain Van Schenkel. I am hunting for one of my crew who has got away from me. Have you seen a sailor hiding round ?"

"I have seen no sailor hiding, and all who are not, ought to sail into their berths as soon as they can."

"Ho! ho! Who art thou?" inquired one man.

"Go to bed thyself!" suggested a second.

"Haul in that nightcap!" advised a third.

"The villain!" growled Van Schenkel.

They all passed on.

Geertruyd's bed trembled as if it had the palsy. She could hardly wait for morning. Very early she stole out into the shed and called in the sweetest robin notes:

"Pe you here, myn vrind?"

"M—m—mooh!" lowed a hungry cow.

Geertruyd fed her, and then she picked up the cup emptied by her—husband?

"He must be gone!" she sighed.

Was it a sigh of relief at his escape or one of regret for the loss of his presence?

She sighed again. This time it was plainly her regret to think she might not again see that manly Englishman whose blue eyes had pierced her jacket of silk and looked farther down into her heart than any pair of eyes that yet had looked upon her. In one little day how great a change had come to a quiet Dutch maiden's life!

CHAPTER XVII.

BIG DOORS ON LITTLE HINGES.

It was a bright morning when Harold Wharton started out to find a new world, in which work was his aim and honesty his motto. Last night's storm had rolled away. The sun shone out of a sky as blue in its stretch from east to west as if the clouds lately sweeping it had been brushes of azure on the upper side, giving it a new vividness of tint.

A bright, it was a busy morning. Whatever windmills New Amsterdam had, these were going, vigorously flapping their wings. Half a dozen vessels were in port, and an energetic process of unloading was going on—men giving orders, men hoisting goods, and men lowering them. In the canal there were lively echoes of the stir without. Several lighters had arrived and were making all the noise they could. People were bustling in and out of the shops, ready to trade in skins or in goods that had made an Atlantic trip. The tap-rooms had their doors wide open, and the tapsters were smiling at anybody who would be willing to walk into these open-mouthed traps. Sailors in slouching hats and loose blouses and wide breeches had come ashore, looking for pleasure, which

already was looking for them and would trap them before they were aware of it. A number of New Amsterdam's burghers, past any serious work, were strutting about in long-skirted coats, sporting ruffles about their necks and ruffles about their wrists, their hair tied in fiercely twisted queues. Their stout legs were in conspicuous breeches and showily colored hose, while buckles were shining at their knees and buckles were shining on their shoes. They flourished canes as if sceptres in silent pride, for was not this New Amsterdam? They joked complacently with one another; they told stories about life on the sea or in trade with the Indians, and with their advice patronized a younger generation, or, glancing at the vessels in port, told what ventures in trade they themselves would make if owning those ships.

One of the vessels floated the English flag; and when a party from it came ashore Harold noticed the man who was leading off and had the air of a captain, and asked:

"Your ship from England?"

"Boston!" was the reply in a very positive English accent and manner.

"Have you—you—do you want—any work?" was Harold's hesitating question.

When had he ever put such a question before?

"I want just one man—more than I have got already—to go back with me to Boston; and if your St. Nicholas, to give it English fashion, smiles on me, I weigh anchor to-morrow."

An idea struck Harold. Here would be a fine chance to get to Boston and see those New Englanders that were crowding down on New Amsterdam ; and it might be—might be—that he would like Boston and might get a better chance to work than in New Amsterdam. It was true, this voyage meant rough work, and it was not agreeable to Harold's pride to subject his will to another and get sailor's fare in return ; but he recalled what his father once said when talking with Harold about work : "If thou ever may want work, put thy pride under foot, and especially when thou art barefooted, and it may help thee get some shoes."

The captain looked at Harold sharply, saying with his eyes :

"I want men who can work."

"I will see you to-morrow," said Harold.

"Have you ever been to sea ?" inquired the captain.

"Oh, I—I haven't been a sailor ; but I could learn."

"Well, think it over. As I said, if your Dutch saint, Saint Nick, does not frown on me, if he will give me a good smile, the Lion's Head, my ship, will weigh anchor to-morrow."

"He takes me for a Dutchman. 'Your Dutch saint,' he says," reflected Harold.

He now told the captain he would think it over and let him know in the morning. He then turned away. What next ?

He needed a little money that he might get ready for

the voyage, and he would hunt up some work. He went to the canal in De Heeren Graft. On either side of this small water-way were posts snugly enclosing it in old country style, and these framed that day an animated picture, for five lighters were now laboriously toiling their way up the canal. Not a great distance back from the canal stood the houses, their gables respectfully turned toward the canal, their roofs sharply slanting skyward.

Up and down De Heeren Graft, Harold wandered; but in a land abounding in work he himself found no demand for workmen. A monosyllabic grunt meaning "no" was generally the answer to his inquiries. To think nobody wanted Harold Wharton! It was both discouraging and humbling. Finally, on another street, he approached a house over the lower half of whose front door a man was leaning, contentedly smoking and aimlessly looking out.

"There is a shop in there, but the keeper does not seem to have anything to do; and as I have nothing to do, there ought to be some sympathy between us. I will speak to him, for he will treat me kindly," concluded Harold.

"Heer, have you any work I could do?"

Most people, though using a tongue strange to another, can make the other party understand when they wish to grant a favor or refuse a request. Isak Wyckoff shook his head regretfully, for he had caught the word "work," and he said to himself, "This is a young Englishman, I

should say, and for some reason I think he wants work, but I have not any; let me think, though, I might give him one thing. How am I going to make him understand?" He nodded, pointing back to his garden and moving his hands as if weeding.

Harold saw that he meant work, but Harold did not want work of that sort, and shaking his head, he was about to move on, when he recalled his father's advice to put pride under foot, especially when one was barefooted. He nodded his head, and like a friend addressed him:

"Heer, I thank thee. I will work in the garden."

A beck was the answer of the shopkeeper, stepping outside his door and leading Harold round the house into a neat and thrifty garden. Then he stooped down to his melon-patch, weeded a hill, and pointed at it.

Harold nodded assent and went to work. At first he took hasty cognizance of the fact that the melon-patch was near the wall of a shed in the next lot. He soon took special notice of this building, for it threw a protecting shadow over him as he toiled in his employer's lot.

"This is a hot day. I did not think a few days ago that I should so soon be working for a living this way. Well, to-morrow I shall be off for New England, and that will give me a change," he reflected. "I know I can find something there to do, and it will take care of me in an English town and among English people. How fortunate I am! I went at the right moment to find

that man, and I got my chance. Now I don't have to weed a melon-patch much longer. This is my last. Lucky !" Soon he ceased working and sought the shadow of the shed-wall. "This shadow is a good thing," he said aloud as he seated himself near the building belonging to the owner of the next lot.

"Is it ?" asked a voice.

Startled, Harold looked about him. Was it the shopkeeper ? Harold could not see any one.

"I must have been dreaming," he said. "Don't see anybody."

He returned to his work. He was busily pulling up pig-weed and sorrel, when a voice called out, "Harold !" Harold looked up in astonishment. What was it he saw at a small window in the shed-wall ? A mist began to gather, and then it cleared all away, and he saw a face that he well knew, and it smiled upon him and beckoned him.

"George Martin ! George Martin, can it be ?" exclaimed Harold. "For the love of me, tell me where thou art from ? I thought George Martin was at sea, and I believe he is now."

George smiled: "I am here; and come here, Harold. Go to that door round on the other side."

Harold found it, entered it, and there stood George Martin at the foot of a mound of hay, but only a second, in a glad surprise, did he stand there, and then sprang forward to take Harold's outstretched hand.

"What art thou doing in here, boy?"

"I am hiding."

"Hiding? What for?"

"I ran off from that Van Schenkel—the brute!—and a Dutch maid gave me a chance to hide here."

"Up on the hay?"

"Yes. I went out in the dark last night, after Van Schenkel and his men had been here trying to find me, and I have laid in some food I bought of a man I knew. I was so tired, and have slept so sound up on that hay, that I don't know how many people have been here."

"Come away with me now."

"Oh, it would be risky. Wait thou till after dark."

"I will be here an hour after the sun has gone down, and take George Martin away."

Harold soon returned to his weeding, and George to his mound of hay. An hour after sunset Harold was calling in a low tone:

"George! George!"

"I am here, Harold, and I will join thee."

The two stalwart Englishmen went off together.

"Where wilt thou take me, Harold? Let us go outside the wall, Harold."

"We shall be too hungry there. I know of a building left by a trader in a negro's care. He will let us in. He has an odd name, and says it is Wubbit. Follow me."

Behind a gable rather the worse for the weather, but through whose chinks the wind from the Atlantic made pleasant music in a tired sailor's ears, George Martin slept profoundly. Harold Wharton lay awake a long time. A chance for one, a chance to go to New England! Who should have the chance? It might mean for Harold a path opening into a life of abundance and honor. A chance for one! Who should have the chance? These two thoughts kept turning over and over like wheels in Harold's brain, one wheel chasing the other. By and by he too fell asleep. The wind had no listener as it whistled about the old Manhattan gable with its crow-steps.

In the morning Harold and George stole away from the house at dawn, for the fear of Van Schenkel lay like a dismal shadow across the new day brightening the humble streets of New Amsterdam. Harold led the way to the ship already loosening its wings for a flight to Boston, and transferring his opportunity to George Martin, watched the vessel as it bore his old playmate away from New Amsterdam.

"I wanted that chance," he murmured, "but I am glad George has got it."

Harold had made an arrangement with Wubbit, the negro, so that he could occupy a "slaap-bank," a humble sleeping-bench, under the roof that the negro guarded, and his pretentious tavern quarters were abandoned for this less expensive refuge, and adapted to ad-

verse days. He also engaged his sable landlord to be his cook.

After his return from the water-front he was soon ready to resume his weeding in Isak Wyckoff's garden. His dress was not a rich one. It was of coarse cloth, but serviceable, and as he knelt among Isak's melon-hills, near the wall of the adjoining shed, he thought that the late hide-away in the shed was dressed very much in the same fashion, in the same sort of cloth, and that it was of the same color.

"Two young chaps from Old England," thought Harold, as he pulled up the pig-weed, "one up aloft in the rigging, and the other down on his knees here in this melon-patch; but it is honorable work we are doing."

Hark! Was that a step he heard—the step of a passer-by? From his crouching posture near the wall of Adam Smidt's shed he began to rise.

"What if it be somebody I know!" he thought. "I don't want them to see me weeding in this Dutchman's garden. No—what do I care? Let them see me, and I will look that way." It was a clumsy rise, and it attracted the attention of the passer-by. "Katryne Schuyler!" murmured Harold, and as handsome a bow as possible in his confused frame of mind he gave to the prettiest maid he had seen in New Amsterdam. She blushed in return, and also nodded her crimson hood.

Harold's awkward abandonment of his posture as a

workman was a trifle in itself, but it was destined to influence Katryne seriously in solving the question of Harold Wharton's possible interest in Geertruyd Smidt, the daughter of the man owning the shed near the melon-patch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REVELATIONS.

The bell of St. Nikolaas' Church in the fort was ringing to notify the little world near it that it was the curfew hour, and steady-going folk must go to bed. This ringing would affect Adam Smidt peculiarly, for though wide-awake before, he would promptly begin to yawn and nod, and looking round drowsily, say good-night to Geertruyd. The curfew hushing the active life of New Amsterdam was respectfully acknowledged in Adam Smidt's steady snoring, soon proceeding from his bed. He was very regular in all his habits, not one, Phaethon-like, to vex, but one to keep the frisky sun, if need be, in order, one to regulate all the freaks of the moon, and he was better than Geertruyd's sun-dial to tell her if the hour for dinner were near. Clouds might prevent a dial-record; no storm stopped Adam. When she heard the clink of a spoon in a tumbler she knew it was eleven o'clock, and the pots and kettles in the big fireplace must be in active operation.

This particular night of the curfew, Katryne was Geertruyd's guest. If Hans had been at home—that Hans who wanted to bring Lysbet and Katryne under—he

might have forbidden this feasting. As it was, they accepted an invitation to "take tea out" at the home of Adam Smidt. Lysbet and Katryne wore big pockets, stuffed with apparatus for knitting. They had patiently knitted till the shadow on the dial had crawled to six. Then they were seated at the table, decked with treasured old china, dotted with tea-cups, each flanked by a big lump of sugar on a little plate, while about the table was breathed a delicious odor of hot waffles and honey. Lysbet, after an abundant repast received in solemn silence, for she was not given to conversation, drew on her hood, and then let Katryne wrap her broad shoulders in an ample cloak, the air being chilly. Katryne had permission to stay all night, and at curfew she and Geertruyd retired to the bed whose size and expensive wood and fine furnishings made it a neighborhood wonder. It had rich, elaborate curtains to seclude it from a curious world. These came from Amsterdam. The patchwork quilt came from Geertruyd's brain and Geertruyd's fingers. At the touch of this cunning workman, such flowers blossomed on that quilt, such fruit ripened, such squares and circles took their position, such stars and suns and crescent moons halted in their orbits, that it is a wonder a guest seeing them before retiring could possibly sleep under such bewildering wonders. As a fact, though, the guest drifted toward the Island of Sleep, not lying on a hard, modern mattress, but on one that was crammed with live goose feathers, while over the

guest was a light bed of down. Between two such helps to drowsiness sleep was inevitable.

This night, however, the occupants of the guest-bed showed no disposition to sleep. The tongue of iron in the belfry of St. Nikolaas' Church stilling Adam Smidt, only set the tongues of Katryne and Geertruyd to running. There they lay, their eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling that hung low above them. Geertruyd's gentle heart swelled with a secret she could not shut in to herself.

"Katryne," she began, "I must tell thee, dear, of something strange. I was spinning day before yesterday, and a young man asked me for water, and said he was hiding from Dirk van Schenkel."

"Dirk van Schenkel? Was it one of Dirk's sailors?"

"He did not say that, but he was afraid of Dirk, for I could see that very plainly, and he wanted to hide himself in our shed, and there he tarried—and I did not see him again."

Geertruyd's voice died away in a plaint sorrowful as that of the wind moaning above a grave burying a dear face never to be seen again.

"Did Dirk van Schenkel come for him?"

"We think so, for a great clatter came up in the night, and father looked out of the window and saw a lot of men who wanted to know if we had seen anybody running off."

"It would be like Dirk to hurt somebody; and he insulted that young Englishman who has been here—"

"What young man?" eagerly asked Geertruyd, who for some time had been suspicious of Katryne's wish to marry her, Geertruyd, rather than any young man. "Katryne, darling, did he have clear, clear blue eyes, and soft, wavy brown hair, and was he erect and rather tall —and—and—did he make thee think of a burgomaster or a patroon?"

Behind the soft, rich bed-curtains, how Katryne's voice pealed forth in laughter, like a silver bell striking glad, happy notes!

"Oh, thou dear, dear little Geertruyd, how I love thee, and I ought to marry thee! Yes, he was all that."

"And he was English, that—thy—that young man?"

"Y-y-yes. Mine? Oh, fie, fie! None of mine! Now let me ask questions. What became of him, this young man bravely hiding away in thy shed?"

"Oh, I don't know. I went out there, but I could not find him," was Geertruyd's sorrowful confession.

"Nothing but the cow there? Ha—ha—ha!"

Geertruyd was in a mood too serious for jest. Katryne with ready tact appreciated this, and she changed her front. To herself she said:

"Ah! poor Geertruyd, my love, I saw thy young man, I think, and this very day—but I will ask some more questions—over in Isak Wyckoff's garden this very day,

near thy father's shed. Now, let me try thee some more."

Katryne, then, in her most earnest mood nestled closer to Geertruyd, reached out her hand, felt for some unruly locks that would stray away when Geertruyd herself wished to subdue and powder them, and in the most irresistible tone Katryne began :

"Now, thou sweet little tulip, tell thy Katryne once more just how he looked—every part of him—just how he acted, just how he carried his head—everything, and then maybe I can tell thee everything Geertruyd may wish to know."

"How he looked ?"

"Yes."

"I told thee, dear."

"But tell me again, little tulip."

"He had brown hair, curly."

"That is Harold Wharton," thought Katryne, for she had found out his name. "I knew as much."

"Go on, Geertruyd !" said Katryne, almost fiercely, listening so eagerly.

"Then he was—he—had—every one would say—he had a beautiful color in his cheeks—"

"Harold Wharton !" silently declared Katryne, breathing nervously and twisting nervously the curl on Geertruyd's forehead.

"Go on !" she ordered, in a loud, eager tone that startled Geertruyd.

"And he held his head up—and—he might be a proud young man, one would say, if—he—"

"Harold Wharton!" thought this hunter for tracks, this seeker of signs, drawing in her breath as she listened. She then let it out in a sharp, quick inquiry:

"How did he dress?"

When Geertruyd told her, Katryne's heart gave a throb of pain, as she silently owned that Harold Wharton was dressed that very fashion when she saw him in Isak Wyckoff's melon-bed.

"Go on!" she ordered.

What a hoarse tone! Geertruyd's suspicion had been steadily sharpening. She turned quickly to her beloved. "Katryne, dear, a poor little horse can go only so fast."

"Forgive me, thou angel!"

"Oh, I will, I will; but," she whispered, "did thy young man look like my young man, Katryne?"

"Oh, how jealous my dear little tulip is! Thou hast not finished, thou hast not told me everything."

"Answer me now, Katryne. Not one word more till thou shalt say—does he look like thy Englishman?"

"I should say he did; but look—look—like one—means not look *as* one. Of course not."

"No," murmured Geertruyd hopefully.

"Tell me everything," insisted Katryne.

"Yes, everything to thee. I will tell thee. I—I was all alone, and I dressed up, and I said, 'Perhaps if I make a pretence and say if I dress as a bride, it may

be my husband will come,' and I pray thee, who came, thinkest thou? Canst thou guess?"

"That young Englishman!" affirmed Katryne sternly. She had listened so intently, she had held her breath in as if dead, and now her hand, playing with the lock of hair given to rebellion, twitched it so fiercely that Geertruyd cried out:

"Ow—ow, thou hurtest me, dear Katryne!"

"I am a brute! I deserve hanging!" said the hunter for tracks, and rising up, she threw her arms about Geertruyd, she kissed her repeatedly, and pleaded for forgiveness.

There was a recess of silence, and the two young women stared at the bed-curtains. Geertruyd suddenly turned to Katryne, and in softest whisper asked:

"My dear Katryne, art thou here?"

"Where should I be, on the floor?"

"No, no; near me. Lovest thou—thou—that young Englishman?"

Here Katryne jumped up in bed and then jumped out of it, and then capered about and laughed, and said Geertruyd had lost every sense she had and had gone mad, and if Geertruyd did not stop talking, Katryne would not stop with a madman. She stopped though just the same, and told Geertruyd that marriage was very pleasant, but no one had asked for Katryne's hand, and she must come back to her dear Geertruyd.

Then the two friends said good-night, and pretended

to go to sleep. They folded their fair hands upon their breasts, and their eyes wide open, they lay as if stricken motionless by a paralytic stroke, and yet breathing heavily, each to make the other think she was fast asleep.

"Poor Katryne!" thought Geertruyd. "She has not really said she would only marry me, and she did not deny that she loved that young Englishman, and she does then—" It cost Geertruyd a painful heart-pang, but her strong woman nature was equal to the sacrifice. "If Katryne loves this young man, and if I am a friend of Katryne, a true, true friend, then I will give up to Katryne the one she loves. I must not think of him any more. If I see him, I must not speak to him. I must not look at Katryne's husband. Yes, I will put him out of my thoughts. I must be like a vrouw who sees her husband die, and never sees his face any more after the day the bell of St. Nikolaas' tolls."

So Geertruyd proceeded to bury her husband. And all this time of intense, painful activity she was breathing heavily, as if the Sleeping Beauty herself, in her one hundred years of slumber.

And Katryne, as she gazed roofward, reflected thus:

"Poor Geertruyd! She thought she had found her husband. She is more interested in Harold Wharton than she will allow. How she must have looked in her beautiful colors, waiting for a husband, and then bidding Harold Wharton welcome! I should have fallen in

love with her, and I cannot blame anybody else. Oh, dear, if I am her friend I will give up—give—''

She stopped thinking, while her heart went like the windmill in the fort. Her look toward the roof was so sharp and hard and persistent, it seemed as if it would make a hole there, and let in a white star curious to gain admittance. Was Katryne ready to give up Harold Wharton? Why should she hold on to him if Geertruyd loved him? What was she to Harold? To Geertruyd was she not a friend? Then why not surrender this beautiful dream, the fair face, the brown locks, the bright, brave look, the—she stopped. Her heart was now like a windmill in a gale. She was as much of a woman, though, as Geertruyd Smidt, and she said, "I must not think of him; I must not speak to him. Oh, I must not look at him!" So Katryne proceeded to bury her husband in a deep, deep grave. All this time of wild commotion in her thoughts, she was breathing heavily, as one of the Seven Sleepers in the cave at Ephesus.

Would Geertruyd and Katryne hold fast to their vows? One test soon came.

The vessel that proudly sailed away from New Amsterdam, bearing George Martin, was roughly handled at Helle-Gat, and humbly crawled back to her old moorings to spend three days in repairs. George thought, the twilight before he again sailed, he would steal up to the house under whose easterly gable he had

stood and received permission from a fair maid to take shelter in her shed. He wished, too, for one more drink of water. For her sake he had vowed to touch no more the cup in whose depths he had found fetters for his shameful binding. From her hands he would now take a goblet of water, and as she might nervously jar it in the handling, he would see at the touch of this fairy the falling drops change to crystal.

She saw him coming. "My husband!" she said, and sighed, looking out of an open window. Then she thought of Katryne, and throwing up her hands as if in horror, without one word of recognition she ran away. George saw it all. He did not knock, but turned sadly back to his ship. Katryne's attitude toward Harold is a part of the story of another chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SAVAGES ARE COMING.

"ONLY this, and then Harold Wharton must—" he did not like to say what would come next. As he spoke he was looking at his last bead of wampum. Isak Wyckoff had no more work for him when that melon-patch had been weeded. Harold had then found several chances for work among the lighters in De Heeren Graft and among the shipping in the harbor. He had worked, too, in the tanneries. Occupation then ceased. He was reduced now to his last bead of wampum.

The money that circulated in New Amsterdam, while it included coin like guilders and stuyvers, was, as a rule, wampum, said to have had its origin in an Indian word meaning white. This was one color of wampum money, but there was also a black kind, and at New Amsterdam it was called *zeewan.** It is a delicate question to decide what shall be money, as we in this generation have found out, and to handle this delicate question roughly is disastrous, as we of this generation also know. It was the periwinkle whose shell supplied the

* History of New York, by W. L. Stone, pp. 38, 64.

above white money ; it was " the purple part of the hard clam" that furnished the dark money. As we go to the mines for precious ore, the Indian went to the great sea that he loved and feared, there to find his treasures in clam-beds and periwinkles. Bits of shell were worked into bead form, rubbed smooth and polished, and holes were then drilled. On the sinew of an animal these beads were then strung, and hence came the name of a " belt of wampum." The belts were of various lengths. A belt or string that might be a fathom long was worth at one time four guilders.* A fathom is six feet, supposed to be the distance a man's arms cover when extended. Short arms, though, would make a short fathom, and a long pair of arms would give a long fathom. The Indians did not forget this, and in trading with our Dutch ancestors they knew enough to pick out their tallest men when a long fathom would help their interests. It is said that the famous fur-trader, John Jacob Astor, used by the bushel wampum bought at Communipaw.

New Amsterdam used large quantities of wampum money. The black was the more valuable, and perhaps the clams knew it, and furnished just enough of the soft, beautiful purple from the walls of their houses to

* A guilder is worth about forty cents, and a stuyver two cents. Beaver-skins found use as currency, a skin at first bringing three dollars. At one time an Indian could have got a stuyver for four wampum-beads. Their value, like that of a beaver, might change.

keep the value of the white beads down to one half that of the black ones.

And was there any counterfeit wampum? one may ask. I am sorry to acknowledge that everywhere bad money follows the good as inevitably as shadow chases the sunlight. Poor wampum was also made, and on the sly it was circulated in New Amsterdam. Even great Europe was interested enough in these little wampum-beads to notice them covetously, and mean enough to make porcelain beads and ship them to New Amsterdam to bother the simple-minded. It threw the Council into great excitement, and they treated the evil as best they knew how.

It was a black bead to which Harold Wharton's money was reduced, and he mournfully looked at it while he was standing in the market near the fort.

"I cannot buy much with that," he said, gazing at the smooth little globe in his hand.

He said this to an Englishman whom he knew, and who was a trader in furs.

"Not much," replied the man; "but if thou wait until we have gone to war with the savages, and put to death a few hundred thousand makers of wampum, thy bead may be worth very much."

"War with savages?"

"I take it that thou hast not heard the tidings brought to town this very day."

"I have heard nothing."

"Oh, there is tribulation upon tribulation in what we know as Wiltwyck, up in the Esopus! The story gives one ugly dreams at night. The settlers were not on their guard, for when the savages knew that Pieter Stuyvesant—'wooden leg,' as they call him—was coming up to talk with them—for they had been very uneasy—the savages, in view of 'wooden leg's' coming, showed a friendly disposition to meet him. This deceived the settlers. They left their village to go to their fields. They left behind them happy and prosperous homes, devoted wives, and loving children. When they came back—those who succeeded in reaching their homes—what a spectacle of bloodshed and fire met their eyes!* It seems that a large number of savages came into the place between eleven and twelve o'clock, and going about among the families, they played the part of traders. Here they wished to sell a few beans, and at the next house a little maize. What came of it? I don't believe more than a quarter of the grains had run out of the hour-glass, when the cry was brought by horsemen that the savages had burnt the new village! Then came the work of fiends. The tomahawk was swung everywhere. The warwhoop echoed loud and shrill. Houses were fired. For the settlers rushing in from the fields, a bloodthirsty foe was waiting, and nobody was spared that could be reached. The alarm-bell had been sounded, and the people still alive gathered at the dominie's house, and others in various

* O'Callaghan, History of New Netherland, Vol. II., p. 474.

places. For weapons, they only had cutlasses and a few guns. The dominie's words, though, gave them a face that feared no man. The sheriff, too, counselled them. United they rushed out, and attacking this horde of worse than Midianites, put them to flight. But what ruin the night covered! Wiltwyck, it is said, lost twelve dwellings—goodly ones, I venture to say—and in the new village every house was burnt save the mill. There were seventy souls they missed, and of these, forty-five—and almost all women and children—were carried off captive by these bloody Ishmaelites of the desert. Think of that! But, verily, there will be plenty of thinking. Heer Director and his Council have met, and a messenger goes up to Fort Orange to raise volunteers, and volunteers will be raised here. Think of it, young man! Who goes will have soldier's pay. If maimed, he will have a gratuity ranging from four hundred to one thousand guilders—good sound money, and not wampum—and for six years you pay no tithes and no chimney tax. I verily believe I ought to go myself."

The two separated, and Harold, walking off, looked at his last bead and said, "He was a cunning man who just spoke to me. He did not say 'Go,' but he might as well have spoken it." He lingered in the market-place thinking.

That morning Katryne had rushed into the living-room, screaming to Lysbet, "Oh, mother, the savages are coming!"

"St. Nikolaas defend us!" shrieked Lysbet.

"What sayest thou, vrouw?" grunted Hans, taking his long pipe out of his mouth.

"Katryne says the savages are coming."

"Oh, that is only an evil story."

"But Isak Wyckoff told me, father, and Isak knows."

"Bad tidings have come, I dare say, but not just that. I—I—will go to the fort and see how it is."

His queue was freshly tied by Lysbet, a clean collar was buttoned about his thick, short neck, the wrinkles in his long purple coat of velvet were carefully smoothed out. Hans Schuyler, grasping his cane, started out with an air as important as that of Pieter Stuyvesant.

"Mother," said Katryne, "let me go to the market to buy some meat, and I may buy some news."

"Go, child. Here is a long wampum belt."

In the market the first person she saw was Geertruyd Smidt's expected husband! Katryne started back. She was not looking for the young Englishman in the market-place. How Katryne wanted to address him just as Katryne Schuyler felt toward him! She must look at him, though, as the possession of another, and looking, she bowed stiffly.

"The savages up the river are full of fight," he remarked, after bowing and wishing her a good-morning.

"Full of fight!" she said coldly. "We shall be full of fright if our defenders cannot take care of us." How cold and acetic her tone!

"Oh, they can defend."

"Will they?" she asked, adding to herself, "I must go away from him or get him away for Geertruyd's sake." "If I were a man," she said aloud, "I know what I would do."

"Oh, what wouldest thou?" he said half playfully, half seriously, not knowing just how to take this maid of New Amsterdam. "Dost thou know?"

"Yes; if a man, I would not stand idle in the shadow of a fort at New Amsterdam."

Her reply was so sharp, it surprised him. Pride, that is stronger than love at times, came to his rescue.

"Indeed!" he said, bowing. "How much the province loses because thou art not great enough to be a man and a soldier!"

"If a man, I would do something besides talk of those in danger, and as a woman I shall use well my chances, and not let others be ashamed of my record."

"The province may think itself happy, lady," said Harold, in a sarcastic tone, but bowing very low, "in having defenders among its women so many, many miles from any sign of the savages."

Then he turned and moved away. Katryne, too, moved away, and each said, "What a fool I have been!" Love was coming back to mourn over the wounds that had been made.

Katryne never made such unsatisfactory bargains as that day in the market. There was not much to buy

besides meat and fish, though the time of ripened vegetables and fruit would bring heaps of green and gold and crimson from the farms of New Netherland. In buying a little—just a roast of lamb that had been brought from a New Haerlem farm—what mistakes she made in counting her wampum, and how testily she spoke to the New Haerlem farmer! She had been so cruel to Harold Wharton! Her only consolation, she told herself, was that it was something done for Geertruyd's sake.

On her unhappy way home she abruptly halted and asked herself, "What if Harold Wharton, moved by something she had said, should go to the war? Was that a kind thing to Geertruyd, to set up her husband as a target for the guns and arrows of savages?"

The thorn in Katryne's breast now sank deeper. All that day she was very lonely. That long point curving like a sickle by the gateway of the sea, Sandy Hook, was not more lonely in winter, when the waves broke upon it, than the heart of Katryne Schuyler. When at twilight she toiled up to Johanna's old chamber behind the eastern gable, she gave one look into the attic opposite, and saw the box from which had mysteriously been stolen those papers about one Katryne. When that possible chance for information had been abstracted, how solitary she felt, this girl without certain descent! To-day she had deliberately cast off a rope binding her to somebody she knew and loved, and with whom she might have had a friendly, proper acquaintance, though another's husband.

Now she had urged him to go to the Indians! How lonely she felt!

She did not know how much she had influenced him. She had dropped a spark on a young man's sense of duty, just ready to flame up into a consecration and send him off. He went away from the market saying:

"I have strength; I have time; I have courage, I think, and I have no kindred. Somebody must go; why shouldn't I go? I shan't have to worry about my food and clothes. But if I went hungry and naked, ought I not to go? I was told I must be a knight. Is not the knight's call to duty sounding?"

One day Katryne heard the rattle of drums. It was not a holiday-rattle, a pompous, lively, but not a hard, sincere beating. Now, every drum-tap was sharp, fierce even, and meant WAR! The rattle did not have to go far to echo all over New Amsterdam, up and down the water-front, about the Stadt Huys, along De Heeren Graft and De Bever Graft, and De Brug Straat and De Heeren Straat; and, indeed, everywhere! That rattle made such a noise in the ears of Katryne Schuyler, who was out on the stoop polishing the brass knocker, that she could polish no more.

"The volunteers are out! Heer Director Stuyvesant has been getting them together. They are going off to the war!" she told herself.

Katryne's eyes flashed with excitement, and forsaking the stoop, she went off to take one more look at the

volunteers. She was a New Amsterdam woman. She had plucky Dutch blood stirring in her veins. It seemed to boil and bubble now.

"There they are!" she cried, and began to clap her hands.

Yes; and stepping off behind the proudly flaunted Dutch flag, the orange, the white, the blue, were the volunteers. She could not keep back the words:

"Hurrah for—"

She stopped. Something was the matter with her heart. It suddenly, sharply ached. She pressed her hands over it, and then stared at Harold Wharton walking off so proudly with Heer Director Stuyvesant's volunteers! Her breath seemed to leave her. The blood left her hands, her feet, and surged through her heart. She stared at the man to whom she had spoken foolish, cruel words in the New Amsterdam market one day, Geertruyd's husband, whom she had sent off to the war with the savages! Would he not forgive her? Would he not pity her if he knew how much she had suffered, if he understood what her real reason was in saying those seemingly unkind words? Would he not turn his head, just look—only once? She pleaded only for a single look. No; he marched on proudly, stiffly, as any of New Netherland's volunteers there, that day. How serious he looked!

He had been doing some serious thinking. Was it about the red wounds the savages might give him, that

if mutilated he would have a "gratuity ranging from four hundred to one thousand guilders," and an exemption from "chimney tax and tithes" for six years? Chimney tax? He had not a chimney to his name; he had no home; he had few friends; his parents were dead; his Uncle Robert was a blank. Where was that proud Dutch beauty who had sent such fiery words at him, as if shooting arrows of flame at his heart? Why did he shoot any back? There may have been a reason for her volley. Somebody may have been talking to her, scolding her, provoking her, and Harold Wharton caught her overflow of feeling. A few kind words from him might have melted her to penitence. Where was she? He would like to see her once more before going into the wilderness, there to be shot, his body there to be given to bears and wolves. He had twisted his neck round, twenty times, hoping to see her somewhere in the crowd. No, she did not care enough for him to leave her Dutch gables and Dutch kitchen, just to come and look at him once even!

He had given up all hope of seeing her, and was marching on mechanically. When he gripped his match-lock it seemed like wood taking hold of wood. Was it a proud gait? It was due to the drum-beat—the pride was in that. As if a wheel in rolling machinery, he marched to the water's edge. Like one of the wheels he moved up into one of the vessels waiting to carry off this probable "volunteer" food for savages.

Like a wheel halting, he stopped and stood on the deck. Suddenly he jerked up his head and stared at a vessel coming down the river. A man leaned over the vessel's rail.

"Harold! Harold!" he shouted. He waved his hands frantically.

"Uncle Robert!" cried Harold. He, too, went to the rail, leaned over it, tried to shout something, but all to no purpose. There was a widening space of water between two men, and signals as well as sounds were futile.

Harold Wharton was lonelier than ever.

And Katryne? She was in that humble God's Acre, near the fort and stretching in the seclusion of its scattered graves from De Heeren Straat back to North River. She was near a grave that Uncle Pieter had often said held the dust of his beloved wife, whom Katryne had been taught to call "Aunt Marytje." Katryne loved to visit this grave. When any big cloud of trouble came up into her little sky, filling it with blackness, she loved to come here. "Aunt Marytje" would understand her and sympathize with her.

When Katryne picked the first of the violets by Fresh Pond, or the last of the Michaelmas daisies nodding to Owl's Kill that meandered down through Wolfert's Valley to East River, she would bring violets and daisies to "Aunt Marytje." And now she came to this spot to watch from it the last of those receding sails, whose destination was the Esopus.

"Aunt Marytje will pity me," she murmured, "while she blames a foolish, wicked girl."

Her hands were on her heart, trying to press the pain down.

The North River that hour was very much disturbed by the wind. The ripples flashed in the sun like the scales of a serpent. Out of the north, the mysterious north, where abounded savages and bears and wolves, it seemed as if a great dragon had come, twisting and crawling, suddenly to spring upon and devour the person dearer to her than all others in this world.

Long did Katryne wait and watch from that grave-mound. Every sail dwindled, every sail faded.

"Gone!" she murmured.

Yes; the last fragment of a sail had vanished, and that word sounded like a note from the bell of St. Nikolaas' Church, throbbing at a funeral.

She turned away her swollen eyes and looked down at Aunt Marytje's grave. This spot always seemed to have an altitude greater than that of any other in New Amsterdam. It was higher than the room at home, where Johanna had prayed morning and evening and slept at night, the room behind the gable, whose steps seemed built for the accommodation of souls like Johanna, with heaven-seeking tendencies. When she died Katryne thought Johanna's soul must have softly stolen out of the dormer window, and then mounted that gable-stairway, and so gained the white stars that it seemed to touch on still,

clear nights. But Aunt Marytje's grave was nearer still to heaven. Somehow the angels thronged down to it in flocks, even as they must have come down to the dreaming Jacob on his Bethel-pillow of stone. Perhaps they now knew when Harold Wharton went away, that somebody in this spot needed to be comforted.

Though Heaven might comfort, yet the lonely earth claimed Katryne. She turned away from the old graveyard, and taking any angels of consolation along with her, went to comfort that "poor little tulip," Geertruyd, whose "husband," Katryne said to herself, she had cruelly sent to fight savages, alas!

CHAPTER XX.

UP THE NORTH RIVER.

SUMMER had passed, and autumn, as if a decorator, was brightening the land with its rich drapery.

"Now come, girls," said Adam Smidt, in his slow, measured way to two pretty young women whose heads under their white caps, in emphatic but good-natured dissent, were bobbing away like blossoms of the bushy "snow-ball" in the wind. "Now come, girls!" he cried again, wishing to bring those dissenting heads into line with one another, uniting them on something. "How would you like to go up North River and see Fort Orange? The Bear's Paw is going—a vessel that is mostly mine—and you can go, too."

"Oh, let us go, Geertruyd! What could harm anybody in a bear's paw?" said Katryne.

"The bear's paw itself might harm us," demurely objected Geertruyd.

"Now, we will not have two minds about that, Geertruyd, but let us go. Let us see what the world is like!"

Geertruyd made no outward reply to Katryne. To

herself she said, "That is Katryne. She always wants to see what is outside."

Yes, Katryne not only wanted to look over New Amsterdam's wall, but to journey somewhere.

Geertruyd's father reflected, "Geertruyd will never go."

He was right. She was perfectly contented to stay behind New Amsterdam's palisades. There was the floor to be sanded or wool to be spun or the garden to be looked after, and oh, there was the care of the now thrice-beloved cow in the shed, since the day that Geertruyd's husband or Katryne's—one of the two—had with the cow occupied the shed. Obstacles piled up like the Alps, and not even a Hannibal or Napoleon could have overcome them.

Katryne soon had permission from Hans and Lysbet to go to Fort Orange, Adam, as an old friend of Hans, having earnestly pleaded with him. The skipper's wife, Vrouw Brinckerhoff, a friend of the Schuylers, was also going.

The Bear's Paw was moored at the foot of De Heeren Graft. Does the vessel's name sound odd? Here is a short list of oddities, names of old Holland sea-travellers—the Gilded Otter, the Brownfish, the Spotted Cow, the Sea Mew, the Half Moon (Hudson's ship, in which he passed Sandy Hook, 1609), the Orange Tree.

Skipper Brinckerhoff was almost ready to go. He was in the lofty poop, by the side of Katryne and Vrouw

Brinckerhoff. For the latter had been brought off several chests and still more bundles, making a goodly pile, and she had piled herself on top, first as guard, and secondly to secure a good outlook for herself.

On the only wharf the little port was then credited with stood a group of men and women and young folks, waiting for the withdrawal of the Bear's Paw, and then their interest would break out in an explosion of salutes from hands and handkerchiefs, while the most demonstrative were prepared to shout.

The Bear's Paw let go its hold upon the shore, and the shouts rose and the handkerchiefs fluttered. Slowly drifted away the skipper, his crew, and his passengers. The day was a clouded one. Katryne had heard the rain on the roof in the night, but it held up in the morning. There were masses of dull cloud piled up in the west, but a roof of silver fleece had been given to this sombre structure. Peeping out of rifts in the cloud here and there were eyes of blue sky. The land was green below, but there were no Jersey City and Stevens' Castle and Elysian Fields. It was a rather lonely region, not many signs of life declaring themselves.

Katryne was alive to the excitement of the departure. She could not keep her seat by the side of the placid, immovable Brinckerhoff. With strange, tender interest she looked back upon the fort and its windmill, the church, the Dutch Company's farm, the green fields about New Amsterdam, waving her hand long as anybody

would respond. In comparison with Henry Hudson's Half Moon of eighty tons, what a majestic vessel was the Bear's Paw, estimated to be of one hundred and fifty tons burden ! If a paw were of such size, what must a whole bear be, represented in one of those enormous galleons that came from Spain to ruin England and Holland if possible, but which some of Katryne's nimble and saucy ancestors had boldly tackled and crippled.

Yes ; perhaps their descendants, and Katryne's distant kindred possibly, might be on the deck of this very Bear's Paw, sailors in red shirts, sailors in blue shirts, sailors in gray shirts. Below each shirt were bulging breeches and long, coarse hose. They were springing about the deck, now halting to hoist a sail, then making fast a rope, or winding it in neat, compact coils. In pauses of work some of those men of the sea, glad to be off, were dancing. No matter if savages and demons, redskins from the fields and goblins from mountain caves might be before them, action was welcomed. Katryne greeted it. She heard with a child's delight the noise of the wind whistling in the rigging. She looked up to the old Dutch flag floating proudly in the breeze, and saluted it with kindling eyes. Then she looked back upon receding, diminishing New Amsterdam. But that attitude, looking back, was no permanent one for Katryne. Looking forward was her occupation. She could not, like Vrouw Brinckerhoff, that respectable post, stay in the stern of the vessel. She must get into the vessel's

bows soon as possible. She scrambled down from the lofty poop, and climbing over tarry coils of new rope, was flying past the cook's house, when she saw a black face in the door. It was shining with a happy recognition.

"Why—art thou here?" inquired the surprised Katryne.

"Yah! Wubbit am here to do the cookin', missus."

It was the old negro in whose sickness Katryne had been the compassionate friend, the old negro who had given Harold Wharton a refuge.

"Me sees ye bime-by," said the cook, grinning as he pulled his white, woolly head within his warm quarters.

"And there's the old negro! I was not more taken back even when I saw Harold Wharton in that closet," reflected Katryne. When would she see Harold Wharton again?

From the Indian country to which Katryne had helped send Geertruyd's husband, there had been no return yet. Katryne did not care to tell it to any one, still less to Geertruyd, but she cherished a secret hope that on her voyage she might see or hear about Harold. She would not confess it, for it was a tampering with something forbidden, a trespassing on other people's property, and yet it was there, this hidden hope, and it was a half-defined yet impelling motive in taking this voyage. What if, looking over the rail of the Bear's Paw one day, she might see Harold in the weary volun-

teer leaning over the rail of another vessel on its way to New Amsterdam ?

So Katryne, who had at one time been expelling from her bosom all interest in Geertruyd's husband, as she thought, now took it back to her bosom. Ah ! Love had never left its warm nest there. Then there was generous, faulty sinning and repenting, dear Uncle Pieter. He, too, had been absorbed by that dreary, insatiate sponge, the wilderness. He had been heard from once. He was then with the volunteers, fighting the savages, but he had not returned yet. Perhaps she might see Uncle Pieter that Hans Schuyler still alleged to be the thief taking those papers from the attic. Slander !

The Bear's Paw was now passing imposing cliffs of stone on the west side of the river. Katryne's attention was arrested at once. She was reminded of an intention to set down in a diary anything that might interest her. Adam Smidt had anticipated this, and presented her with paper and a fine lead-pencil from Holland.

" I will begin my diary now, and here in the bows," she resolved.

Adam Smidt's paper was soon in her lap, and the new pencil in her hands. The Bear's Paw was splashing along as she wrote :

" I am on a Bear's Paw for the first time in my life, and I like it. I am going to write down anything of interest I may see while sailing up and down North River,

which some people call after Hudson. We are now passing some strange cliffs on the west banks. They make me think of the palisades at home, our 'wall.' I should not be surprised to see Jan Jansen Slecht, his gun on his shoulder, going along the foot of that fence of stone. Jan Jansen in that way walks along the wall at home."

There was a great gray mist ahead, and a kind of gateway opened into it. Suddenly a canoe darted round a point of land. There was a form in the canoe, undoubtedly that of a savage, Katryne concluded. It was the only sign of life seen for a long distance. Patter, patter! Why, it was raining. The silver fleece in the sky was discolored now, as if it had been dragged through the mud. The eyes of blue far up in the heavens, those pretty signs of fair weather, had been bandaged by the rain-clouds. Katryne noticed some kind of a stream bending to the right, and Skipper Brinckerhoff told her it was a creek that led to Haerlem River.

Where that creek found the name, Spuyten Duyvel, a famous New York historian can tell us. This preface should be made, that Antony van Corlear is said to have been Heer Director Stuyvesant's trusty herald and trumpeter. When the English threatened the very life of Manhattan, Antony was sent out to arouse the country and bring its fighting men to New Amsterdam. He and his trumpet made as good progress as could possibly be made by such an enterprising firm as Antony and his trumpet.

The night was dark and rough with storm when Antony reached the above creek, and also no one was willing to ferry him over. The historian solemnly declares, "For a short time he vapored like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across, 'en spijt den Duyvel' (in spite of the devil), and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! scarce had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters. Instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast, sunk forever to the bottom!"*

Diary.—"The skipper says we are twenty miles from New Amsterdam, and Henry Hudson—I will say Henry, for poor Uncle Pieter, who calls him such as an Englishman—here anchored when he was on the river over fifty years ago. And there are those strange rocks standing up like palisades on the west shore, and shutting us in like a fence. They have been following us all the time. I wish they would follow me back to New Amsterdam, and take the place of our wall, for they say the English are coming. Ours has holes big enough to let in a savage or a New Englander. Would I keep out a New Englander—Harold Wharton, say?"

* Washington Irving, History of New York, Book 7, Chapter VII.

Diary.—"The river is spreading out into a bay. It stretches out like a floor, and down upon it fall the gray curtains of the mist. This is Tappan Meer or Tappan Zee, the skipper says. I am like a bee, I sting him with questions all the time."

Diary.—"Getting late in the afternoon. The skipper says we shall stop and anchor very soon. There are some high mountains, that the skipper says are at the entrance of miles of hills. Oh, how they shoot up! That one at the left has a big black cloud on its top, and I wish we might get some music out of it."

The music was to come, for she was looking at old Dunderberg, that Irving says is peopled with imps innumerable, and are very angry with captains who fail to do them reverence.

The Bear's Paw came to an anchor in the very presence of Dunderberg, though not a hint of respectful salutation to the goblins had Skipper Brinckerhoff given. The crew were scattered about the Bear's Paw, some meditatively leaning over the vessel's rail, others in the bows chatting about the incidents of the voyage. From the cook's house rose the tempting odors of supper.

Katryne and Vrouw Brinckerhoff were in the lofty stern. The vrouw looked up sleepily from her knitting. She had calculated on several hours of knitting yet, and though that blackness on the goblin mountain made her uneasy, she showed no disturbance, but looking up, looking down, calmly plied her needles. Katryne wished

to be as industrious, but her surroundings forbade it. She must look off, and her knitting lay untouched in her lap. All the river was hushed, as if waiting for some mighty presence to come down upon it from the hills. Every moment the water seemed to grow blacker and yet more glossy, and the stillness from shore to shore was almost painful. Even the men at the rails and in the bows felt this oppressive stillness and ceased talking, and looked off toward the mountain, the Hill of Thunder. Its clouded top frowned and glowered and blackened more and more, the frown descending and deepening, the hush below becoming a long, awful pause of sound, out of which silence looked up the serious, wondering faces on the deck of the Bear's Paw. All the while Vrouw Brinckerhoff was knitting, though mechanically.

Suddenly out of the growing darkness on Dunderberg snapped a flash of sharpest light, while a peal of thunder went rolling and crashing amid the mountains, as if a thousand batteries had gone off all at once.

"Mercy!" shrieked the vrouw, and off from her seat she rolled in the direction of the cabin, leaving her knitting work behind her.

Katryne sprang to her feet and clapped her hands, it was so grand. Again the black cloud on Dunderberg was on fire with wrath, and again the batteries of the storm sent out their awful explosion to roar and roll and rattle, and against the opposing height shatter into count-

less echoes of battle. The rain was now ruffling the water, and then in fierce, slanting lines, more and more violent, it charged upon the Bear's Paw, as if animated by Irving's goblins, who, in sugar-loaf hats and short doublets, had come "tumbling head over heels in the rock and mist."

The decks were quickly cleared, Katryne following Vrouw Brinckerhoff, the crew tumbling into their quarters, the cook jamming tight the door of his sanctum. Only the skipper, now in his storm-jacket, stuck to his post, and throwing one arm convulsively about a mast, tried from under his slouching steeple-hat to look out calmly upon the attack of the goblins. Katryne made one attempt to peer out into the storm, but saw nothing save the sheeted rain torn by frequent bolts of lightning that darted down in dazzling fire, while in successive thunder-claps the batteries on Dunderberg seemed to be raking the vessel of the disrespectful skipper from stem to stern. By degrees the thunder ceased to growl. The lightning was only occasional, dulling gradually, then expiring. The goblin forces of the rain retreated to their dark caves in the slopes of the Dunderberg. In the east the clouds rolled away from the sky, and the first of the stars hung out their lanterns in response to one flashing from the deck of the Bear's Paw. Old Dunderberg's head was not entirely clear of cloud. It was hard to tell whether it were only a night-cap pulled over its brow as a protection against the autumn chilli-

ness, or a menace to all irreverent skippers that this fair weather was not an abandonment of war, but a short-lived truce.

Katryne slept soundly that night at the portals of the hills, save that she dreamed of searching after Uncle Pieter and Harold Wharton. She had the right of a kin to do the former, and as Geertruyd's friend she could hunt up Geertruyd's husband.

She was out upon deck early in the morning. The Bear's Paw was still at anchor, and the river was sleeping in its bed between the hills. The frowning mountains were silently guarding this crystal pass to the Highlands.

Diary.—"We are sailing slowly among the mountains. That one at the right that has a bold front, a look as if it were coming at one, Skipper Brinckerhoff says the Indians call Kittatenny.* I shall never forget this day, this sailing through a dark shadow, then out into the bright sunshine—big, big hills everywhere. Skipper Brinckerhoff says the savages believe that the Great Spirit shut up here the rebellious spirits. These mountains made their prison-house. Here they groaned away, and there was no help for them. The river could help them though, and one day down it came on its way to the sea. It pressed against this mountain prison-house,

* It is the mountain, Anthony's Nose; and how far back this name goes, I know not. Irving's humor makes it sure that the name will go far into the future.

pressed harder and harder, and swept through it; yes, away through it, and let the spirits out! That is worthy of remembrance."

Diary.—"We are still slowly sailing through the mountains. And there is some vessel coming toward us. I can make out its Dutch flag. Its sails are patched, and I can see the sailors leaning over the rail and staring at us. They look very rough. Vrouw Brinckerhoff is making the skipper laugh, and I laugh, too, for she says it all has a knock-down look, as if the thing and its crew had been fighting with the savages. Oh, I wonder if Harold Wharton be there! Now I feel like crying. Ah me! nobody on that deck looks young. Their faces are old and their beards are gray. They are talking with the skipper, and their voices are old. Did the war kill off the young men, and leave only gray-bearded men? I must stop thinking. The skipper says he will try to anchor again to-night where Henry Hudson did that September he went up this very river."

The Highlands were rough and grand and lonely. West Point was to be evolved from the cliffs and woods bristling on the west bank of the river, and from a big heap of Government money.

The Bear's Paw slipped quietly through the northern gate of the Highlands, and Katryne looked back on the fascinating array of hills.

"They are going, Vrouw Brinckerhoff!" she exclaimed. "No, they are coming!"

It seemed as if the hands of cunning spirits had strung a curtain of misty blue across the river, and this they were lowering and raising, the mountains coming into outline and then shrinking away. After a while the hawser of the vessel was heard clanking down into the water, the Bear's Paw sinking an iron claw upon the bed of the river and gripping it till morning.

Katryne sat long on deck, and watched the mountains fade away. That day she had seen the mist with its long, slender brushes of gold, then purple, then black, wipe all away our Storm King, Break Neck, the Beacon Range, and their allies, that had seemed a little while before so imperishable. Katryne at bedtime went to sleep thinking of Geertruyd's husband, possibly in the shabby vessel with torn sails, and she dreamed that he turned into Katryne's lover.

Diary.—"Another day has been with us for some time, and a goodly breeze is pushing us along. Skipper Brinckerhoff says that big rock, where the cedars are growing, is the Duyvel Dans Kamer.* Brave Henry Hudson, when he came up this river, saw the savages dancing there."

Diary.—"We are off the Esopus now, and I am shivering. We are getting nearer and nearer to the place where the settlers had the awful fight with the savages, and where the brave volunteers went. I wish I could

* The dance-chamber or hall.

see something or hear something. Oh, where is my dear Uncle Pieter, and where is Geertruyd's darling and my—friend? The skipper thinks we will not stop here, but go on. Shall I never know anything about the dreadful war? We are armed, if the savages come."

Diary.—"We have seen a very strange thing; it was a savage on a rock! He waved his hand. It was dreadful to see him so near the Esopus. Skipper Brinckerhoff seized a gun and aimed at him. Vrouw pulled on one side and I pulled on the other and would have held him in, but he fired. It is a wonder he did not hit us. He did not hit the savage, for he ran like a deer. He did though hit a water-cask near the rail, for the water ran out. That poor savage saluting us, and then somebody firing at him! Who wonders that they act so when we have been doing that thing so often?"

The wind refused to blow, and the Bear's Paw came to an unwilling halt until the next day, and then the wind was accommodating again.

Diary.—"Oh, what is it over there in those clouds piled up in the west? They look as if something behind were going to break through them and come in sight."

Her next act was to clap her hands in her impulsive way, a great delight shining in her eyes. The something about to break through the clouds was a range of beautiful mountains of blue, just their royal heads showing. The clouds were masks, one moment resting upon those monarchs, then lifting, lowering, lifting, till finally

a great wind must have blown upon the masks and swept them away, for there stood out in imposing but gentle beauty, the Catskills !

Diary.—" Oh, there is something that on the mountains looks like a big giant lying down, and the skipper says he has made out the giant's forehead, where one peak rises up, and another peak is his knee, and so on. He says the savages tell a story about the Great Spirit who punished a wicked giant by making him lie there, and changing him into that form of stone."

If Katryne could have heard Henry Abbey's lines, she would have appreciated them fully. One section runs off thus :

" And whenever you sail along
By the Kaatskills high and grand,
You may see the form of him,
The monster that, moons ago,
The Manito changed into this.
He lies with his face to the sky,
You can mark his knees and breast,
And forehead lofty and large :
But his eyes, they say, are lakes,
Whose tears flow down in streams
That seam and wrinkle his cheeks,
For the fate that he bears, and regret
For the evil he did, as he stalked
In the sleep, or night, of the moon,
Moons on moons ago."

Diary.—" The skipper says the Indian name for the mountains means 'mountains of the sky.' I cannot

take my eyes off from my hills up in heaven, as I call them. Yes, I can and I must, for how fair are those colors that beginning at the river follow one another, and how they draw me! The water is a shining gray. Then comes the grass of the shores, the autumn grass, and then along a low stretch of land the bright colors of autumn are burning, and beyond the lowland are my hills in heaven. I had been in wonder why the shores that had been so high were now running so low, and now I see that God is letting the land run low that we may see beautiful things beyond. As I go through life, and I get to the low places, may my Heavenly Father give me the eyes of faith, that I may look higher and see my hills up in the sky."

So the little band of river-travellers went on and on. The country had changed, and the banks were tame, but here and there appeared bits of bewitching scenery, softened by some veil of river mist, the veil growing finer, more and more delicate, till some point of land would be turned, and then hard and unyielding it would go like a plough through the delicate veils and crush all their meshes forever.

It seemed to Katryne as if she were going to the end of the world, but there came an hour when a sailor exclaimed, "There is Rensselaerswyck!" How good it was to see this settlement, over which Patroon van Rensselaer watched zealously and jealously! She was still more interested when Vrouw Brinckerhoff said to her:

"Katryne, there is Fort Orange, if thou mayst wish to see it."

She said it in her placid, stolid way, as if to see Fort Orange were a daily event, and might not concern Katryne.

"If thou mayst wish to see it!" Again and again she had been crooking her neck to see it. Child of New Netherland as she was, it made her blood leap to see a Dutch flag flying above the walls of a fort.*

Diary.—"This is a curious place. All round the village goes a stout fence of planks and palisades, and that is to keep off the savages. I hear about them all the time up here. It is 'Mohawk! Mohawk! Mohawk!' or 'Down at the Esopus, Esopus!' There are gates in the palisades, so that I can get out when once I have been in. Skipper Brinckerhoff says he would have Vrouw Brinckerhoff and me to stay aboard the Bear's Paw, for he is afraid of the small-pox; but, alack! alack! the small-pox is not afraid of him, and may come where he is.†

* Standing, one recent autumn evening, in an Albany square, with what interest did I read a tablet inside an iron fence saying that there was the northeast bastion of Fort Orange!

† Fort Orange had many blows from this old-time scourge. This is the testimony in a letter that Vice-director La Montagne wrote from Fort Orange, November 4th, 1663: "You have heard, no doubt, of the doleful situation of this place as respects the small-pox, which is still daily increasing. I learned yesterday that on the hill fifteen persons were so affected by the disease that they could not afford

"I have been in the church. It is built like a block-house, and has three cannon on top, and it has loopholes for guns. That means that savages might come from some quarter, and the settlers are ready for them. They tell about our good Dominie Megapolensis when he was here. He went among the savages, and preached to them. They have what are called castles, a fence of palisades, and their houses are inside. The dominie did not fear the savages.* Then I have heard about his kindness of heart to the Jesuit missionary, Isaac Jogues, when he escaped from the Mohawks to Fort Orange. I am constrained to say that the Lord's people ought to be kind to one another. If we only knew one another better and loved one another harder, then those in the old Catholic Church and we who are of the Reformation

any relief to one another. At Willem Teller's seven are afflicted with it, and six in my family, my negro being the last. Twelve persons have died within eight days, chiefly children. The Lord God help us, and stop its farther progress, and save you all from such a foul, putrid disease." (Albany Records, vol. vi., fol. 409.)

* In his "Short Sketch of the Mohawk Indians," etc. (1644), Rev. Johannes Megapolensis speaks of his familiar intercourse with the children of the forest, for whom he faithfully toiled. "We go with them into the woods, we meet with each other, sometimes at an hour or two's walk from any houses, and think no more about it than if we met with a Christian. They sleep by us, too, in our chambers, before our beds. I have had eight at once, who lay and slept upon the floor near my bed, for it is their custom to sleep only on the bare ground, and to have only a stone or a piece of wood under their heads."

would not have trouble, though we differ. There is Geertruyd! Verily, we differ much, but we love one another much, and we care less for our differences. Yes, up here it is the 'savages' about whom I hear so very much talk. They talk about them in the shops and out on the short streets that go to the palisades, and when they go to the church in the block-house. I might fear to go home in the Bear's Paw, but the Bear's Paw is armed, and Skipper Brinckerhoff grows red in the face like a turkey-cock, and struts round and is very dreadful, when anybody says anything about attacking him on the river. We leave for the Manhattans* to-morrow, if the wind is not in our way, and if there are no savages from the Esopus to come up the river and trouble Fort Orange. It is doleful to hear about them."

The Bear's Paw was finally swung round and pointed

* This was a common way of speaking of the settlement at New Amsterdam, or it might be titled the island of the Manhattans. Over the origin of this term, Manhattans, a dispute has arisen, of course, for what subject has not its two sides? Fortunate is the subject that has only two. E. G. Brooks, in "The Story of New York," p. 15, says: "For it was called Manhattan, Manhates, Monatoes, Moñados. And 'moñadoes' is a Spanish word, signifying the 'peace of drunken men.'" As Moñados he calls attention to the fact that this island appears on the earliest maps of American discovery. E. B. O'Callaghan, in his "History of New Netherland," vol. i., p. 47, speaks of the "fierce Manhattœ or Manhattans, 'a cruel nation,' who held their council fires on an extensive island immediately south, which, retaining their name, was afterward called Manhattans."

toward New Amsterdam. As the voyage went on, and especially as the Esopus was once more approached, the wonder grew in Katryne's breast that not a footprint of Uncle Pieter's presence, not one of Geertruyd's husband, had been found. This, though, was not strange in a country where intercommunication was so difficult. When the war was laid aside in the autumn, the advantage was with the Dutch. Was it strange that it should be so? War between the weaker and the stronger will not show advantages to the weaker. Peace was finally made in the spring.

Uncle Pieter and Harold did their part in the war bravely, and helped one another to bear the burdens of the campaign. They promptly had been attracted to each other. The English tongue was the first magnet of attraction, and then Uncle Pieter liked "the boy" behind the English tongue, and "the boy" liked the man. A second magnet was Katryne Schuyler. We like to hear our beloved talked about, and Harold's chance use of her name as a patriotic maiden of New Amsterdam (did she not urge him to go to the war?) brought out Uncle Pieter's opinion, even as a magnet will draw filings of steel out of a dust-heap.

"Then thou dost esteem her highly, sir?" asked Harold.

"Esteem her highly? I love that girl. I tell thee, lad, I know of no person that I love so dearly. She has been the making of me."

On the other hand, Uncle Pieter saw that Harold thought highly of Katryne.

"I think, lad, that Katryne Schuyler has a good friend in thee," declared Uncle Pieter.

"Oh, she—she—she is patriotic. Yes, I like the maid."

Common worship at a beloved shrine brought these worshippers together, and their difference in years forbade a separation into rivalry. From the moment of Harold's confession to Uncle Pieter he took Harold under his soldier's doublet. Did Uncle Pieter secure any dainty bit of food? Harold must share it, though it might be only a roasted ear of corn. Did Uncle Pieter know anything exciting? He must halve his knowledge with Harold. Was there anything special that Uncle Pieter was anticipating? Harold must anticipate it. If Uncle Pieter had any advantage by way of equipments, he must divide that advantage with Harold. Then Uncle Pieter assumed a fatherly right to tell Harold about a soldier's life, how to endure its hardships, how to avoid its mistakes, how to become familiar with its daily routine of duties; and all the time Katryne was the special bond to tie the two together.

So the two went into a fight side by side. The savages fought bravely. One that Harold sought out for his bravery had sharp, big eyes of black, and he was in more places than one. Harold finally in his thoughts called the savage "eyes." He lost sight of him, and

waged war with an indiscriminate mass. Suddenly that glaring enemy seemed to jump up out of the ground, and planting himself before Harold, swung fiercely his cruel tomahawk. Harold, though, could not seem to see the tomahawk or the arms brandishing it, or the great bulk of flesh behind it, but everything became an eye. It absorbed into itself the very forest, the tumultuous fight, the sky above, the earth below, and down before the impetuous charge of this eye went Harold. Down into a pit of darkness he tumbled. When he awoke he was a captive. Around him were savages. A squaw came up to him and tenderly bandaged wounds that he had received in his head and in his breast. Then came days of pain and servitude and weary marching. Where he was exactly he knew not, but he had reason to think he was not far from the North River. He knew a few Indian words, and what he heard led him to that conclusion. If he could only reach the river, some vessel might pick him up. He was, though, growing weaker rather than stronger, and he was led to think that his captors were asking themselves what they had better do with him. They would look earnestly at him and then solemnly jabber away. He thought one man wanted to kill him, but the squaw who bandaged his wounds always looked kindly, and he believed that she wanted to save him.

When one morning he found food and water near him, but no sign of a savage was anywhere to be seen,

he knew that he had been abandoned, and some one's kindness had left him sufficient food for the present at least. If the squaw, she had put a space of several days between him and the approach of starvation. What was to be done? He could not walk, but could he not crawl? And, hark! What did he hear? A nigh-at-hand brook was tinkling out its music, and where did the brook go? It marched to the sound of its own cheerful music, perhaps to meet some stream that fell into the river Hudson had made known to the world, and perhaps this same cheerful forest-stream went to Hudson's river by a course of its own. He followed the stream for two days, crawling, wearily dragging one foot after the other. Toward the close of the second day he fell over a rocky ridge, and when an old wound was struck he thought it was a death-blow, for the wound opened, and the flowing of the blood so weakened him that he sank into a long swoon. When he awoke, day was gilding the tree-tops, and the bright, warm touch of the light was upon the brook too and the worn young soldier near its bank. His wound had ceased bleeding. He ate sparingly of the small allowance of food he had been carrying along, drank of the brook, and cautiously crawled on. He was very weak. His stages of resting were longer and far more frequent than his stages of crawling. Toward sunset, through the thinning forest burst upon him the sight of a widening river. He was on a rise of ground, and looking down he could see where the brook

that had guided him fell into the river and found rest after its persistent journey. He, too, must get to the river, though from this outlook down to the shore must be a weary little journey ; and there was a vessel coming ! No, it was halting, the sails were tumbling, and he heard the clank of anchor-chains falling. Anchor-chains never had specially interested him before, but they now made music sweeter than all the instruments he had ever heard. If he could only reach that vessel somehow ! He must, he would get to it.

The excitement of hope so thrilled him that he forgot his weakness, and he went on impulsively, carelessly, only to fall again and see his wounds bleeding once more. He stanched them as well as he could, then struggled forward, only to be conscious of a growing weakness that made him halt when half-way down to the brink of the river. Advance was hopeless. Pain as well as weakness stopped him. Oh, it was hard to be in sight of rescue and yet fail and die ! Did nobody see him ? Could not help from any quarter get to him ? Did not his mother above look down and pity ? What was it she said about praying for him ? In that other world, did she pray ? If so, would not prayer be of some avail ? Would he have help through her if he did the only thing now left him, if he raised his voice and tried to call for aid ?

" May my mother's prayer be heard !" he murmured, and then he shouted, " Help-p-p !"

There was no response, unless the wind moaning ere it died with the sun, could be said to have responded. He called once more, "Help-p-p!" Then he lay in stillness, his face turned toward that waiting vessel, and he saw—what did his eyes rest upon? It was a woman's form leaning over the rail, and looking across the glassy waters toward his resting-place! Did his mother lean in that attitude? Did Katryne Schuyler sometimes bend over in that fashion? Did this woman suddenly throw up her hands and wave them as if in response, then rush away? He saw nothing more.

The Bear's Paw, having carried a miscellaneous cargo to Fort Orange, had swung about, heading for New Amsterdam, purposing to enrich it with its contribution of skins of animals and produce of the fields like grain. Katryne enjoyed the trip, but she was burdened with disappointment, because she had heard nothing of the two soldiers who went to the Indian war and took so much of Katryne Schuyler with them.

One more day had passed away like other days, bringing the sight of a stately river, of beautiful but uncultivated lands, and over in the western sky, the Catskills piled up their azure suggestions of the King's palaces. The sun was now going down; and how still it was along the river! To-day the whistle of a rushing steamboat or the roar of railroad trains will make the river valley noisy; then there was the stillness of a tomb—

not its gloom though. The clear light in the west looked cold, but it turned to warm gold the surface of the river. With this splendor resting on the surface of the river came a stillness like that in the Apocalypse, when for a half hour the glories of the heavenly place seemed to bring a hush of wonder. How still it was down amid this glory on the river's face!

Katryne, leaning over the side of the vessel that had anchored for the night, watched the splendor, fascinated by its beauty, while appalled by the almost preternatural hush. The crew were below. Skipper Brinckerhoff had a lonely post up in the stern. Katryne leaned over the rail and watched. So still it was, it seemed to her as if she could have heard the breathing of any living thing upon the Bear's Paw. A fish leaped out of the water and with a splash fell back into the river, and it sounded more like the crash of a boulder falling from a near mountain-slope. Suddenly Katryne sprang to her feet and threw back her head, while her eyes flashed and her hands were held out in horror.

"What is that?" she asked. "Somebody in trouble? Somebody calling? It sounds like Harold Wharton!"

There are moments, it may be in the night, when to our strangely awakened senses it may seem as if we could see miles into the darkness, or could hear beyond Time and into eternity. Katryne was listening. She was sure she heard a second call from the shore.

Skipper Brinckerhoff was stolidly smoking. She went

to him and spoke so abruptly that it startled him. He dropped his pipe, and whenever before had he parted so readily from his beloved while dirty idol?

"Skipper Brinckerhoff, there is somebody in trouble on the shore. Wilt thou not launch a boat?"

"I did not hear anything. Oh, a fish leaped out of the river."

"I heard somebody calling for help."

The skipper shook his head. "Put off in a boat? Not to chase fireflies."

"Skipper Brinckerhoff, this vessel is mostly owned by the father of my dearest friend, Geertruyd Smidt, and he invited me, and if thou hast not a boat launched thou wilt want a vessel to launch one from." She straightened up, and looked and commanded like a queen.

"Oh, yah—yah!" growled the skipper. He gave orders for the launching of the boat. But who of the crew would go? Somebody looked ashore and muttered "Savages!" and then nobody stirred.

"I will go alone," said Katryne proudly. "I can row."

She climbed over the vessel's rail.

"Ho, missus, me go, too!" It was the big cook, and he dropped promptly into the boat. "Me row, you paddle," he said, taking the oars from Katryne.

Those on board the Bear's Paw silently watched the boat. Its little crew had one sympathizer, Vrouw Brinckerhoff.

"Heer, mynheer," she cried, "see him row!"

Such long, powerful strokes as the cook took!

"See her paddle!" cried the vrouw.

Katryne paddled like an Indian squaw.

Skipper Brinckerhoff only growled: "A chase after Skipper Hudson's goblins!"

The boat was beached.

"Me go and hunt," said Wubbit, as they stepped from the boat.

"No, no, I thank thee; thou shalt wait!"

She held him back and then went forward alone, more like a hound eagerly searching for a trail, every sense projected far into the forest, eyes searching, ears strained to catch every sound. It was not, though, the instinct of an animal that was aroused; it was the love of a warm, eager heart, moving out into the wilderness to seek the beloved only. The land, though, was as empty as it was still. Oh, was he not to be found anywhere? She stopped. She lifted her face toward the treetops, and then, gathering up all the powers of her voice, sent out a clear, strong, impassioned call, "Har-r-r-old!"

Hark! She bent forward to listen. Her eyes seemed to be pressing from their lids. Her ears quivered in the effort of hearing. Suddenly a late songster dropped into the depths of that sea of stillness a final, sweet note of the twilight, and an envious crow responded, "Caw, caw," and Katryne became conscious that a brook somewhere was purling over the rocks.

"SHE BENT OVER HIM." (*Page 277.*)

"Oh, hush!" her pleading face seemed to say to the bird of the twilight, to the envious crow, to the purling stream, "hush! hush!" And then once more she called, pitifully, pleadingly, "Har-r-r-old!"

How she listened! She bent forward, her hands waving as if to still every interrupting bird and brook, and there came a faint, human cry. She flew as if winged. She ran as if for life—her life—but really for his life, and there he was, almost prostrate, but half crouching, as if he would crawl again. She bent down to him. She raised him as if a child in her arms. He did not have the weight he once had, and then there was a strength that came to her with the need of the hour.

"It will be given to me," she said, looking up through the red and golden woods to the blue sky.

She had not carried her charge far when the cook met her.

"Lemme hab him, missus."

She shook her head and motioned to him to move on. Through the autumn woods she slowly went, the red and yellow leaves as they fell dropping a shining crown on this unconscious heroism. At the edge of the forest, as the river opened before her feet, she yielded her burden to the arms of the cook, and he laid the young soldier gently in the stern of the boat. The oars were taken up, but not the paddle. She rested Harold's head in her lap, caressing the brow once bronzed by the sun, but pale now from wasting sickness. She lifted

the heavily drooping locks from his eyes, and again gently stroked his forehead.

"Thou art with friends who love thee," she began to say, but he opened his eyes in grateful recognition when she was about to say "friends." Startled, she now said this in the tones of the professional nurse, and stopped. He closed his eyes, and was he not asleep?

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" she murmured, and there was nothing professional in this. It was a tone tender and sympathetic, and it took on a shade of admiration as she whispered, "Brave, brave fellow, we all praise thee."

She could say this to one asleep, but he, on the other hand, was so secretly conscious of every word and tone, that not for the world would he have opened his eyes and startled out of her eyes the love-look there, timid as a fawn's glance. He was hers, hers, hers, wholly and forever. She felt so while he was asleep.

The transfer from the boat to the Bear's Paw was quickly made. In the morning it lifted its worn sails to the breeze, saluting it, and moved down the river.

All the voyage to Katryne was most memorable. Through the dearest memories of her life henceforth wound the current of a beautiful river, now running between solitary, imposing highlands, then broadening out and flowing between low-lying shores. But though the river had ever a lonely look, there went with it a sense of delightful companionship with one to whom she

had really given her soul, though there was no recognition of any such surrender. She did not allow it to herself, as the friend of Geertruyd Smidt, and yet actually to look at him, to touch him, to bathe his brow, to care for his wounds, to bring a fresh pillow and lay it beneath his weary head, was like the taking in of delicious drafts that met and satisfied a thirst within her soul. And he was content thus to be nursed.

No, one thing more he craved, some spoken assurance that she loved him. She suspected it, noticing less what he said than the language which is conveyed by the eyes. As Geertruyd's friend, could she permit it? He might love with his eyes, but not with his tongue.

"Dost thou know how much I think of—" he had begun to say, but she laid a hand upon his lips. How delightful it was to feel the pressure of that hand! It was Love's lifting of its goblet to his lips, only to be withdrawn, for she added:

"Thou must not talk, for thou art yet in the hospital."

This was the remonstrance of prudence, and he submitted. Within a few hours he began to talk in the same way, when she suddenly interposed the declaration that she must leave him and find something. She would return when she had found it. A third time he began, and made a plea:

"May I say something?"

"Oh, yes."

"I want to tell thee how much I love—"

She held up her hand as if staying him. Would Katryne take advantage of circumstances and steal away the love of Geertruyd's husband?

She abruptly rose, and without a word of explanation left the cabin, for she could find no excuse within, and without there was no object that she could have said that she needed and must hunt up. When she did come back, there were tears of disappointment in his eyes. He attributed both oddity and cruelty to her. He did not know that for several minutes she had been trying to wipe dry her sympathetic eyes and give them a cold and unyielding look, as became the eyes of Geertruyd's friend. And so they moved toward New Amsterdam.

Katryne's first sight of it was early in the day. She had gone out to "hunt up the morning," as she told Vrouw Brinckerhoff, so long it seemed in coming. She faced the east. A bank of mist prevented the good look at the sun that she had anticipated. All along the eastern horizon there was a broad fold of dull lavender. Suddenly through that mass of vapor some distance above the horizon, glowed a coal. It was as if some one raking in last night's grate should reach a bit of the hidden fire, and it shines through its ashy envelope.

In the cloud-heap, changing more and more in color till it became like an ash-heap, that one coal was very insignificant, just a tiny red coal. It sharpened and then grew; it lengthened; it heightened; it swelled

into a semi-sphere of fire ; it was soon a disk of clear flame in a warm, reddish sky.

Katryne was so much interested in this scene that she had not looked at the shore under the cloud-bank, and there she saw suddenly a windmill. She clapped her hands ; she gave a faint scream ; she saw, too, a flag flying from a staff, folds of orange, white and blue !

" Oh, the fort, the fort ! Dear old Fort Amsterdam !" she exclaimed, and then the roofs of New Amsterdam quickly came in sight, the gables with steps climbing skyward. Could she see her beloved gable ?

Compared with the settlements up the river, this city by the harbor front was so grand ! Farther along she saw the shipping, and how imposing was its array of eight ships by the side of the two sloops found at Fort Orange ! Then when, in the first boat load, Katryne, Harold, and Vrouw Brinckerhoff went ashore, Katryne gave a glance up the canal in De Heeren Graft, and there she saw six barges loaded with goods from the outside world pressing up toward the warehouses and shops of New Amsterdam. All the commerce of the world would soon be begging for a chance to trade with New Amsterdam. Above all things else, this was home. Katryne loved New Amsterdam. She went to her room behind the gable of black and yellow bricks. But where did Geertruyd's husband go ? He told Katryne that Uncle Pieter had informed him where his Uncle

Robert had lived, and that he owned the house in which Harold had taken refuge in New Amsterdam.

"I go to my uncle's house, my Uncle Robert's; and is it not strange? The old slave there, our cook, is my uncle's, and that name of the cook, which is so queer, Wubbit, is only the name of my Uncle Robert, borrowed by his servant and rounded down. Wubbit will take care of me until my uncle gets back from Boston, where he has gone. Yes, Wubbit will care for a sick soldier."

"May I not care for thee, too, mynheer?" broke from Katryne's lips. Then her face colored at the thought of her impulsive interest in Geertruyd's husband, and she wanted to recall the words. What a traitor to her trusting friend!

"Oh, do care for me!" was Harold's plea, delighted to have this one draft of hope to lessen his thirst.

And Geertruyd? She had gone in the lumbering family-ark across the island of the Manhattans to New Haerlem, there to be absent a long, long while, nursing sick relatives in that sleepy little nook. So Katryne, in loyalty to Geertruyd, was obliged to take a friendly interest in the sick soldier in the care of Wubbit the negro.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STOCKINGS HUNG IN THE CHIMNEY.

DECEMBER had come, bringing two festivals very dear to New Amsterdam, one of which was the much-loved Christmas. The Reformation, when it came to the old Church in Holland, did not bring with it any desire to separate itself from such a festival as Christmas. Into the cold winter days it carried the sunny associations of Christmas-tide, making that warm summer-atmosphere of love in which grow all things beautiful. This warm breath swept over the waters and came to New Netherland, and every year in December was sure to come again and ensphere the little Dutch city in a sweet and brotherly mood.

Another dear December festival was that of St. Nikolaas, who is said to have given a figure-head to the first ship bringing emigrants to the island of the Manhattans, who gave, too, a name to the church in the fort. Mary L. Booth says: "He has ever since been regarded as having especial charge of the destinies of his favorite city." Clara Erskine Clement, in her "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art," has hung this wreath about the name of this historic saint: "He is patron of children, and schoolboys in particular, of poor maidens, of sailors,

travellers, and merchants." What wonder that he is popular! This December saint, in New Amsterdam, was the children's property peculiarly, just as to-day they claim and love him as Santa Claus. The fancy in Santa Claus is Dutch. It is a Dutch team riding through the cold December night-air, bringing in an elastic sleigh that can stretch to a boundless capacity, various bundles of gifts for his big, admiring family.

The afternoon preceding the night when he was confidently expected at New Amsterdam, there arrived a great cloud of white wings, as if of heralds to announce his joyful coming. Everywhere these wings were folding down upon the earth. Yes, snow was dropping on all the wide fields, in the far, great forests, along the silent wastes bordering the stately river coming down from the north, upon the slopes of the mountains in whose recesses, according to Dutch fable, Hendrik Hudson and his spectral crew must have been slumberously waiting for summer ere they would roll again their reverberating balls of thunder across the sky. Snow, too, in the little Dutch city on the tip of Manhattan Island, on the houses with their antique gables and tiled roofs on the Stadt Huys, on the stout warehouses of the Dutch West India Company, on the muddy canal and its battered barges, on the ships in port, coating their worn old rigging and decks with purest alabaster. Snow on all the streets, like De Brouwer Straat, where the brewers made beer, and De Bever Graft, where beavers once

had kept house stained and soiled at times, but now floored with silver. Snow on the people's garments, on the steeple-crowned hats of the men and the bright hoods of the women, on the velvet garments of the rich and the linsey-woolsey sacks and skirts of the poor, the white flakes powdering impartially the Heer Director and some humble sailor Jan who had come across the sea, till it seemed as if a great cargo of soft white furs in a multitude of savage-canoes had come to town—furs offered to everybody, and to everybody given.

Geertruyd and Katryne were affected differently by snow-storms. Geertruyd shrank from rough winds and the cold coming with them. She shrank close to the big fireplace, with its sooty hooks and trammels, its mazes of pots and kettles, and drawing up her wheel before the blazing, roaring fire, spun away as if the life of all New Amsterdam depended on the whirring revolutions of that wheel. She looked very pretty always in her white cap and spotless collar, but specially becoming was a winter dress worn as if it were spring, and encouraging a harmless delusion, a dress where vines of green with flowers of blue were climbing over a light straw ground-work up toward her approving smile. Geertruyd wanted snow to come to-day, but it must melt to-morrow. She shrank away from arctic approaches.

Katryne was aroused by the winter. She now ran to the door, stepped out upon the stoop and held up her hands coaxingly to the soft, white, furry wings coming from

the sky, and rejoiced over every short-lived prisoner she could take. She wanted to accept the twilight challenge of winter's hoarse trumpets, and go out and brave wind and cold and drifting snow. In like spirit she hailed an arctic Sunday. She would pack her little foot-stove with coals, and then bear it to the church in the fort. So cold, it might be that in the unwarmed church some big burgher's breath might suggest smoke from the chimney of a vrouw getting ready for the New Year's goodies.* Katryne though, her foot-stove under her, furs about her, hood upon her head, was cold-proof, and conqueror of the winter. She now started out for a walk through the flakes to Adam Smidt's. She and Geertruyd, when St. Nikolaas was about to visit his much-loved chimneys, had always remembered one another's "stockings," even from childhood. Katryne to-day not only wished to bear something to Geertruyd's father, but take back some word of comfort about the young nurse up in the New Haerlem hamlet.

Adam Smidt from the door of his shop saw Katryne, before whose fair face the snow let fall its flakes as if the tracery of a bridal veil.

* In his History of the City of Albany, p. 193, Arthur James Weise has said that "personal comfort often compelled two old-time ministers to preach with their woollen caps on their heads and their gloves on their hands. The men in the congregation wore their hats and caps, and many brought muffs in which they kept their hands."

"She would be puffed up if she knew how goodly were her looks," thought Adam. "Welcome, welcome, Katryne!" he cried, holding out both hands. "I did not think to see thee in this storm. The snow is thickening, and the saint's runners will make no noise, verily, in this snow. Come in, come in!"

They entered the store.

"And what tidings from New Haerlem? How fares my Geertruyd?"

"Word came down this forenoon that the sick are no better, and if our saint should step down into the chimney of that farm, he will find Geertruyd busy with something beside stockings. She is well; and at thy house, how are they?"

"My mother, she is tired all the time. We have a negro servant to help about the work. My father is well."

"Hans? I warrant thee. He parts with no flesh."

"I have brought a parcel for Geertruyd's stocking, to make sure that it is not forgotten."

"And here, Katryne, is thine, in case the saint should get stuck in a snowdrift."

He hummed a tune and turned toward his shelves. They were not very well filled, for in anticipation of the needs of St. Nikolaas' chimney-team, there had been a brisk demand upon the goods of Adam. "Ah! here is a pretty white scarf of silk. Stupid Adam, thou art telling what the present will be!" he cried. "Never mind thou, Katryne. Stuff this in thy

stocking. It is from Geertruyd. She told me what to get—and—and this thou mayest keep for Katryne, or Katryne may give it away."

The second gift was a scarf of blue.

"Thy name is St. Nikolaas," exclaimed she, delighted. "I thank thee." She now hurried away, for she knew that though Lysbet would never worry even if the chimney-saint were forced to drive his team through drifts ten feet high, she would be uneasy if Katryne were not in the house ere the snowflakes went out of sight in the thickening shadows of the night.

There was a St. Nikolaas hymn sung by the children at night, and it might be before the family chimney, and if the household had a goodly share of young folks as in Jan Steen's beautiful seventeenth-century picture of the Feast of St. Nikolaas, sweet would be the chorus. Katryne and Geertruyd had been wont to keep up childhood's custom, hanging their stockings, and they also helped one another in this singing. It would be a chorus of two singing first before one chimney, it might be that of the Smidts, and then before the Schuyler tiles.

Hark! hark! Can you not hear two sweet voices echoing before a big-mouthed chimney, addressing the saint as if he had arrived, and his ruddy ear were laid just above the chimney's top-layer of brick? But who would sing with Katryne to-night? She could not think of any one, not even of a volunteer adult. Lysbet was

ailing and in bed, and Hans, when he sang, had the croak of a bullfrog. Was there not some young canary bird in the neighborhood? Who was it that met Katryne near the Schuyler stoop? It was Annetje Claessen on her way to a tea-drinking. She had a sweet, full voice, though her face was sharp and thin. She was of Katryne's age, and a very witchy-looking maid, with big, inquiring eyes of light blue and with hair a-flying. She wore to-night a white, short-skirted dress, scarlet hose, a scarlet cape, and a comical scarlet hood. She looked as if just out of a witch-haunt and on her way to a witch-race through the air and round the shores of Fresh Pond. A broom would have made her outfit complete.

"Annetje! Annetje!" cried Katryne, "wilt thou not come in with me one moment and sing the Saint Nikolaas hymn before our chimney?"

There had been times when Annetje's parents had not allowed her to sing this hymn or have a stocking hung to catch the saint's gifts, for in those days St. Nikolaas was never known to remember an unruly child, and the fear of omission was made a feature of the discipline of youth. There had been occasions in the lives of Katryne and Annetje when the two had helped one another out of some mischievous tangle, and certainly Annetje would aid her friend in this good hour.

"With all my heart, Katryne!" cried Annetje.

It was a fascinating picture, and worthy of a brush as artistic as that of Jan Steen's. There was the blooming

Katryne. There was the sharp-faced, big-eyed, scarlet-hooded witch, Annetje. There was the hearth from which the flames were leaping up as if to vault over invisible bars in the chimney. Hanging from the mantel was a row of stockings to be filled when the chimney was dark and only comfortably warm, and the saint could squeeze his way harmlessly down to those waiting stockings. The hymn musically rose :*

" Saint Nikolaas, good, holy man,
Put your best tabard on you can,
And in it go to Amsterdam ;
From Amsterdam to Hispanje,
Where apples bright of orange,
And likewise those, pomegranates named,
Roll through the streets all unreclaimed.
Saint Nikolaas, my dear, good friend,
To serve you ever was my end :
If you me now some thing will give,
Serve you I will long as I live."

The last note flew with the sparks up the broad chimney, and Annetje turned to go.

" I thank thee," said Katryne, following her neighbor to the door, and then lingering on the stoop and looking up to the ever-falling yet never fallen canopy of snowflakes. " I did not want to leave out that hymn. What a snowy night ! I wish thee much joy at the tea-drinking, and many presents in thy stocking. Here is something to go in it."

* Translated by D. T. Valentine.

It was a bit of Delft ware, a little image of a youthful shepherdess.

"I thank thee, Katryne."

"Oh, dear," sighed Katryne.

"What is on thy mind?" asked Annetje.

"I was thinking how many may be without a thing in their stockings, and some without a stocking even. Oh, there!"

"And what is on thy mind now, Katryne?"

"Why, I am thinking of a pair of stockings that I might give away. I always knit a pair for my father, but this winter I knit an extra pair, and I know where I can give it, and I will make a bundle of it and go along with thee. Tarry for me, Annetje."

This second pair of hose had been built after the same pattern as the first, but Katryne knew that New Amsterdam had other feet than those of Hans and as stout. She now thought of the giant negro, and said, "These stockings will fit him. Yes, a good present for Wubbit."

She thought, too, of the young Englishman she had nursed, but she dared not send him anything, much as she wished it, and then she knew he had been in New England, and had he returned?

"I cannot say about Harold Wharton," she reasoned, "but the negro is there, and the poor man may be all by himself, as Uncle Pieter's English Bible says, like the sparrow alone upon the housetop. These stockings

will tell him that he has a friend, and they will comfort him. And now let me go with Annetje."

Annetje, though, was speaking: "Katryne, it is not an easy night for one walking the streets. Let me go for thee. I am out already, and where is it?"

"The house is not far where the big negro lives, and the stockings are for him."

"Oh, I know that house, verily. Is not that sick Englishman there, or was he not there—the Englishman that came from fighting the savages, and was in the Bear's Paw with thee, yes, was with thee?"

How grateful was Katryne for this juncture of words, "was with thee"! Starved Katryne! Little did her love have to feed upon. Those words, though, "was with thee," came like a heaped-up dish of dainties to her sharp hunger.

"'Was with thee,'" said Annetje again. "Hast thou forgotten?"

Katryne could not speak. The tears were in her eyes, and she was glad Annetje could not see them. She only pressed Annetje's hand when she handed her the stockings.

"There, there, I must not keep thee on the stoop, Katryne. The stockings will get to the right house, and now good-night. May the 'good, holy man' visit thy chimney and give thy stocking good measure, running over."

"Thank thee, Annetje," murmured Katryne, turning into the house.

Annetje was hardly off the stoop when her big eyes opened wide as she said: "I know what I will do. That poor, brave young soldier! I trow now that he has not a pair of stockings to his name, and, Katryne Schuyler, for the love of me, tell me why he should not have these? A poor, brave soldier who went to fight the Indians, and they say when he went that he had not one bead of wampum in his blouse. He is back from New England now, for I saw him, and he may be poorer than ever. I know what I will do."

She ran back to the stoop, and thrust her elfish head inside the door.

"Katryne, Katryne dear! If I find somebody who wants stockings more than that big negro, may I not give them? It might be the watch, say, the poor, poor watch in the cold, or—"

Katryne had stayed her weeping, and now was laughing. "Why, why," she said, "yes—if—if—"

The witch when she heard the "ifs" promptly put the door between her and anything that might follow them, any "but," "unless," or "perhaps," any condition, limitation, or supposition. Laughing, skipping, hopping up as if she were about to leap over a broom-handle, away went Annetje, murmuring merrily:

"The poor English soldier shall have some stockings. Ha! ha! Why, he and Katryne ought to be married. Everybody says so, and yet she acts in a way so very strange toward him. She must love him, for how she

pinched my hand when I spoke about Harold Wharton —that is his name—and I said 'was with thee.' Ah! I did that knowing what I was doing. And yet those lovers are drifting apart like North River and East River when the tide comes in, and now they must come together, and these stockings shall bring them. Ha! ha! How big they feel! I should think I was going to mill with two meal-bags. No matter! Harold Wharton—I know who he is—can wear one on his head as a hood to keep his ears from freezing, and—ha! ha!—Katryne can wear the other, and together they can go to Johannes Megapolensis to be married, a hood on each head! Ha! ha!"

Here the witch threw up the package of stockings as if she were a dog playing with a bone, tossing it up, catching, screaming, but suddenly she stopped.

"Oh, here comes the watch!" she muttered.

Yes, lantern in hand, equipped as a watchman, he was starting off on his rounds, striding with as much dignity as possible through the snow, but apparently deaf, like some other famous watchmen. The wind, though, was not blowing his way, or he might have rebuked any unseemly noises. Hearing nothing, he hardly noticed a wriggling figure ahead, and when he reached her, the witch went by him silent as St. Nikolaas himself when he visits a chimney. When beyond the watch, Annetje went jumping along, and leaped as many as twenty brooms ere she came to the Wharton house.

The negro, candle in hand, hurried to the door when Annetje had soundly rapped it with its knocker.

"A little bundle from Katryne Schuyler for the stockings of young massa," said the witch boldly.

"A-who—a-who?" asked Wubbit. "Oh, fur my young massa! Oh, t'ank ye, t'ank ye!"

Warm-hearted Wubbit! He was more pleased than if he himself had been remembered.

"From Katryne, mind ye."

"Oh, yah, de injul!"

"And here is something for you. It is mine to give, and it is for your stocking, if you will hang one up. Slip it down and it will just go in." The witch held up the image of the youthful shepherdess. "You cannot see, but if you like, you may call it a guardian angel, and it is pleasant to dream about them."

"A garden injul!" exclaimed Wubbit, thinking of Katryne as he had seen her at work amid the melon-patch behind Hans Schuyler's house. "Oh, t'ank ye, t'ank ye!"

When Wubbit withdrew behind that door, the happiest man in New Amsterdam disappeared from the sight of the witch. She also disappeared.

That evening Katryne was busy with her varied work, and was glad when she could be alone and know that all in the house were between their respective feather beds, and she could have to herself the chimney that the good saint was expected to visit.

"I must see that every stocking is in order," she murmured; "and where are the scarfs that Adam Smidt gave me?" She held them up in the soft candle-light. How she admired those delicate folds of white and blue!

"He said I could give one away," murmured Katryne, "and then I can give mine away also. No, I will keep it. No, poor, tired mother, she shall have both scarfs. I will find a wrapping of paper somewhere. Oh, I saw a pile on the shelf over the stairway going to my room. Let me get something there," added Katryne, hurrying out of the room. "I can find it in the dark."

She brought back two sheets of paper, and in one she folded carefully the scarf of white. In the other she hid away the scarf of blue. Then she slid both into Lysbet's roomy stocking. Katryne wanted to bring up both Hans and Lysbet to expect something in a stocking when St. Nikolaas came; but while Lysbet accepted the plan with a gentle demurrer, Hans grunted, "No, no! Foolish! foolish!" And yet he liked a present dearly, and in some way he would be remembered. The present would be deposited in his armchair, and welcome him at the breakfast hour. Lysbet previous to her sickness had worked ruffles for his wrists, and also a pair of new hose. What would Katryne have for Hans?

The relations of Hans and Katryne had been improving recently. Hans had seen that it was useless to try to "bring his wife and Katryne under," and this course of discipline he had abandoned, and both Lysbet and

Katryne had received better treatment. Then there is something about St. Nikolaas that is very communicative—his generous, loving spirit. As Hans anticipated his visit, Hans softened. Katryne had knit for Hans that pair of stout hose, and then she had worked two very orange woollen mittens, an article and a Dutch color he rejoiced in, while Hans' present for Katryne was a pair of new shoes.

Katryne gave one more glance at the suspended stockings, and then covered the glowing embers in the fireplace. Candle in hand she stole out of the room, and left the chimney in the care of the saint.

The streets of New Amsterdam were to be buried in snow before morning, and the watch of the little city would have a toilsome time struggling through the drifts ; but nobody thought there would be any delay in the arrival of St. Nikolaas at New Amsterdam. The cold waters of North River and East River could not detain him. The "wall" would be no obstacle to his runners. What at New Amsterdam was expected of this merry old saint with a round, rosy face, with hair and beard in which the snowflakes had caught, with expression of eager, happy interest in the children especially, but also in all other human kind, was expected elsewhere. He was due at Fort Orange and Rensselaerswyck and Wiltwyck, and over in Breuckelen, Midwout, Amersfoort, New Utrecht, Boswyck, and down at Staten Island and back at New Haerlem, and

across the North River in Bergen—indeed, in all New Netherland. Not a chimney in the province but that expected to feel the pressure of the round, chubby body of this saint squeezing his way to a row of stockings below. And so the night wore away, and the flakes still flew in the morning. St. Nikolaas, though, had arrived.

Because his presents may give joy, it does not follow that the wrappings about them may be as acceptable. Lysbet noticed the wrappings of the scarfs. She saw on one side of the wrappings something that had escaped Katryne's eyes that had chanced to see the other and blank side. Lysbet did not pretend to know English, but one word she could read, "Katryne."

"Hans," she said, "here are two of those English papers. I thought they were stolen."

"English? Papers? Stolen? What meanest thou?"

"What Katryne saw one day upstairs."

"Oh—stolen?" said Hans, grinning. "It looked very much like it at the time, but things sometimes are lost and turn up again, vrouw."

Lysbet said nothing to this aloud, only to herself, "Hans, thou art the thief that stole them and brought them back, and Katryne has found them."

"I will hide these away, vrouw."

"Hans, I do not feel right about this. I ought to speak to Katryne."

"Thou—thou 'ought!' What do the Holy Scriptures

say about wives and their husbands? Thou art not the one to take the lead in this matter. If thou would be a good vrouw, leave that to me."

"But she may have seen this," said Lysbet, "and read it."

"Then she will speak of it, vrouw. Wait!"

Hans spoke again: "Wait, vrouw, until I go to Holland. Then, if Katryne knows, all that heap of guilders coming, as I hope, will reconcile her. How good she will feel then! Why, the wives and daughters of patroons will ask for her company. Look out, vrouw, do not upset things like a boat putting out into East River to go by Helle-Gat without a pilot. Let thy husband look after all these things, vrouw. Katryne shall know, Katryne shall know. I have plans for her; and now be a good vrouw, and leave everything to thy husband, as saith Holy Scripture."

Lysbet reasoned: "He has plans for Katryne, and she will be rich when he goes to Holland, as I myself verily think. He has not said one word about marriage with Van Schenkel, only that she is to be a companion of patroons' wives and daughters. Why should I be like a boat off Helle-Gat on East River, and upset things? Yes, as the Good Book says, he takes the lead—sometimes, half of the time—and why not let him this time? Lysbet will wait."

So Lysbet waited. So Hans waited. And Katryne, who had not seen any papers in English, waited in her

ignorance. The papers found in the night went into a dark closet in the chamber of Hans and Lysbet, there to stay until daylight reached them. How many things interesting us wait in the night! The daylight will reach them.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CALLER WHO NEVER CALLED.

How the chimneys of New Amsterdam did smoke! To him who watches a chimney-top it may become a register of kitchen history. When it begins to smoke in the morning, it declares the hour that the family life begins to stir. A furious puffing tells that breakfast is coming on. Another excitement says dinner is under way. The amount of smoke from the chimney may show, too, the state of the family purse, whether it can permit a generous burning or must starve the fire down. So the color of the smoke may tell the kind of fuel that is burnt, and record family preferences upon this subject. There may be, too, declarations of character, as when a steadily escaping current of smoke shows that work goes on with regularity, and hence the family temper is sweet. An intermittent smoking says that the fire bothers the cook, and who expects serenity and who will not forgive impatience then?

New Amsterdam's chimneys were throwing out an unusual amount of smoke, for soon New Year, or Nieuw Jaar, the happy, bright Nieuw Jaar would arrive. New Amsterdam loved times and seasons just as its great

child, New York, loves them to-day. The feast of St. Nikolaas and Kerstyd, or Christmas, had gone. Paasch or Passover, our Easter, and Pingster or Whitsunday, would not arrive for months, but Nieuw Jaar was close at hand. New Amsterdam was in a flutter. Calls must be made and the greetings of the New Year given, and to make the call complete, to give an emphasis to the greeting, there must be more or less feasting. Every fireplace was therefore flaming, and every chimney was puffing away in anticipation of the feast-day. The bake-ovens were thoroughly heated, and after the removal of the coals and swabbing of the floor, what a dexterous use of the shovel or schup, sliding forward such tempting samples of the cook's art! In the "Dutch ovens," what a baking of savory meats! The cook for a while was queen.

Betje was now living at Hans Schuyler's, for Betje's master, Adam Smidt, was tired of living without his Geertruyd, and as the New Haerlem kindred still needed her help, Adam concluded to join his Geertruyd, and went to live in New Haerlem, loaning Betje to Hans Schuyler. Katryne had become Hans' housekeeper, so that the resolution of Hans to bring her down had ended in bringing her up. Betje was glad to assist Katryne, for she had lived many years in New England, and in Katryne, who had been there, Betje recognized a beloved countrywoman.

"Now, Betje," said Katryne one night, "we will

start early in the morning, and begin the cooking for the Nieuw Jaar."

The one that started, the "we," was Katryne, and when she came down into the kitchen the fire was out.

"Oh, I forgot to cover up my coals! What a careless maid! Now I must make a new fire," she told herself.

She took down from its shelf the big tinder-box, well supplied with flint, scorched linen, steel, and splinters of pine whose points had been dipped in sulphur. It was a pleasure to see with what energy Katryne went to work with flint and steel, making the sparks fly rapidly, while her soft, dark eyes kindled and snapped out sparks as vivid as those that lighted on the sensitive linen, and between the two it quickly ignited, while the sulphur-pointed pine flamed up obediently.

"There," said Katryne, "that pine fires up quick as Heer Director Stuyvesant when one says 'Englishman' to him."

In poked the slow-moving Betje, just out of her nest of feathers built in her slaap-banck.

"Betje, I will have an eye to the fire. Do thou go to the stoop and look up and see by the weather-cock which way the wind is blowing, and whether 'twill be fair or foul this blessed day. 'Twill give me a big bit of cheer to know it is a clear, cold wind blowing down the Manhattans, and so helping my fire and my baking."

Betje made her way to the door, and from the street

was about to take a look at the weather-cock, when she heard a voice :

" Mornin', Betje ! De Lor' bless thee !"

It was Joost, a slave from a house on De Winkel Straat.

" Mornin', mornin', Joost ! Whar ye gwine ?"

" Gwine down de ken-nel fur massa. He a-lookin' fur a barge dar."

" Wha' de news ?"

" Dey say dat Ole Peet a-gwine to gib it to Krakers. Mornin', Betje !"

Betje made no reply. Her eyes looked like a pair of candles suddenly snuffed. She sat down on a bench on the stoop and pressed her hand upon her heart. Director Stuyvesant had felt constrained in past days to persecute the Quakers. Indeed, he did not appear to fancy the toleration of any faith but his own. Honest in his intentions, he was blind in his judgment. He had intensity of religious conviction, and let us be careful how we try to stamp out the sense of a Power above, of something beyond our low, selfish grade of living. Was it not this same Petrus or Pieter Stuyvesant who cried, when announcing a day of thanksgiving in 1654 on account of peace that had been declared between England and Holland : " Praise the Lord, O England's Jerusalem, and Netherland's Sion, praise ye the Lord !"

Such fervor is praiseworthy. Religious convictions, positive, intense even, may well find a home in the

human heart, and may be its saving. Let us make room, though, for the next man's religious conviction, and not put out every guiding flame save that on our own beacon. Such toleration, though, had not been characteristic of the generation of which Pieter Stuyvesant was a part, and he was no worse than a vast crowd in his day. Though it was not in the line of Dutch tradition, he proceeded to deal in New Amsterdam even as New England had set him the fashion. Did he not arrest John Bowne, and finally pack him off for Holland, complaining to his superiors in the Dutch West India Company that John Bowne was a disturber of the peace "'who obstinately persisted in his refusal to pay the fine which had been imposed on him, and was now banished in the hope that others might be discouraged,' "?

Persecuting Quakers that they might be discouraged! Folly! The directors of the Dutch West India Company of Old Amsterdam were wiser than their servant in New Amsterdam. They magnanimously refused to sustain him,* and Quakers were left in the enjoyment

* The directors told the governor: "The consciences of men ought to be free and unshackled so long as they continue moderate, peaceable, inoffensive, and not hostile to the government. Such have been the maxims of prudence and toleration by which the magistrates of this city have been governed, and the consequences have been that the oppressed and persecuted from every country have found among us an asylum from distress. Follow in the same steps, and you will be blessed."—History of New Netherland, O'Callaghan, vol. ii., p. 457.

of their reasonable soul-liberty, and the Dutch rule of treating dissenters vindicated.

A Nieuw Jaar! Was it a new one coming, or would an old one of intolerance still linger among men? Joost's gossip was an idle rumor, but to Betje it was the serious truth. She forgot to look up to see which way the wind was blowing, and turned into the house quickly. She was sure that martyrdom was approaching, and she was also certain that as a "Kraker" she might expect her share of the burning stake. Her only evidence, though, that she was a Quaker consisted in her belief that the still, small "voice" was in her breast. It is precious sometimes to think that we possess a peculiarity. It may be our claim to a saint's inheritance.

Katryne recognized the cloud on Betje's face.

"What makes thee so solemn?" she asked.

"Oh, chile, twubble, twubble! I'se a Kraker, and Old Pieter's a-gwine to shet us up."

"Oh, no; that is all stopped now."

"Joost, he say so."

"Oh, Joost does not know."

"I hear de voice in my soul," solemnly declared Betje. "Dat lubly voice say so; dar's twubble a-comin'."

"Betje, give me thine eyes, thine ears, too. I have a voice, too, inside me. Thy voice is good, and because it is good, it will be sensible. Now I know, I know—my voice tells me—that the Quakers will not be touched."

"You know, missus? You hab de lubly voice?"

"Why, yes."

"Shuah?"

"Yes, indeed! The voice within me says thou wilt not be troubled."

"Den I blieb ye."

"Now we will begin to get breakfast. Oh, what about the wind?"

"De win'?"

Betje's face was dark one moment, then she rushed to the door, saying, "I will tell ye." She came back screaming, "North!"

"Now my fire will burn well, Betje. And, let me see, what shall I cook to-day for the Nieuw Jaar? I will, I will— Oh, yes; I see."

The New Amsterdam chimneys busily smoking in anticipation of the Nieuw Jaar were certain not to smoke in vain. Many calls would be made, and much strength for the journey would the Nieuw Jaar feast give. And what a kindly feeling would the day leave behind! A warm atmosphere of New Year salutations would settle down upon New Amsterdam, and it was sure, though not taking the chill out of the frosty skies, to thaw far into the hearts of New Amsterdamers, melting away unkindliness in the circle of family and neighborhood. Among those planning to call on Katryne Schuyler was Harold Wharton. He had seen but little of her for a long time. During his serious sickness

after his return from that campaign against the savages —and it was serious enough for a while—there had been several very precious reminders of the existence of such a friend to sick young strangers as Katryne Schuyler. As his convalescence made progress there was a coolness on her part that steadily neared zero point. By a sharp look one day she brought tears into his eyes, and then by a second chilling glance almost froze those tears into icicles. It was all in the interest of Geertruyd Smidt, though. Katryne was a volcano under the ice, and went home to spend a night of wretchedness.

Two things of recent occurrence had decided Harold to make a Nieuw Jaar call. He had received a present from her, the big orange hose. At first he was indignant.

"Does she think that I have feet as big as those of her father?" he said.

Then he was amused.

"Why should I take it so seriously? Did not my father's counsel say, 'Go slow'? She may have been minded to send me in sport those stockings, for it is a sport-making season."

Then he felt that he would be sensible, for one day when the walking was rather icy, a man came to see Wubbit wearing big, thick stockings outside his ordinary hose.

"Ah! what a fool I have been! Katryne meant that I should wear these outside my every-day stockings,

covering my shoes and protecting my legs. How full of kindness is her heart! She is a marvellous knitter!"

He resolved now to call upon her, wearing the mammoth hose as dress appropriate to the season. The second reason for a call he found in a letter received from his Uncle Robert, with whom he had passed a fortnight after his restoration to health. Harold came back to New Amsterdam to look after his uncle's interest in shipping furs. Lately he received this letter, which took up and considered various business items, and then said:

"It will not take thee long to dispatch these matters, and then I want thee to come and be with me here in Boston. I will speak to Satisfaction Belcher to give thee a chance to eat and sleep in his dwelling. I am tarrying with Desire-the-Truth Akers, and I took the last bed he could spare, so I must send thee to be with Satisfaction. I would like to have thee come to Boston in the ship Mercy. But before thou shalt take thy departure, which will be after the New Year, do thou make a call for me. Like the chief butler of Pharaoh, 'I do remember my faults this day,' my great remissness in not remembering my helpmeet, Pieter van Twiller, in the land of the savages. Thou dost know, for I have told thee, how he helped me there. He made mention of a maid, one Katryne Schuyler, that showed much kindness of heart to him. I ought to show like kindness of heart and inquire for his welfare. And it hath

come to me that if thou wilt find her out, and in some way gain permission to call on her New Year's Day, she will tell thee how fare the soul and the body of my sojourner in the wilderness. Wishing thee a safe voyage in the Mercy, and praying that the goodness of God, like a favorable wind, may follow thee ever,

"Thy loving uncle,

"ROBERT WILLIAM WHARTON."

"That settles it!" declared Harold. "I will call upon Katryne, and in behalf of my uncle find out how fares it with her uncle, Pieter van Twiller. That ought to make us friends, the haughty Vashti! Yes, she is like wilful Vashti in the Book of Esther, who refused to do as the king wished, and—and I do not blame Vashti. Do I justify Katryne? Ah! Katryne, so loving and then so cold, thy unhappy Harold must love thee still."

How many of his thoughts he gave to this Nieuw Jaar call, thinking about it by day and then in his dreams presenting himself to the proud, wilful, yet lovely Dutch queen, Katryne Schuyler! What should be his dress, from his hat to those enormous hose—no, beloved leggings, proof of Katryne's affection for him? Long into the night, day after day, must she have sat by the fireside knitting for her Harold. Having thought all the items of his dress over, he mused as to the call itself. He finally came to this decision: it should be a general call ostensibly, a dropping in casually, like a

burgomaster or a schepen to see Hans. Then in behalf of his uncle he would inquire about her uncle, Pieter van Twiller. His uncle, her uncle—how that bound Harold and Katryne! Happy turn of Fortune's wheel! Finally he meant this should be a personal call upon Katryne, a very personal call. He would thank her for that thoughtful present, the storm-weather leggings. If he had opportunity he would speak of his love, which would burn like the blacksmith's fire in spite of the cold water Katryne threw upon it. But he told himself that he also intended to take so much pride with him on this occasion that, if need be, he would properly stiffen up and be as cold and icy as she. He would show her what could be done when an Englishman's self-respect was rallied to meet a Dutch woman's coldness of heart.

In anticipation of his trip to New England, his Uncle Robert had considerately sent him money that he might put his wardrobe in good condition.

He had previously brought a suit from England that now needed but little repair. The coat was one of velvet, and the shade was a warm purple. The skirts were long and full, and there were trimmings of lace for the wrist and about the collar and along the breast of the coat. He did not really like to put his free rippling locks in the stiff embrace of a queue, but it was done for this Nieuw Jaar call, and the gathered tresses were tied with an eel-skin cord, which he had learned was Hans Schuyler's style, and which it seemed to Harold it

might be policy to imitate. Those interfering folds of hair were thus gathered up out of the way, and it gave his face a boy-like look which was quite charming. Then he properly adjusted some lately purchased purple hose, which matched his purple breeches, and he proudly fastened at the knee some bright new silver buckles. The outside hose he drew on affectionately, and with extra care. When he started forth on this errand of the Nieuw Jaar, he was a very striking-looking Cupid, and yet he timorously delayed his call till the last of the afternoon.

He thought as a prudent knight he would not storm the fair one's castle at once, but he would approach it by degrees. He walked along several streets, and then strode into De Brug Straat. With the air of one who was out for his health or to see the sights, he leisurely sauntered along the bridge crossing the canal. Here he looked down on the few barges there, each covered with a layer of whitest snow, and looking like a stout Nieuw Jaar cake from a neighboring fireplace. Here Harold thought of two men of the sea prominent in his New Amsterdam life—George Martin, who was on a voyage from New England to Old England, and that sailor fiend, Dirk van Schenkel.

"I am very well content to think Van Schenkel is also off on some voyage, and pirate-like as ever he is, I venture to believe," thought Harold.

This Cupid in purple above and orange below now

shyly stole along the canal, his heart fluttering as he glanced at the houses whose gables overlooked the canal. He remembered that Katryne Schuyler's door had a peculiar knocker, and was it lion-headed—no, it was dog-headed; no, it was lion-headed! Yes, this one just before him was the one, and behind it he saw in fancy a big fireplace roaring away a golden welcome, a table loaded with appetizing comforts, and gently, timorously handling that guardian with the lion-head, he knocked and waited. Ah, there was his darling coming now! He could single out her step from the tramp of a multitude.

The door opened, and there stood the Evil One, Captain Dirk van Schenkel, of all beings the least expected, and supposed to be on the high sea! Harold could only stare at this apparition.

"Vell, vot you vant?" he snarled in his broken English.

"Oh—is—not this the place?" replied Harold, confusedly.

"Vot place vos it you vant? You tink me—to—to—find vot you know notin' of?" cried Van Schenkel wrathfully.

To Harold it seemed as if the lion in the knocker had left his iron perch and descended to glare and roar at a poor, bewildered young Englishman.

"Does—Pieter—van—Twiller—live—here?" asked Harold, with stammering tongue.

"No!" roared the lion.

"No, no; Kat—Kat—I mean—Katryne Schuyler?" gasped this Cupid in purple and orange.

"Kat—Kat—she no live here! She—gone vay—vay off! Now you go vay, and never you knock wid dat knocker some more!"

Harold retreated. Katryne gone away! He heard a laugh behind him. He turned. He looked back. There was Van Schenkel, laughing now as if hopelessly convulsed, and pointing down at Harold's legs.

"Ha! ha! Dose tings. Shake 'em out and make a Dutch flag of 'em!"

Harold did not wonder at this reference to his orange hose, for they had suddenly and strangely collapsed, and hung down in embarrassing folds. The fit was a loose one, and the strings tying the hose had been too feeble to hold them up, and there was this "Dutch flag" awkwardly flapping about Cupid's legs!

"I will not be balked in this thing," indignantly declared Harold, moving on after he had tied his leggings again. "I will try the next door. I do not have faith in that fiend. Let me think. What kind of a knocker is it?"

Here his attention was divided between two objects, a group of soldiers on the opposite side of the street, and that door in the next house suddenly opening.

"That is the door I want," he was saying, and was moving toward it, when it was abruptly slammed in his

face; at the same time he heard the voice of the Evil One behind him:

"Ha! ha! Katryne vood like to see dot Dutch flag round dose legs! Ha! ha!"

Harold did not stop to make any more inquiries. He felt assured that this was the Schuyler house, Katryne's home, and somebody had slammed the door in his face! What a disappointment! A whole snow-storm from the northeast seemed let in upon his soul, a little while ago so warm with expectation.

And Katryne? She had expected Harold Wharton among the callers that day. Annetje, queer and mischief-loving, yet really warm of heart, had found out through a mutual friend that Harold had planned a call, and had told Katryne all she knew.

"Those two people shall meet if my name is Annetje," declared the witch.

So Katryne was expectant. Her feast was ready. Lysbet had been ailing for some time, and the cooking had fallen into Katryne's hands, and they had proved to be wonderful hands in the making of a favorite New Amsterdam dish. It was not a warm-weather comfort, but let the pigs be taken out of their pens, and soon after that the family stock of lard be taken in, and the odor of a positive but fragrant fry might be sniffed in every kitchen that had any culinary standing in New Amsterdam. The sound of a violent sizzling might be expected also, and out of the hot, bubbling fat in some

one of the dozen or less frying-pans in the fireplace, would be skimmed the round, brown doughnut so dear to the Dutch palate. Behind a plate of those doughnuts even the homeliest cook would in the eyes of a hungry man be credited with irresistible charms. With several plates of such charms Katryne had stocked her Nieuw Jaar table; with waffles, too; with the so-called Nieuw Jaar cake popular in New Amsterdam; with goodies also from Holland, while Hans had flanked them with bottles of schnapps and beer.

"I am very well pleased that Uncle Pieter is not here," reflected Katryne, eyeing the schnapps and the beer.

Where Uncle Pieter might be, no one could say. It was rumored that he had returned alive from the fight with the Indians, had been seen on New Amsterdam's wharf once, and then had disappeared. Whether he had gone to sea, whether he had been there on the wharf at all, no one at Hans Schuyler's could positively say. It was just as well for the infirm Uncle Pieter that this Nieuw Jaar he was somewhere else.

However, Katryne hoped Harold would come, and if he did, and if he made any interesting declaration of a sentimental nature, she purposed to have a frank talk with him, and tell him that she knew Geertruyd Smidt had reasons for a special claim upon him, and she, Katryne Schuyler, could not stand in the way of that claim. And what if he did not allow that claim? But

he must. He certainly would as soon as he knew that such a beautiful creature as Geertruyd Smidt loved him. In his probable ignorance of Geertruyd's feelings he had attempted to say something foolish to Katryne in the Bear's Paw. She would enlighten him. That having been settled, this point came up, what fitting, special welcome could she give him, one that a presumably homesick young Englishman would appreciate? Would it do any harm, would it not be well, in that prominent Nieuw Jaar cake, shaped something like one of those frosted barges in the canal, to plant a little English flag? She had made one; and as flags are very expressive objects, and speak for much, Katryne would let this flag speak for her.

Of course it would not do to let Hans see the flag. Out of respect for Father Hans, she would not obtrude it upon his notice. He frowned and sputtered and growled every day because there were signs that the English were drawing closer and closer lines about New Amsterdam. What was Long Island, where the English, in the towns they occupied, were developing a rapidly growing power? Long Island was in the eyes of Hans a mother of abominations. All this must be trampled out. Holland must own the land, and Dutchmen occupy it. It would not answer, then, to let Hans see the little flag, and Katryne waited her chance to erect it. There were many callers, and Katryne's heart began to sink, and the day threatened to end in hopeless disappoint-

ment. She kept an occasional watch at the window. At last she saw Harold by the canal. Her heart fluttered. He was about to call. She would manage it all this way. Betje should go to the door and let Harold in. Katryne purposed to remain by the feast, and if Hans were not there, she would plant the English flag in the cake, and then step forward to welcome the young Englishman. She thrust the little flag into the toothsome depths of this pastry-citadel soon to be stormed and eaten, and she waited to hear Cerberus and Leo, Brutus and Cæsar, all speak at once. Yes, he was coming! How her heart swelled and throbbed! She hoped he would like the welcome he would receive. There was a ruddy fire in the big-mouthed fireplace this chilly afternoon, and the crackling flames said "Welcome!" Then the English flag would say "Welcome!" And she, Katryne, would say "Welcome!" and mean it, too—say it with all her heart, and hold out her hand as she said it. To make sure that she would do it right, there alone, with the crackling flames and the bright little flag, she rehearsed the needed gesture. She would hold out her hands—this way! He must be very near now. Another moment, the knocker would be lifted, and Cerberus and Leo, Brutus and Cæsar would say in concert to her, "Come, come, and welcome Harold Wharton!"

But they did not say it. Betje, in her eagerness to be prompt, opened the door unbidden. Seeing the sol-

diers opposite, she muttered, "I'se a Kraker! Dey come for me!" and bang went the door.

Katryne heard it; she heard something else. A harsh, guttural, angry voice said, "What—what—is that?" She turned, and Hans, who had entered by a door in the rear, was indignantly pointing at the English flag. He looked stouter than ever, as if swelling with patriotic indignation, for there is nothing like patriotic fervor to make a man look big when he is really too small to stand up and fight for his flag. Hans snatched up the offensive colors and threw them into the flames.

"Go—go—upstairs, Katryne!" shouted Hans in wrath.

Slowly, wearily, sadly Katryne went toward her room. How heavy her heart seemed, and how hard a load it was yet to carry! She did not go into her room, but into the attic opposite, from which the box of papers had been mysteriously stolen. She went to the window in the western gable, and looked past the steeply slanting roofs toward the western sky. She thought of the graveyard where Aunt Marytje had been laid away; she wished she were there. She wondered if anybody in New Amsterdam were as lonely as she. It would be dark soon, and the darkness would hide her shame and her sorrow. Ah! it was snowing again.

The white flakes were drifting down, coming faster, coming closer, and coming against the little window-panes, as if to indicate that they recognized Katryne's

sadness, and wished to express sympathy. So she interpreted it, and she was glad it was snowing. It did not seem so lonely now out of doors, for all these flakes were messengers taking sympathy to a sorrowing heart. She thought how many people must feel lonely in New Amsterdam—people in sorrow and sickness. Why, how solitary Lysbet must be down in her room! Katryne would go down softly and say a word of comfort to her.

Lysbet was lying alone in her bed. There was just enough light to see her face, and how changed it was! It had an eager look, one of expectancy, as if some one, intently looked for, were coming. She made no complaint of pain. She only said she was tired. Between Lysbet and Katryne had grown a strong bond of sympathy, specially developing when Hans took it into his head to discipline them. When Katryne now stooped down and kissed Lysbet, saying, "I am very sorry that thou farest no better, mother," Lysbet replied:

"And, Katryne, let me say what I am constrained to say. Do not thou worry, child. I heard Hans. I do not know what it is about, but all will come out well. Do not thou fear, child."

Katryne fell upon her knees, bowed her head down to her mother's face, and cried. Lysbet was now the pitying, comforting, helping one. Softly her hand went across Katryne's heated brow.

"Do not thou fear, dear child; all will be well!"

She said this again and again, as if singing some restful tune, and it did rest Katryne.

"That will do," she said. "There, mother, I am selfish. Let me smooth thy pillow. I will comfort thee."

Katryne had many of the qualities essential to good nursing, and Lysbet soon declared she was much better.

"And, mother, how much alone thou hast been today! We have had so many callers I could see thee but little, and I am sorry."

"I have been thinking," said Lysbet, "some one would call to see me, and some one may come yet; but, Katryne, I have not so many that I know and can be at ease with. Lysbet has her friends among the old-time people."

"Did mother look for some old-time friend?"

"I thought some one might call;" and as she spoke the look of eager expectancy came into her face again. It was so dark Katryne could only see Lysbet's wistful eyes. Lysbet was arousing herself. "My child, I want to say something, but somehow I cannot. It would be too hard; but I wrote it and I put it in that box that was upstairs. I wanted thee to read it; thou knowest—"

"The box that was stolen?"

"Yes; but I think everything will be brought back, and thou wilt find a paper I wrote—and when it comes back—thou wilt find it, and—"

"There, mother, it tires thee. Rest now. Try to sleep. I will come down again in a few moments."

When Katryne was softly stepping away, she turned and looked back. Lysbet's eyes were not closed, but they were looking out toward the light fading in the window, and there was the same look of eagerness to see an old-time caller, this Nieuw Jaar.

Katryne saw that face several times that night, and ministered to the sick woman's comfort. She came in the morning very early to inquire about Lysbet, and the face was still turned toward the window, but Lysbet had gone!

For in the night some one had called, one whom men may expect, but oftener he is the unexpected one. He calls, though, just the same, and at every house he makes his calls. He passes by no door, but calls in the midst of our joy, perhaps our sorrow, in our leisure, and it may be in the wildest excitement. Others may fail to remember us, or business may hinder them; he is sure, though, to call, and he will prove to be the old-time friend if we will have it so. It was he that had come to the home of Lysbet, as he will come to us all—Death; and in his company Lysbet had gone hence to a long, long Nieuw Jaar.

An old Dutch colony custom was to watch with the dead, for what if within that still frame might stir any lingering force of life? This duty was discharged for three or four nights by a select band strengthened by

various refreshments, solid and liquid. The watch over, then came the funeral, to which the aanspreeker, the inviter, dressed in black, wearing a black hat with a long black weed, had invited the kindred and acquaintances. The coffin, hidden under a black cloth, the dood-kleed or dead-cover, black-fringed and tasselled at the corners, was borne away from the house on a bier by the appointed bearers.

At Lysbet's funeral every customary tribute of respect and affection was paid. Many gathered. The minister's mood, while solemn, was tender and sympathetic, and his services a house of refuge amid the storm. It seemed as if the bell-ringer that day, standing alone by the old bell-rope in the church of St. Nikolaas, looked up as he tolled, and with a prayer sent out the bell-notes tolling, tolling. When the bearers carried their burden out of the house, they did it gently, pityingly. In the same gentle, compassionate spirit many followed.

It was a white winter day. The Nieuw Jaar snow sparkled in the bright sun. All this vividness of light, all the lustre of the snow, though, only made more distinct the dark dress of the bearers and mourners—Hans in black, Katryne in black, Betje in black, many others in black. At one time there was a sharpening of the light, as if the sun would shine away the fact of Death, but it only made that fact more distinct. It was a line of deep, dead black against the white snow. That line

was slowly drawn along De Heeren Graft, then wound round into De Bever Graft, then into De Heeren Straat, and finally, with slower, more compassionate step, the draped column filed into the bleak, lonely graveyard looking off upon the chilly, blue North River. The sun shone when this graveyard was entered and when forsaken. The procession came back to the house. To all who wished refreshments were served. Katryne was glad when this lugubrious funeral feast was over—the doodfeest some of the olden days have called it. A glance at certain funeral bills will not only reveal a heavy expense, but suggest sources of trial to sincere yet tempted mourners.*

The house by the wintry canal was at last still, and a black figure from a window in the eastern gable looked off upon East River, and saw a vessel, one vessel, drifting away on the cold winter tide.

"What vessel can it be? How lonely it seems! As much alone as my life!" she murmured.

From the deck of this solitary vessel, the Mercy, Harold Wharton looked toward the little city with its

* "In the church accounts for the year 1682, one hundred and fifty guilders and eleven stivers are entered as the burial expenses of a church pauper, of which amount twelve guilders were expended for five cans of rum, two pieces of eight and twenty-four guilders for the services of the bearers, twenty-four guilders and four stivers for fifteen gallons of beer."—History of the City of Albany, by A. G. Weise, p. 195.

notched gables, and wondered where might be Katryne's home, and wondered, too, for whom the bell of St. Nikolaas had been tolling that day.

"How lonely it sounded!" he murmured.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH.

"Oh, father, the English are coming!" cried Katryne, bursting into the house, her market-basket on her arm.

"Humph!" growled Hans, smoking by the kitchen fireplace.

"But they are coming, father!"

He only smoked more furiously.

Katryne never looked prettier. A breezy walk to the market in the neighborhood of the fort, her chatty contact with the people buying and selling vegetables, fruit, fish, and meat, the exciting gossip about the expected arrival of an English fleet to take New Amsterdam, the hurried walk home to tell Hans, the added bits of warlike news given her by old acquaintances along the borders of the canal, had given her face a fine flush of brightest color. It was like an additional touch of the artist's brush to an already pretty picture, though in this case the honest coloring of nature.

"Humph!" Hans had said to Katryne. Was that his only notice of a very serious subject? Katryne waited. He puffed more and more laboriously, the

smoke rising more and more voluminously, till he looked like Vesuvius when the lid has been taken off its crater. Finally he snarled out:

"So the English are coming! I should say that they had already come, old ones and young ones!"

"What—what—is the meaning of that?"

"Young ones? I mean that Wharton, though I have not seen him for some time."

Katryne bit her lips and imprisoned her tongue. Then quietly, with a blushing face but with dignity, she withdrew.

"Well," thought Hans, looking after her, "I have routed that ally of the English. Some time ago, when I saw him down by the water-gate with her, I thought he too needed routing."

Hans now smoked away as if the coming of the English were a matter of no concern to him, puffing leisurely and lazily. It did in reality trouble him very much.

Since the close of the last chapter much had happened. Hans had made a voyage to Holland, taking Katryne with him. The purpose of the tedious voyage was to secure some property, and the end was failure. This property long had been anticipated. It was stated in the will of a Holland kinsman that after a certain number of years certain property should go to Hans' household. This was the property of which Hans reminded Lysbet the day before the Nieuw Jaar, urging her to wait before she made to Katryne a communica-

tion Lysbet had in mind. A part of the fortune would come to Hans and Lysbet, and the balance to any child that might be living, and this child's portion until marriage Hans would have the management of. Alas, for any estate of which he might be the manager! He would prove its devourer. He was speculative and rash in his ventures, and more than once had shown that he was better at emptying a basket than filling it. He had foolishly allowed himself to become entangled in some unhappy financial schemes, and Debt, like a hard, pitiless shackle, was cramping him. He hoped that the Holland fortune might bring the hammer that would break his chain and let him loose from his bondage. It was only necessary that he showed that he had a child, and then the property would come to his cosey little stoop by the canal. Katryne would be rich, and he the manager of her wealth. Enough would come to him to pay his debts, and then, as Lysbet was dead, he thought he would have her share of this long-anticipated fortune. All the voyage to Holland he was in a happy, golden dream. Katryne noticed it.

"Father," she said, "I never saw thee so happy. May it not have a short stay!"

"Ah! my child," he said, "we were never so near to a long happiness. I can pay some troublesome debts, and thou wilt go back to New Amsterdam to ride with burgomasters, with Pieter and Vrouw Stuyvesant, and —and go out to tea-drinking at the houses of patroons."

"Father, I would rather earn the money that comes to me, if I could choose, and go to drink tea with my dear Geertruyd Smidt."

"We will see, Katryne; we will see. A new sun is shining."

Alas! when Holland was reached, the beautiful, golden sun ran its head into a cold fog-bank. The property had not only been overestimated, but some one had managed it who was no wiser than Hans Schuyler, and it had melted away like a brook running into desert sands.

Hans went back to New Amsterdam in such great chagrin that everybody on board his vessel pitied the man with this woebegone face. And now the English were coming! This was a new earthquake under his feet.

Katryne was ready for the possible change so nigh at hand. One thing reconciling her to it was the probability that it would bring an end to Dirk van Schenkel's matrimonial solicitations. Hans had been borrowing money of Dirk, and as his indebtedness increased, so the captain's marriage claims were piling up, in his own mind at least, though not in Katryne's. She knew, though, the situation.

"Any day Dirk van Schenkel may say to Hans Schuyler," she reasoned, "'Give me thy daughter, and thy debt is all cancelled.' 'Thy daughter' does not mean to be given!" was the rebellious thought that Katryne added.

Still, she did not wish violently to war against Hans' intention to make her Vrouw van Schenkel, for that might oblige her to run away from her home, which she did not wish to do. Ah! if the English would only come! Everybody said that Dirk van Schenkel had committed some depredations in English ports. If New Amsterdam fell into the hands of the English, it would only be a question of time, and Van Schenkel would sail away from victors that would one day look into his spotted record. When she was with Hans by the fireplace, the day she brought such exciting news from the market-place, Katryne's tongue was heated up to say something about Van Schenkel's ugly record, and it would have been like a stroke from a hot rod of iron. She did not say it, but went out into a thrifty August garden to cool off in a wind blowing from East River. The English coming! Why, they might be in sight from Fort Amsterdam. Let them come! There was one young Englishman to whom she was prepared to give a hearty welcome, but where he was she could not say. Harold Wharton had not been in New Amsterdam for many days, and long ones for Katryne. She now heard from her green retreat a step out on the stoop, and then she saw Hans rolling off.

"He is going to see the skippers of the vessels that are in, to find out if they have seen the English," surmised Katryne.

No; Hans was going to see his old friends, Adam

Smidt and Isak Wyckoff, and talk over the coming of the English, calmly if he could. He nervously summoned Isak from his beds of swelling melons and pumpkins, and the two bustled off in company to call on Adam Smidt in his store. Adam was sombrely sorting skins of beaver, mink, and foxes.

"Glad to see us?" called out Isak.

"I am so lonely," replied Adam, holding out a ready hand to each friend, "I could welcome—even an Englishman."

Then he looked at Hans and laughed. Isak also laughed. Hans growled:

"Famine take the English!"

Adam had been lonely, indeed. His beloved Geertruyd was still at New Haerlem. Fighting death away from the threshold of the home of relatives, she herself had been prostrated with fever. Geertruyd's father had returned to New Amsterdam when the winter was fairly over, but all through her protracted sickness and convalescence, each night Adam would mount the heavy Smidt wagon, drive across the bridge on De Brug Straat, then on to De Heeren Straat, rattle out through the land-gate, and then slowly jog along De Heeren Weg across green Manhattan to New Haerlem. In the morning the wagon would rattle down the island, past the ponds, the swamps, the hills, Stuyvesant's bouwerie, the thrifty fields, and reaching the wall, roll through the land-gate, and so on to the beaver, mink, and fox

emporium owned by Adam Smidt. Gloomy was the store unlighted by Geertruyd's occasional smile. Lonely was the house that did not echo to Geertruyd's quick step. When Adam saw Isak and Hans entering his shop, he cordially welcomed them, and then led them to his kitchen.

It did not look like Geertruyd's kitchen, though Betje had an assistant, and these two sand artists executed a variety of comical whirls on the floor. However, there was the fireplace, and as it was a chilly August day, Adam laid an extra stick on the smouldering kitchen-fire. It began to rain dismally, and he added a second stick. Hans had arrived out of breath and apparently exhausted, but he now showed strength enough to pull out his long pipe, and he began to smoke it. Isak and Adam were as prompt as he, and a cloud of smoke was quickly arising from each pipe. Each man faced the fire and puffed away, and under the cloud ascending from the three busy pipes a wise conference was opened on the subject of resistance to the English. It was a safe resistance, too, a prudent battle at a distance, and the English could be met and completely vanquished, if need be, and not a drop of Dutch blood be spilled.

The faces of the three men were worthy of study. The strongest face was Isak's. Kindly and sagacious, it had a look of force. Adam had a just, noble face, inviting confidence, but it was meditative rather than active. Hans' aspect was that of selfishness, one that

loved the pipe and the fireplace, and somebody else might bring in the wood for the fire. It might be a wonder that Isak and Adam should fancy the companionship of Hans, but it was Hans that fancied. He would cling to Isak and Adam, highly respecting them and their opinions, and it is hard for us to shake off one who will follow us, looking up to and liking us, mean little dog as he may be.

Hans began: "I want to know what you two burghers think of the English, who are coming, so they say. It stirs all my Dutch blood."

"I am ready to give my opinion on this subject. If I am to fight, I want to fight about something," said Isak.

"Fight about? Haven't we a flag to defend?" asked Hans.

"No," replied Isak.

"Whose is it, then, that flag on the fort?"

"The Dutch West India Company's."

Hans gave a vigorous puff, too much surprised to speak.

"I am very much of Isak's opinion," said Adam, puffing calmly, deliberately.

"Oh, you are both running away before anybody runs at you!" declared Hans.

"Look, brothers," said Isak. "I will tell you how it all strikes me. There was a Dutch trading company, as all men know, in early times, and it obtained of the

Dutch Government control of these shores, and it induced people to come here. The thought of the company was—what? To plant free institutions here and get glory to the Dutch flag? While it was that in part, yet it was still more to get something for their own profit—a selfish enterprise at the bottom. Look at our seal! What is there ennobling about it? What sentiment that inspires New Netherland to grand deeds? The most there is to New Netherland's seal is the picture of a poor lump of a beaver, and around him is a row of something like beads of wampum, as if to tie and strangle him, and above is a big crown, as if to come down and smother him. What sentiment is there generous and ennobling? And, brother burghers, what is there that is inspiring in all the Dutch West India Company's course? The company wished to see how many skins of beaver, otter, and other creatures the colonists might get, and they sell to the company, and the company make all it could out of the trade. They have given us protection to protect their interests, that they might save their money bags."

"Hold thou, Isak, hold thou just there one moment!" interposed Adam, pulling out his pipe and slowly waving his hand. "If any one ought to know, it is Isak Wyckoff; but I do think when the Dutch West India Company was established, in 1621, there was a sincere love for Holland's glory actuating it. The States-General of Holland gave it much power, and I

think it was sincerely desirous to use that power in starting colonies, in encouraging Dutch trade, in crushing out pirates, and if we could do it, we would humble Spain. Was not that so? I allow human nature came in to get its share of profit, if possible."

Hans grinned when Adam unexpectedly made this declaration, for, as a rule, Isak was an oracle from whose statements no appeal could be made. He had a way also that helped him. His voice was full and orotund, his articulation very distinct, and he had an impressive way of laying the fat forefinger of his right hand on the broad palm of his left hand. Hans had ventured to grin, but he was a sincere admirer of Wyckoff, the orator. And Wyckoff was a candid orator. He would, when it was necessary, promptly make any acknowledgment needed, and he made it now.

"Brother, I allow thee all that. All that ought to have been stated. But I must say that the institutions planted here have not been of the kind thou couldest call free. How is it about choosing our own officers? Now I appeal to you, Hans and Adam. Over in Holland the company selects a Director-General for us, and he comes to New Amsterdam. He appears with his Council, and proceeds to rule us. You know we had to work hard to get the board of 'the nine men' to represent us in governing the town, then burgomasters and schepens were allowed, and while we have some say of our own, still it is not a generous privilege given us, the people.

What was done this spring? It was at the request of the burgomasters and schepens that a General Assembly was called, made up of delegates from the several towns, to take into consideration the state of the province, the Indians pressing us on one side and the English on the other. The Dutch West India Company did not suggest that. There were these towns represented, our New Amsterdam, Rensselaerswyck, Fort Orange, Breuckelen, New Haerlem, Staten Island—er—er—"

Here Isak looked helplessly toward Adam, whose ready memory added the links in the chain that Isak had omitted.

"Midwout, Amersfoort—"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!"

"New Utrecht, Boswyck—"

"I see. Oh, yes!"

"Bergen and Wiltwyck—"

"There, there! All in a beaver-skin. Well, we met and asked of the government protection against the Indians and 'the malignant English.' That is what they were called, 'the malignant English.' Heer Director and the Council declared that they always did protect as far as their means would admit, and if their means would not admit, don't you see, men of New Amsterdam, that shows the company in Holland could not furnish resources? You recognize that?"

Here Adam and Hans nodded their heads energetically and smoked away.

"It shows the company at home does not protect us, and they cannot do it. Heer Pieter said the inhabitants of New Netherland never had contributed to the support of the defence of the province, but I say we have. He maintained that the West India Company had contributed a big sum, but if they did, was it enough? Why did they bring their baby here to—to the wilderness and leave it if they could not send means to take care of it? Oh, brother burghers, I can show you two how weak that company is over in Holland. Well, Heer Pieter has closed the war with the savages, and let us be thankful. I can hear even now the big guns that were ordered to be fired off at the time of the signing of that treaty in the Council Chamber—that treaty which the savage chief, Se—Se—Se—what is his name, Adam?"

"Sewockenamo."

"I am glad thou canst pronounce it. It is like a turkey-bone in my throat Nieuw Jaar's Day. Se—Se—wock—I give it up; but he said that the treaty should be like the stick he held in his hand, firmly united, the one end to the other. Those savages quieted, what about the English? What say ye?"

Here Isak rose and fiercely eyed the other burghers. This sudden appeal to his companions was unexpected. Hans was sinking into a slumber, and Adam felt like it. Hans was not sufficiently awake to do anything more than give a head shake, and Adam said the question

had as many difficulties as there were rocks at Helle-Gat.

Isak went on: "Now the English are wrong. What claim have they to this province? They say—they say—" Isak paused, having laid that fat finger on his left palm.

"Who say—what say?" inquired Hans, who wanted to do something in the conversation, but was too sleepy to do it intelligently.

"They say—the English say—" Isak began again, then paused. "I am trying to think of the names—" he paused again.

Sometimes Isak would show that he was not so good a student as orator. Adam, who had read more, would then come to the front. Isak was now giving a beseeching look in the direction of Adam. The silence disturbed Hans more than Isak's smooth, soothing monotone. Hans opened his eyes, saw Isak's look of inquiry, and knew what it meant.

"Adam, say—what is it thou dost say?" asked Hans, drowsily making a feeble attempt to take in the case.

"As I understand it," said Adam modestly, "the English claim the whole coast of America, from the French territory in the north to the Spanish in the south, and they say that this claim has a good foundation on account of the discoveries by the Cabots"—

"That is it!" exclaimed Isak triumphantly. "The Cab-ots! That name slipped off my memory. Yes, the Cab-ots!"

"Yesh—yesh!" murmured Hans, who was also slipping away, and yet was reminded of a garden favorite. "The Cab-bages! That is the kind!"

Adam and Isak were too much interested in their theme to notice Hans' mutterings, and Adam continued:

"They, the English, make a claim of discovery, and I found one the other day who could talk Dutch, and he told me he thought the English ought to have the whole coast of North America. What dost thou think of that? How greedy!"

"I think," said Isak solemnly, laying that right forefinger upon the palm of the left hand, "that they want everything. They have again and again been giving away land on the coast as theirs, but to their own people, mind ye! The English have repeatedly put forth their claim, and when they heard that Dutch vessels were coming over to this neighborhood and elsewhere, they made a remonstrance. And now it is said that King Charles has given the Duke of York, who is Duke of Albany, some kind of a grant of Long Island and all the adjoining country the Dutch possess, and the Duke of York has got up the expedition that is down in the Bay somewhere and may be expected any moment, four men-of-war—if all there—only think of it! Four robbers, I call them. Think of it!"

"I have thought of it, Isak, and now what can be done?" asked Adam.

Isak was very earnest and spoke with all the impressive-

ness of one addressing a great throng in the Stadt Huys. He asked, eying Adam, for Hans was fast asleep :

" What can we do, fellow-burghers ? I will not say anything more about the fact that the West India Dutch Company has not, in my opinion, taken proper care of us and our children, but what can we do in this serious emergency to keep out the English ? It is not a question of duty alone, but capacity. Look at our old fort and our wooden wall ! How long can we hold out ? We shall by resistance endanger the welfare of New Amsterdam. The English guns can batter down our homes and bury us and our children in their ruins. We are not prepared for resistance, are we ?"

Hans' head had sunk upon his breast, and he made no reply.

Here Adam rose and addressed Isak with great solemnity, as if saying something for which he might be hanged from the New Amsterdam gallows.

" Isak, I may be a traitor to say it, but would it not be well if the Dutch and the English were united under one government—yes, I may be a traitor, but I have thought of it ; and as the English are increasing fast, and we are not as fast growing, why not let the English come in and we all be under one government ? We have together resisted the Spaniard ; we have fought side by side in Europe, and why not live side by side in America, and let it be the English flag over us, if the Lord will ?"

" Amen !" shouted Isak, bowing in his most stately

fashion. "Let the will of the Lord be done! And," he added, "I am thinking that it will be for the good of the Lord's people. In Connecticut beyond us, and in Maryland below us, the people have more rights. A change may be better for New Amsterdam. Yes, yes, we have much in common—the Dutch, the English; have some of the same blood in our veins; have fought together against Spanish oppression and for liberty of faith, and why not take the English in? Only, until that day comes, we are—Dutch, and must do our duty!"

"Amen!" replied Adam, with dignified earnestness.

The two patriots clasped hands, looking at each other like men solemnly binding themselves, one to the other. A sudden snore startled them. There was Hans deep sunk in his chair, his head hanging still lower down on his breast, his pipe resting in his lap. "He snores like a patriot," declared Isak. "Nothing half way about that. Brother, I have a thought! A series of snores having as much patriotic emphasis as that, and given at the fort by a dozen of the city's best sleepers posted on the walls, would frighten off the English!" The two compatriots laughed, said pityingly that Hans had "fared hard in Holland, trying to get his fortune," and left him to finish out his nap. He was roused finally by the sound of Betje making music with her waffle irons. He went home to tell Katryne that he had been at Adam Smidt's:

"Yes, Katryne, and I tell thee that Isak never spoke

better. He left nothing to the English, and Adam was a true Dutchman. The English are coming, but we will give them a welcome so hot they will run from it at the first broadside from the fort."

New Amsterdam was all astir. The English had often been an uneasy presence on the borders of New Netherland, but this was a more serious menace—so close at hand, so big, so full of peril. Between New Amsterdam and the English menace was just a wooden leg, and that leg was in the up-river country. It was summoned home, and Pieter Stuyvesant came with it. If the Director-General, stumping round on that leg, could not save New Amsterdam, it was lost. There was a stir by way of preparation to meet the enemy. At the city gates was posted a guard. That looked warlike. The brewers were directed not to malt any more grain. That probably was to save food, and because less beer was drank, not the least harm was done to the public health. The fortifications must be strengthened. The Director and Council were asked for eight more guns, and that meant, when mounted, twenty-two guns on the works. Every third man was ordered to go to the city defences, taking spade, shovel, or wheelbarrow, and he might send a substitute. Hans hired a proxy, but it was like Isak to seize a wheelbarrow and Adam hunted up another, and together they went as ordered, each wheeling his barrow.

Hans stood on the stoop of his house and laughed

when they had passed. Then he went in and scolded Katryne for her sympathy with the English.

What could New Amsterdam effectively do in this hour of her need? At the very door of New Amsterdam lay an English fleet. We have the names of the vessels on record, and also their batteries. Almost all the vessels had the names of men, and grim with arms they were. The William and Nicholas carried ten guns, the Martin could speak his mind through sixteen guns, the Elias had thirty guns to roar through, the Guinea carried thirty-six guns to flame and shatter. In all, ninety-two guns were ready to blaze away at feeble Fort Amsterdam and the "wooden wall." What could be done in this hour of such unjust invasion?

Heer Director Stuyvesant had the energy of the best Dutch fighters. Had he not lost a leg in stubborn fight? He kept his other leg and his wooden leg stirring, but how little was the support he could rally! Rensselaerswyck sent word that it was in danger any hour from the savages, and could not spare a man. Could Rensselaerswyck be blamed? The Dutch farmers on Long Island were summoned. They said they had their wives and property to protect. In the midst of a hostile English element—and it abounded on Long Island—could they be blamed? Stuyvesant had ninety or one hundred soldiers he could rely on, besides the loyalty of New Amsterdam. He hurried messengers up to the Esopus and other outposts calling for soldiers, and then

he sent to the English in those threatening frigates to know what their business was. What did they mean? They had an answer ready: they summoned him to surrender! Great was the consternation of the bustling little seaport. The schout, the burgomasters, the schepens, and others met in the Stadt Huys and shook their heads in great alarm.

They asked Stuyvesant for a copy of the summons. He grumbled, but consented. Non-resistance was popular. Commissioners came from the English fleet preceded by a flag of truce. They offered favorable terms and placed in the governor's hands a sealed letter. In the fort, in the presence of his council and the burgomasters, he opened it. The burgomasters wished this paper to go to the other city magistrates. Stuyvesant refused. The burgomasters insisted that "all which regarded the public welfare ought to be made public." This was a doctrine Stuyvesant did not sympathize with. He petulantly tore the letter in pieces. Shred by shred it fell upon the floor. The burgomasters were indignant. They protested. They spoke of "the consequences of dilacerating that paper," and went off, their noses high in air.

The alarm in New Amsterdam increased. Those ninety-two English guns had a great influence in shaping public opinion. Citizens began to gather at the Stadt Huys. The work of setting palisades on the land side of New Amsterdam came to an abrupt close.

"No more of this," said Isak Wyckoff, pulling back his wheelbarrow from a ditch. "It is folly! Ninety-two English guns against my wheelbarrow! Bah!"

"It is what I say," replied Adam Smidt, pulling his wheelbarrow away from a mound of earth. "I love Holland, but I am not a fool."

There was a general revolt. The citizens at the Stadt Huys wanted a copy of that letter, though it was reported to have been destroyed.

Stuyvesant held out as long as possible. The fragments of the letter were picked up and put together and delivered to the burgomasters.

Stuyvesant saw his power going, but he manfully stuck to his guns as long as possible, and sent to Nicolls, the English commander, an unfavorable reply.

Those saucy trespassers, the English ships, now were threateningly brought forward. Two were ordered to disembark troops below Breuckelen. Two were ordered to lie off the city, broadside to the homes and the hopes of New Amsterdam.

The people crowded out of their homes and watched every movement.

"It will be of no use—no use to resist," cried Adam Smidt; "but I will do my duty."

"Folly, and a flying in the Lord's face; but I will be loyal," said Isak Wyckoff.

Hans went down cellar and piled up some boxes and casks, behind which he went to smoking.

From the eastern gable Katryne watched awhile the ships below Breuckelen. What could she do? She was surprised to find two currents of feeling sweeping through her. She thought of her old life under the Dutch flag, and a wave of strong conviction swelled within her that if she were the Heer Director, she never, never would surrender. Then she recalled her partially English training; thought of dear Uncle Pieter and of Geertruyd's husband; shrank in fear from the thought of Van Schenkel, and the wave of feeling swelling within was now English.

"What am I," she cried, "English or Dutch? I cannot tarry here!"

Out of her room she flew. Her heart was fluttering wildly. She ran downstairs, threw over her head a thin shawl that Lysbet had given her, and went to the water front to stand there with other women, all looking anxiously toward the black mouths of the English cannon pointed at Fort Amsterdam.

Stuyvesant was in the fort.

The guns were loaded. The gunner had a lighted match in his hand. One word from the Heer Director, and the shot would be fired that would involve the town in chaos. Should Stuyvesant begin the bloody work? He hesitated. The gunner forbore. The sound of approaching steps was heard. Stuyvesant looked up, and there were the Rev. Johannes Megapolensis and the Rev. Samuel Megapolensis. They had a respectful communi-

cation to make. They asked, they begged, they entreated the Heer Director not to be the first to shed the blood of human kind. If blood must run, let the English start the terrible flow.

Stuyvesant assented to this proposed delay of a Dutch cannonade. Leaving a force of fifty men under Councillor De Sille in the fort, he marched in dignity with a hundred soldiers to oppose any landing by the English. This certainly was a justifiable self-defence. Hoping still to keep back that storm threatening to belch from the English batteries, he sent commissioners to Nicolls, doughtily saying he must stand the storm, but hoped they might come to a peaceful understanding.

There was parleying of the commissioners with Commander Nicolls.

"Hoist the white flag of peace at the fort," was his final answer, "and then something may be considered."

Hoist the white flag! Something then might be considered!

What an earthquake of excitement now shook the little city!

Everybody was ready to submit; everything was ready to give way.

Not everybody—not everything.

On that wooden leg firmly planted stood a resolute pillar—the Stuyvesant will. Like waves beating on a rock swayed the supplications of New Amsterdam about stout old Stuyvesant. Many burghers and burghers' wives

and burghers' children, in tears, besought the wooden leg to give way.

"I had rather be carried out dead," asserted Heer Director.

What could be done now? His leg was down; what would take it up? He had got that wooden leg by refusing to budge and back out when, on the island of St. Thomas, years ago, the drums were beating for the battle charge. Ever since he had never been one to take a back step when it was the time for battle. An old man, in the habit of sticking to a position taken, why should he withdraw that leg now?

There was an important meeting at the Stadt Huys. Civic authorities, military and ecclesiastical also, met to hear the commissioners' report, and then wise Johannes Megapolensis moved that a remonstrance be presented to the Director-General and the Council. It pleaded for fifteen hundred souls, only two hundred and fifty of whom could bear arms. There was a fort; it could not hold out three days. Over against this pitiful array were four frigates and six hundred soldiers! Then in strong terms they made their protest against senseless resistance, calling down on "your Honors the vengeance of Heaven for all the innocent blood which shall be shed in consequence of your Honors' obstinacy."

Plain talk!

That wooden leg was taken up.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHANGES.

RUB-A-DUB ! rub-a-dub !

A rattle of drums could be heard one September morning, the eighth of the month, 1664. It was the Dutch garrison marching out of the old fort.* At the head of the column marched the once Heer Director. With all the honors of war they marched, but it was a fiction. What satisfying "honor" was there ? No, a fiction. And was it the real Stuyvesant ? It is said that he had a dejected air. It was not the former Stuyvesant, his head erect, his eyes flashing. I think of him now as walking despondently, his head bowed, his eyes cast down on the ground, his air that of one suddenly grown decrepid. The wooden leg that had rapped the ground so smartly in other days of bright victory, I now hear it falling heavily, dismally upon the earth, and it was like the

* The fort was a sham. It was the gunner's opinion that if the fort opened fire in the morning, the ammunition would be gone by evening. Then there were other English forces than those above mentioned. There were volunteers from New England and Long Island. These zealous warriors, "however, were prudently kept at the Breuckelen ferry, 'as the citizens dreaded most being plundered by them.' "—History of the State of New York, John Romeyn Brodhead, Vol. I., p. 743.

sound of a grave-digger's spade. It was a funeral column, in spite of the "drums beating, and colors flying, and lighted matches," and as people sombrely watched it all, what wonder if the column had grown thin and shadowy, a spectral turnout with skeleton soldiers and skeleton drummers and a skeleton Stuyvesant at the head, all enclosing a shadowy coffin in which were the dusty remains of the old Dutch power.

The column moved slowly, sullenly along the familiar parade-ground to that old beaver haunt, De Bever Graft, and then to De Heeren Graft, with its sleepy canal. Here boats were waiting to receive this cargo of Dutch defeat and convey the garrison to that historic vessel, the Gideon, lying off in the stream and bound for Holland the next fair wind.*

* Stuyvesant soon went to Holland to "vindicate his conduct." His home, though, on this side the waters, had a hold on his heart and drew him back to his farm, or "bouwerie," a word which named that odd city-way, the Bowery. Who thinks of green fields as he walks it—that it once led to Stuyvesant's farm? There in a courtly sort of a way lived the rugged old ex-governor. He was a good scholar, his Latin name, Petrus, seeming to suggest it. Behind the sharp, flashing eyes were infirmities, but there were strong virtues also, for which I have much respect. It was, therefore, with a pilgrim's interest that one gray, misty morning I stood before a tablet in the wall of St. Mark's Church, that rises where once was the green and pleasant "bouwerie" of the last of the Dutch governors, and I copied off an inscription beginning, "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant." He died at the age of eighty. What stillness within that vault! How unlike the restless activity of that old, last Dutch governor!

Rub-a-dub ! rub-a-dub !

What was coming in as that funeral pageantry went out ? Advancing down De Heeren Straat, the Broadway that has so often echoed to the tramp of soldierly columns, marched the troops of England with firm, assured step. The fort was already in their hands, a corporal's guard having slipped in when Holland had marched out. The banner of St. George floated above the old stronghold—or weakhold—henceforth to be known as Fort James. The new governor was Nicolls. New Amsterdam, that had remembered a city in Holland, took on as New York the name of an Englishman, the Duke of York. Later, Fort Orange became what is still a Dutchman's pride, though under an English name, Albany.

All this was to be a permanent arrangement, save that for a short time (1673–74) there was a spunky attempt to make the region and its features Dutch again.

Holland gave to America ennobling qualities coming out in some of the characters of this story of life behind Manhattan gables.

While Katryne had energy, that steadfast service at New Haerlem and her patience in sickness proved that Geertruyd had endurance ; and Adam Smidt and Isak Wyckoff abounded in shopkeeping knack and thrift. Holland, that was so astir with energy, could yet endure to martyrdom, and so abounded in the commercial instinct that if she had been a big island anchored fifty

miles off the shores of Europe it is doubtful if England ever would have won the title of mistress of the seas. As it was, Holland so richly dowered her child New Amsterdam that in New York, helped by English aggressiveness, Holland may win prizes far beyond her most ambitious dreams.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN ST. NIKOLAAS' CHURCH AGAIN.

ANOTHER change! A new wonder! The Dutch seaport growing bigger! A service of the Church of England was to be held in that house of worship in the old fort after the English occupation, and it was announced that it would be held at a time subsequent to that of the Dutch service. It occasioned great stir.

The late Heer Director, so distinctly seeing his own way and not recognizing another man's right to his way, had given a narrowness to the public administration of church matters. Now there was to be a new breadth of opportunity.

But who would go to the English service?

"Here is one who will not go," muttered Hans, smoking his Sunday pipe.

The mutter was hardly out of him when a voice exclaimed, "I thought I would tell thee, father; I have it in mind to go to the English service."

Hans could hardly speak. He choked. He grew purple. Then he grinned. "Nobody from De Heeren Graft will go with her," he told himself. "That may end it. I will not oppose her, for I want her to be ready

to go again to Holland with me. She will not want to go alone to an English service."

Katryne was one who could champion an unpopular side; and then somehow the English element in her life would not let her stay at home. She took in her hand Aunt Marytje's English prayer-book, given Katryne by Uncle Pieter, and left the house. So solitary did she feel, and it seemed as if the neighbors from their stoops all looked at her in surprise, each one aiming a spy-glass at her!

So solitary?

No. A voice said, "May I go with thee?"

It was Annetje.

"Thou art an angel, Annetje. Come!"

Annetje was a chameleon. To-day she did not look the witch, as she had been at work before the glass for an hour changing herself into a staid Dutch matron. She wore a lavender hood, a lavender dress, and lavender hose.

The two friends neared the fort. It looked the same. And there was the old windmill—not one of the light, airy kind of to-day, but stout and substantial, with huge long vanes like arms, with which it threshed the wind that had aroused it. Same windmill, same fort; but—an English sentinel in the gateway! The same old church of St. Nikolaas, the same aisles, the same pews, but within was a congregation mostly English, the four English vessels giving it size. The same pulpit, round and tall, but in it was a clergyman of the Church of

England, the chaplain of the English forces, and guiding the worship of the people was the prayer-book of that Church !*

Yes, a change. It meant a bigger growth for the sea-port town.

And yet Katryne felt much alone. She looked around but once.

Annetje, the staid Dutch matron, had big eyes for everything.

Where was the young Englishman, Harold Wharton ?

He was not here.

But there was his uncle, Robert Wharton. Annetje knew him.

Did Katryne see him ?

Annetje looked at the eyes demurely fastened on the prayer-book.

* For about thirty years the walls of the church of St. Nikolaas lovingly made room for the services of the Church of England and those of the Dutch Reformed. The Dutch services would be held Sunday morning ; in the afternoon would come the English. This close juxtaposition of the two bodies will account for the kindly feeling between them perpetuated to this day in New York. May the old church-fort arrangement prove a prophecy of the time when all who are of Christ shall have no wall between them, but worship and work as those under one roof. Into Garden Street Church, in 1693, went the Dutch fort-service. Trinity Church, a successor of the afternoon fort-service, was built in 1696. "Good Queen Anne" gave the corporation of Trinity the "Queen's Farm," and under that title the green fields of the old Dutch West India Company Farm came into the possession of Trinity.

"She shall look at him, and Harold too some time. I will bring them together. Now I will be good," resolved the matron.

"I feel at home here," Katryne soon was saying.

It was September, and her fingers had chanced to wander to the pages remembering "St. Michael and All Angels;" and to Katryne's sensitive imagination the old church seemed filled with beautiful presences. A great company of the holy angels looked down. With them came others that had sweet faces like Johanna's, and was another that of the never-seen Aunt Marytje?

"This is a blessed place," thought Katryne.

She felt very much at home and in the presence of a great company of her own.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STRANGE MICHAELMAS MORNING.

And now the feast-day in Katryne's prayer-book had come, that of "St. Michael and All Angels;" but such a strange Michaelmas!

Katryne in a daze stood on the stoop of her home, not knowing whether it were home or not, not knowing what she had better do. Michaelmas! Was there an angel that pitied her?

That thought was followed by another: had not one angel pitied her that day?

It was such a strange story, the life of that short Michaelmas. Only a day ago Hans and Katryne went to Breuckelen to a husking, a merry Dutch husking. They did not go by the ferry-boat. It never probably was a very expeditious craft that ploughed the waves of East River. At one time the voyage covered an hour. The craft must have been more like a big scow, and the transportation of vehicles made this size necessary. The day that Hans went he considerately hired Wubbit and a special boat for the voyage. Then Hans and Katryne toiled along the road that pleasantly twisted through

golden harvest fields and green groves to Breuckelen hamlet.*

On the way Hans remarked, "Thou knowest, Katryne, that I think we had better go to Holland again; for thou knowest we have heard that there is money in Holland for us; that we were not told all the truth when we were there; and, to please me, like a good child, thou didst pack thy chest."

"Yes; but art thou minded to go with Van Schenkel?"

"That is my mind."

"Then my mind cannot be thy mind. Father, let us not talk about it any more, for I cannot go with Van Schenkel, and yet I do not wish to disobey thee."

"Wait till thou knowest more of what I may learn in Breuckelen about this fortune, and thou mayest be of another mind."

Breuckelen? He would hear nothing there.

Katryne bit her lips and held in her tongue with one of St. James' bridles.

"Ah, Katryne," mused Hans, "one thing thou dost not know—that Van Schenkel's ship is in East River now; that my chest is aboard, and on our way back to

* "The irregular road which wound its way from the ferry on the Long Island side straggled to the east of the rising ground called by the Indians 'Iphetanga,' and now known as the Heights, and reached the little settlement of Breuckelen lying at a point closely corresponding to the present City Hall. In fact, the old road followed the general direction of busy Fulton Street of later days."—History of the City of Brooklyn, by Stephen M. Ostrander, p. 54.

New York—not New York, no, never! it's New Amsterdam still—and on our way back there we may meet Van Schenkel's boats, and I hope thou wilt be more docile then and let me send for thy chest which thou didst pack."

The husking came and went. It was in a capacious barn, its floor golden with big harvest heaps, and to it rallied the young Dutch farmers and their sweethearts, "vader" and "moeder," too, keeping up a quiet watch.

The next day came the return to the ferry. Down the road to the river went Hans and Katryne.

Several times he hemmed and stuttered, "Kur—Kur—Kur—tryne!"

"What is it, father?"

Once he said, "It is a fair day," and again, "There is the river." Finally, in sight of the ferry and the boat of the waiting Wubbit, Hans broke out, "Kur—Kur—Kurtryne!"

"Father, what is on thy mind?"

"Thou wilt surely go to Holland now. My chest is on board Van Schenkel's ship—"

Katryne stepped back and held up her hands.

"And I want thee to send Wubbit for thine."

A veil fell from before Katryne's eyes. She saw a conspiracy here. A flame came into her eyes.

"Father, Van Schenkel is at the bottom of this. It is all his plan. He has thee in his power, and thou canst not even squirm. He owns our house, I verily do fear,

and I cannot say how much more thou art in his debt; but oh, this is not right! Still I pity thee more than I blame thee—and—"

"Hush!" said Hans.

There was Van Schenkel on the shore! Near him was a boat and six of his men were in it.

Across her mind flashed this thought: "If this be St. Michael's Day, when he fought the dragon, then this must be the dragon," so sinister was the face of Dirk van Schenkel!

"Come, Hans," growled Van Schenkel, "we are behind time. I must be off in half an hour. Do thou take this seat and Katryne that."

"What? At once going? I am not going!" said Katryne.

"Now come, child!" whimpered Hans. "Here is our boat now; and I'll send Wubbit for thy chest, and he will bring it to the ship—"

"Father, I am not going!"

"Proud as a queen, and handsomer," said Van Schenkel in an undertone. He turned and gave some order to his men, who rose from their seats.

"Will he take me forcibly?" thought Katryne.

She never knew what he did really mean; but she lifted up her radiant eyes and pleaded, "Oh, have I no helper?"

The tramp of men was heard, and down to the ferry came a group of English sailors, headed by some petty

officer; but if inferior in rank how superior in look and figure—as noble and trusty as Dirk was vile and traitorous.

"St. Michael!" broke involuntarily from Katryne's lips. She addressed him in English, her hands clasped. "Oh, sir, if thou canst—"

"What is it that troubles thee, fair lady?" he asked, bowing.

"Who dat twubble?" fumed Van Schenkel, in his deficient English. "Who—who art—thou? Myn wunaway, George Martin!" He turned to his men and shouted in Dutch, "Seize him! seize him! he is a deserter from my ship."

Then Van Schenkel came at George with a sidelike motion, as if a dragon about to twist his coils round him.

St. Michael was ready. He seized the brute in his strong arms, tossed him up and threw him down. He planted his foot upon him and stood with folded arms, looking down in a noble contempt on the dragon, who writhed in hate, but was helpless.

Then this unconscious impersonator of the archangel stooped, lifted the dragon and deposited him in his boat. His men followed and took up their oars to row him and the terrified Hans off to a ship waiting in the stream.

"Fare thee well, Katryne! Thou wilt find that box and thy papers in the closet in my room," were the last words of Hans.

Katryne saw Hans and the dragon drifting away in

that boat, and in thought ever saw them drifting toward a vessel that already was loosening its sails—a vessel soon sailing toward Helle-Gat. Katryne shivered. She never saw the vessel, or Van Schenkel, or Hans again. She went home, rowed by Wubbit, to stand at last on the old familiar stoop in a daze, and yet acknowledging that one strong angel had pitied and helped her that day.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT NEXT?

"WHAT next?" thought Katryne, turning to the door, with its old familiar knocker.

Realizing her seemingly helpless solitude, she had said to herself while crossing East River, rowed by the big negro, "What next shall I do? I could not trust myself to Van Schenkel's care. Shall I follow father to Holland, going in another vessel? Where is the money for this? Shall I go to New England and search out my relatives, who I know will help me? What shall I do? There is a vessel waiting to go to Boston, the neighbors say. Oh, what next?"

She looked at the dog-and-lion knocker, and Cerberus and Leo each seemed to have a voice—that of the words on the paper they once concealed: "Do not go at all when thou knowest not the way."

"Ah, my friend," moaned Katryne, as she thought of Geertruyd's husband, "how lonely I am! I will heed thy counsel. All alone am I!"

And how desolate was the house she entered! She was so bewildered, she sat down and covered her face with her hands. The future she knew not; the present

was an awful abyss into which she seemed sinking. More than this, she hardly had had time to think when, without any attention to Cerberus and Leo, the door was abruptly thrown back, and in came Van Arsdale, the tapster!

"Oh! oh!" he said, giving a toss to his scarlet skull-cap with its black fez; "I thought Katryne Schuyler and Hans had departed for Holland. My employer, Dirk van Schenkel, told me to come and take possession here."

"Another evil angel? No more good ones to-day?" thought Katryne. "Thought I had gone! This fellow was told to take possession! Then it was planned and expected that Katryne would go! What a conspiracy to which my father lent himself!" She made no audible reply to the man.

"I have come," said Van Arsdale, the black shadow of the dragon, "to take possession. What hast thou to say?"

"Possession? By what right?" demanded Katryne.

"Oh, a creditor's right! Thy father is heavily in debt to Van Schenkel, and this furniture is all his—"

"No, Van Arsdale. This is Lysbet's."

"Thou wilt find out. I don't know whose the house is, but the furniture will be Van Schenkel's. Hans must pay his debts."

"Dragged off to Holland by that Van Schenkel, and now thou, his servant, his tool, coming to take the furniture! Can I never get away from that man?"

" Not till thy father pays his debts."

Rap ! rap ! rap !

It was some one knocking at a door into the garden.

Katryne was glad to have an excuse for going from the presence of Van Schenkel's tool.

She opened the door into the garden, and there stood —Uncle Pieter ! He had in his arms a big, soiled bundle. Gone all these months, but come at last on such a day, hanging his head as of old, shabby as ever, and wanting his morning schnapps probably ! Of all things, a call from Uncle Pieter !

" Oh !" cried Katryne.

It seemed as if the very sky were falling and earth were yawning to receive it and Katryne. This in addition to everything else—Uncle Pieter on this day of trouble and in this fashion ! He did not look up, but held out his hand as if for beer.

" Katryne, art not thou pleased to see thine Uncle Pieter ?"

Conscience accused her.

" Yes ; forgive me, thy Katryne !"

She burst into tears, covered her face with her hands, and leaned against a door-post.

" Why, Kaatje, my dear, my darling, what is it ?" he asked tenderly, springing to her side and throwing his arm about her. " Did I surprise thee ? Forgive me, Kaatje !"

" Oh, I am—all—all—alone !"

"Come in—this way. Let me comfort thee."

He led her within, and then he saw Van Arsdale.

"Ho! ho!" roared Van Arsdale, recognizing Pieter. "Where hast thou been, man? Come for thy schnapps?"

"Be still! Speak when thou art spoken to!"

"Putting on airs, art thou, Van Twiller? Come to my tables and thou wilt get rid of them. But let that go. Katryne, I am here to look after this furniture. It must be—"

Rap! rap! rap! now barked and roared the knocker, and louder, as if to make up for its silence when Van Arsdale brushed by it.

Katryne opened the door, and there were Annetje and a stranger.

"Katryne, I have brought Heer Wharton to thee, Harold's uncle, who wanted to know something; and I brought him to thee."

"There," said the witch to herself as she went away, "I wanted to do something toward bringing the young people together; and when the uncle in the street wanted to know if I could tell him of one Pieter van Twiller, I brought Heer Wharton to Katryne, the friend of Wharton's nephew. One and one make two, and only two can make a wedding."

Off she skipped.

"I have heard of thee, and I would inquire about thine Uncle Pieter," said Robert Wharton, as he gave a stately bow.

"He is here to speak for himself," cried Uncle Pieter. "My brother in the wilderness, I am verily rejoiced to see thee."

"Come, come!" said Van Arsdale roughly. "It is well for thy guests to shake hands, as they are doing; but, Katryne, my time is precious. What time shall I take the furniture away? Thy father has gone to Holland—"

"Hold!" said Pieter in a commanding tone to the tool of Van Schenkel. "No more, Van Arsdale! I have something to say, and I would say it, too, before my brother in the wilderness. I speak in Dutch, which you, Van Arsdale, understand; and he, Robert Wharton, knows it well enough also to understand me. Katryne's father gone to Holland? Katryne, I am thy father!"

He stepped to her side. She looked up in tearful astonishment. Van Arsdale sneered. Robert Wharton gave a smile of congratulation.

"Hear my story—all of ye—though it brings to me no credit. I am this girl's father. After the death of my dear wife, Marytje, I was most miserable, and I foolishly drowned my misery in drink. Not fully comprehending what I was doing, I took a step that will seem strange to you, but which I tried to justify to myself, though I was in no condition, really, to justify what I was doing. When I was under the influence of my old enemy, schnapps, I signed a paper by which Hans Schuyler took

my baby, Katryne, as his. He and Lysbet wanted a child, and then if there were one, Hans would partly inherit, but this child would mostly inherit some property in Holland. Until the child was twenty I agreed to say nothing, for it was thought a word to Katryne would make her uneasy, and, besides that, how could I say anything? She was brought up comfortably and respectably, and I had only a drunkard's name to give her. She would have money from Holland, and I could only give her my debts to pay. It seemed as if kindness to her demanded the surrender of my babe. So Hans took her. Hans had said I should never be without my morning dram if I wanted it, and I became such a slave to it that I could not seem to go without it, and low I sank; and yet all the time I meant when I could be a credit to my Katryne to come to her, to tell her all and say I was her father. It was my Katryne who told me to stop the evil habit of drink, and she helped me stop; and since the war at the Esopus closed I have been here twice to see her, but the taverns and the tap-rooms tempted me, and I dared not remain. I have been in England for long months, and now our Heavenly Father has given me strength, and I am here to say if my poor child will forgive me and receive me—"

He dropped into a chair near him; he bowed his head in his misery; he moaned, "If she will forgive—"

She did not allow him to say more. She rushed swiftly to his side. She took his bowed gray hairs to her bosom.

"Father, dear father, it is all past—all past, and thy Kaatje is proud of thee in the war. Thou wast a hero. Thy Kaatje loves thee and always did. Heer Wharton, speak to my father. Say to him—"

"Brother," said Robert Wharton tenderly, "the God that met thee and me in the wilderness, and who kept us, bless and keep thee now! Thou hast done a manly thing and made a manly confession."

"I don't know," sneeringly said Van Arsdale. "I have heard that man say under my roof when drunk that he was Katryne Schuyler's father. Once only, I allow, did he babble that; and he says it now; but who knows if it is true? I thought nothing of it then, and now—"

"Van Arsdale, be silent!" commanded Katryne.

"Thou caitiff!" roared Robert.

"No, no, I am no caitiff. I can take care of thee, Englishman!"

Big Van Arsdale could easily have handled Robert Wharton.

"I wish to have no quarrel with thee or with him either; but it is sense to ask where is the proof? He said to me when drunk that he was her father, and I did not think it true; and where is the proof now? I give thee good counsel; look into this. He must make others see it even as he claims it. It is no light thing, for it means what shall be done with property."

An awful pause came here to Katryne and Robert

Wharton. They saw the importance of Van Arsdale's words. The bowed Pieter seemed to have too heavy a burden of shame on his gray hairs to be able to lift them to make any assertion for himself. Where was the proof of his words?

Across this silence suddenly came to Katryne the voice of Hans Schuyler, "Thou wilt find that box and thy papers in the closet in my room!" "Thy papers." Papers about a will in favor of one Katryne? And did not Lysbet say she had put a statement or something in a box? Light flooded Katryne's mind.

Katryne sprang away, saying, "I believe this is my father, and I can show it to others, I think. Wait, wait a few minutes!"

She left Robert Wharton whispering to Pieter, "Cheer up, brother! We will get the proof somewhere that will convince him. Thy word answers for me."

Van Arsdale went to a window muttering, "He wants to get a claim on this property, and so he says he is the girl's father. It is a trick. I must look after Van Schenkel's interests—and my own."

Katryne soon came back smiling, and waving triumphantly several papers.

"Now hear me read—hear, father, what was stolen out of that box I told thee of."

Pieter raised his head. The big tears were in his eyes.

She began to read a brief preface, and then said in

measured tones, "'I, Marytje, the wife of Pieter van Twiller, bequeath to my daughter Katryne—'" Pieter was on his feet now—"'my silver mug, my Bible'—that is enough, father !"

He was at her side. He took her in his arms. He kissed her triumphantly. "My darling child !" he cried proudly.

"But listen," began Katryne again, "hear what Lysbet wrote and put in the box where I found my dear mother's will."

In Lysbet's statement she lamented her want of courage to tell Katryne at an earlier date about her parentage, that she was the child of—"hear !" cried Katryne—"the child of Pieter van Twiller and his wife Marytje. Hear, my dear father !"

Then she read on, how Lysbet wished to give to Katryne the furniture in the house, "which is mine," said Lysbet; "and I give it to the child of Pieter and Marytje."

"That is the furniture in the house; but the house ?" gasped Van Arsdale.

Robert Wharton now spoke.

"Let me ease thy mind by saying to thee that yesterday I agreed to buy this of Hans Schuyler, only I am to pay some of his creditors, and thy master is not among those he named. Some property belonging to the Wharton family has been heard from, and it was mismanaged, and the mismanager is in prison, and yet it

turns out that enough has been saved to give a bountiful help to my nephew and me. My part I put into this house, but it is for my nephew, hoping he will soon marry."

Here he looked smilingly, approvingly at Katryne; but she had dropped her eyes at the words "my nephew, hoping he will soon marry," and was saying to herself, "It will give dear Geertruyd a home of her own."

"Now, friend," continued Robert Wharton, but turning to Van Arsdale, "thou didst give us good counsel. Take thou this piece of counsel I give thee, to go home."

"I will do it," meekly said the big Van Arsdale; and off he went.

Katryne and Robert Wharton were busily talking, and did not at once discover that they were alone.

At last Katryne asked, "Where is my dear father?" She went through the house calling, "Father! Dear father!" She could not find him. She ran to the garden door. She saw a package. "Oh, is that the soiled paper bundle in which he probably brought some clothes?"

No, she could not find it, only a package of old pipes Hans had forgotten to take away.

"I am glad," thought Katryne, "that Heer Wharton did not see that soiled bundle brought by my poor father."

Suddenly, like a sunflower breaking from its bud, appeared at the door of a neighboring shed—but who was it?

A most richly dressed burgomaster, she concluded, or else a patroon, and her heart smote her. She had heard Hans say one might call to go round the house and garden, perhaps to make a bargain for the place.

"I will not meet this man," she affirmed, "unless he comes to the house. It belongs, or will belong to Heer Wharton."

Round the house went this sunflower, this golden cloud, this shining patroon.

"I wish he would hold up his head. He must be some patroon," declared Katryne.

He would not hold up his head. Soon Cerberus and Leo jointly barked and roared.

"Dear Heer Wharton, wouldest thou answer the knock for me? It is some big patroon that is coming to buy the house. Say, I pray thee, it is sold."

"Trust me to pack him off!" said Robert Wharton; but instead he let him in, and there was Pieter van Twiller, bowing to Katryne and bowing so grandly! Oh, how he shone! He wore a rich coat of yellow silk—silk all the way from China; breeches of white silk, hose of blue, and his doublet was of blue satin. If he had been the Emperor of China's right-hand mandarin he could not have looked handsomer, nobler. There were greetings given, and this mandarin from China kissed the laughing, blushing Katryne, and he said, "I pray thee, forgive me, Kaatje. I could but leave my old clothes somewhere, and they are in the shed. For-

give me if I boast a little of my good luck, for I have been in England, using in the fur-trade what I received in the war, and have been prospered, and I had opportunity to find out about the Wharton estate, and I did tell a barrister to send my brother word."

"Was it thou who didst it? How much I owe thee, getting me out of the wilderness and then getting me a fortune!" said Robert Wharton.

"I am proud of my father," said the happy Katryne.

"And now, Kaatje dear, thy father will go to the market," said the mandarin from China, "and we will have a Michaelmas feast."

Such a feast! On the table was no temptation by way of schnapps. Indeed, Katryne told herself, "I shall go down into the cellar on the morrow with my sand-broom, and it will not be sand I brush from all the shelves in the wine-closet."

Yes, such a happy Michaelmas feast, and good angels seemed to be everywhere.

And when Katryne went to her room and lay down on her couch St. Michael seemed to be at her right hand. The last purpose she had was this: "I will go to dear Geertruyd's in the morning, for she is at home, and tell her that Heer Wharton will buy this house for her husband." She had one sharp pain in her heart, but St. Michael seemed to lay his hand on it and say, "Be strong, dear child, thou shalt have grace. With grace from God will come thy peace."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO MAIDENS AGAIN.

GEERTRUYD SMIDT'S spinning-wheel was turning—whirr-r-r-r! If her stock of linen were to be equal to the emergency of marriage, she must attempt something in leisure hours.

"Geertruyd," her father had laughingly said, "thou shalt have two good feather beds, all the pots and pans thy husband can carry in four good loads; and if he can milk a cow, then Tanneken is thine."

But ah! when Geertruyd would be married, she could not say. That hide-away husband of last year she had accustomed herself, or made the effort, to regard as wedded to Katryne. And Katryne deserved him. A fine husband like that young Englishman would set off Katryne even as jewels from Amsterdam's shops the comeliness of a Dutch maid. In Geertruyd's opinion Katryne was so gifted that if she had the opportunity she would be as learned as Dr. Alexander Carolus Curtius or the Rev. Ægidius Luyck, teachers of New Amsterdam's Latin and High School, so far famed that young students from the banks of the Delaware and from

Virginia came here to receive an education. Yes, Katryne was very bright. Whirr-r-r-r !

Not so very fast art thou running, O spinning-wheel !

Geertruyd was still weak. Small-pox and fever were the physical scourges of New Netherland, and Geertruyd, after nursing her fever patients, was sick herself. There she lay upon her bed, her light brown hair brushed back from her fair temples, her face very white and thin, very still, Geertruyd never complaining, ever trying to be cheerful. As nurse and patient she had shown the Dutch quality of endurance that could rise to martyrdom. Upon her face, so full of peace, the angel Health left at last the smile of his presence ; and what a happy day that was when Adam Smidt guided his old Dutch wagon bearing Geertruyd, as cautiously as if it had been a baby-carriage, all the way down the island, past the Stuyvesant bouwerie and other fair fields to the land poort, and so home. She was not strong, though, and Geertruyd's spinning-wheel did not go with the old swiftness. But ah ! here was Katryne coming in like a wind from the beautiful west.

" Thou dear little white tulip," she cried to Geertruyd, " thou art still weak ! I have come over to tell thee some strange news. Oh, it would fill a Spanish galleon ; but first run out into the garden and get a breath of this wholesome air, and some of the bloom of thy father's famous peaches, may it get into thy cheeks. I will spin for thee."

So Katryne sat down to spin. No; first she must repair a sand heap on the floor Geertruyd had built up to represent the Stadt Huys, and which Katryne had stepped on, making it look like a Long Island shore-hummock after a storm. Then there was one of the tiles supposed to tell the story of Jacob and the angels at Bethel. The angel next to the fire was very much soiled.

"He looks like a chimney-sweep just going into the fireplace. At Michaelmas all angels should look very comely," said Katryne, wiping the sooty cherub.

Then how she made that wheel fly! Whirr-r-r! Whirr-r-r! Whirr-r-r! Yes, this was Dutch energy.

Geertruyd out in the garden leaned against a peach-tree for support. It was good to breathe the warm autumn air and hear the wind rustle the leaves clinging to the tree boughs. This was the garden, she thought, into which Katryne's friend had come. There, at the right, was the shed where he had hidden away. She thought of it as a cage where she had concealed her precious bird, and she thought, too, of the food and milk she had set outside the door. She would like to see him again, though she supposed she ought not, even if she could, but must leave him fully and forever to Katryne.

"Alas!" she sighed. Then she prayed to be forgiven for the escape of that regret, an ebullition of selfishness from a wicked heart.

See him? Oh, dear, she ought not even to think of him! And yet in her very sickness at New Haerlem it

would seem as if he came every day from New Amsterdam up the long road that wound by the door and so on to Boston. He would stop and come into her room and look tenderly at her, and she would let him stay there longer than she ought, and she was very sorry for it now. She was weak then, and could not seem to help it; but now she was strong enough certainly to banish him from her thoughts for dear Katryne's sake; and he must go into immediate exile. Still she regretted that she could not see him once more and—and—did her eyes bewitch and deceive her? There he was!

Unless a spirit, he was actually looking into the garden! A spirit? Had he been shot, killed? How her heart fluttered in pain! It was an exquisite pain, though, as long as he made it. A spirit? He was finely dressed now in some kind of uniform. Were the inhabitants of another world thus arrayed? A spirit? He was speaking. Could he come in and thank her? Did he say that?

"Oh! oh!" she was gasping, and ought to have said, "No;" but she could only seem to hold out her hands to warn Katryne's beloved away; and then in her weakness she fainted and fell. The next thing that she felt was the pressure of very strong, tender arms about her, and somebody was carrying her toward the house. She had been trying to keep him away, and there she was right in his arms! And if she gave way to the delight of

this consciousness, just for the moment, could she be blamed? It was so delightful to feel the uplift of those arms.

Katryne heard the noise of feet heavier than Geertruyd's, and ran to see Geertruyd in the arms of a man, even her brave Michaelmas deliverer!

Geertruyd gasped, "This is my—thy—my—thy friend that I told thee about—in our garden—in the shed. Oh! oh! drop me! drop me!"

This last sentence was a plea with her bearer.

"My friend, now, yes!" exclaimed the astonished Katryne. "Thou wast a stranger until yesterday, and then my valiant helper. How much I owe thee! Thou art very welcome. I can never repay thee."

"Say no more about thy debt. Yes, I was an entire stranger, but gladly was I thy helper," said the angel in uniform.

"An entire stranger!"

Katryne and Geertruyd looked at one another.

What veils fell from their eyes, and what burdens rolled from their hearts!

"I did not know that thou wast Geertruyd's friend. I thought it was another," murmured Katryne.

"May I say 'Geertruyd'?" he asked.

Nobody forbade him.

"Am I not her friend? She is my friend, for she greatly befriended me."

The soul of Geertruyd was thrilled with rapture, and

her happy face shone with new beauty. Sagaciously Katryne did not give any directions as to the treatment of a convalescent who had been surprised into a fainting fit—in what chair she might be deposited, or whether her father might be summoned—but left those two alone and stole out of the house. Geertruyd's garden attracted Katryne, and there she could by herself think over the last strange thing that had happened.

A voice, though, delayed her as she was stepping into the garden.

Somebody was bowing in a very courteous fashion, and yet his air was distant. "May I ask, lady, if you may have seen a young English officer hereabouts?"

How reserved his manner, as if talking with "an entire stranger!"

"A maid thought I would find him here," he added.

The maid was Annetje. She had seen Katryne enter Geertruyd's house, and what she said was this: "You will find him there, or somebody else."

How the witch skipped when she saw Katryne and Harold Wharton meeting! "That is what I wanted," said the witch.

Katryne's heart was now going faster than Geertruyd's ever went in this very same garden. "Yes, he is in the house," she said mechanically, her eyes dropping.

"Could I see him, did you say?"

"I think he is—oc—occupied now."

"Oh!" he exclaimed in his coldest tone yet, and bowed and was moving on.

"Wilt thou not wait? I am afraid I have not been kind to thee, though I meant no unkindness."

She held out her hand and looked at him now. It was a straight, true look. Their eyes met, and all his coldness melted away in the sincere warmth of that recognition. He seized eagerly the most coveted thing in the world—even her hand.

"Not kind?" he asked, as if her manner had been always kind and never in its effect cruel.

"I did not mean to be unkind; but I—thought—thou—must be somebody else."

She was crying.

Why she cried she could hardly say, but she gave way to her mood.

Who can stand tears that make the appeal of one's eyes more irresistible than ever?

Harold Wharton was all submission.

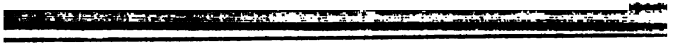
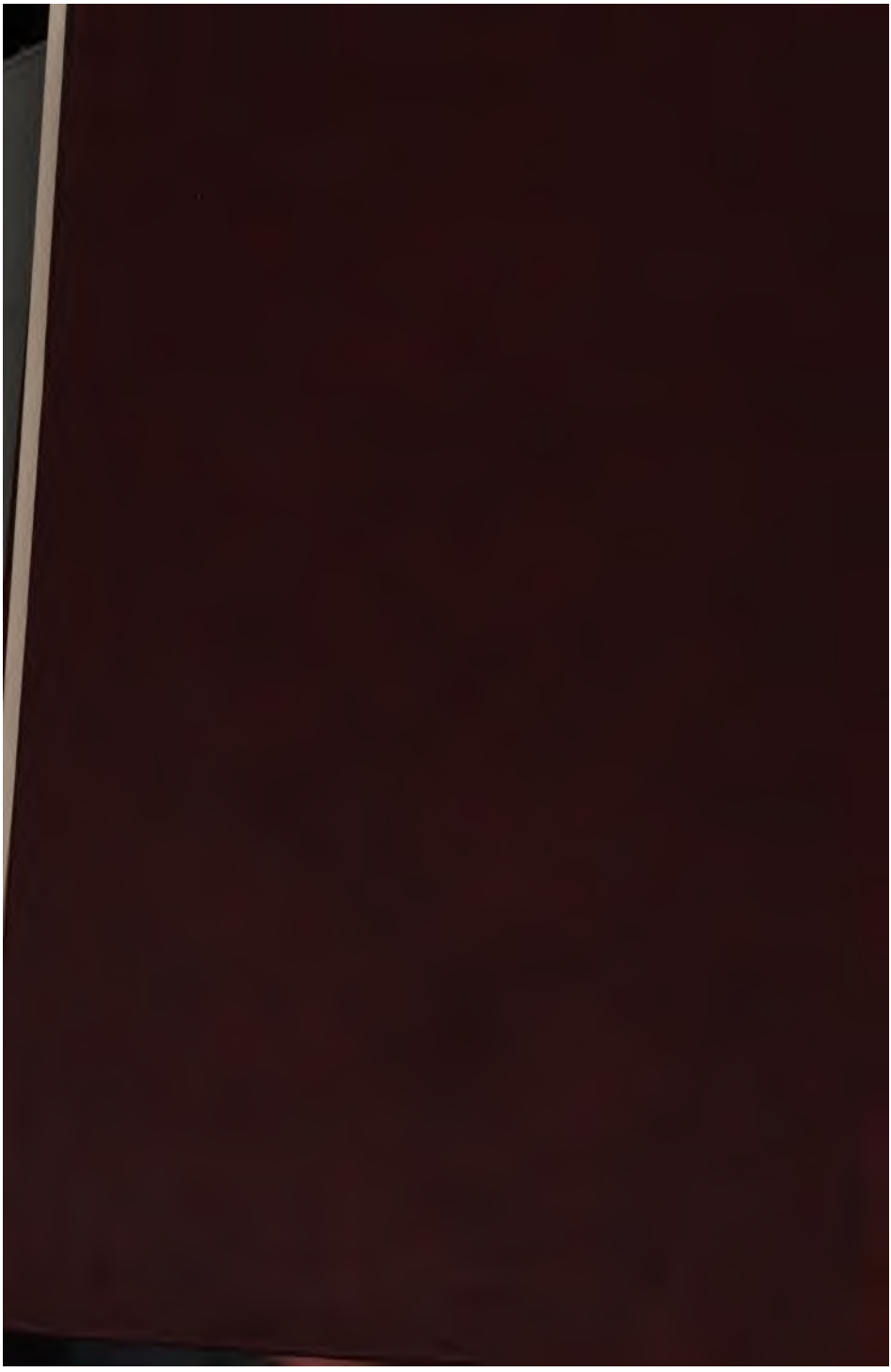
"Darling, come this way!" and he led her blushing and weeping to a cluster of peach-trees, whose foliage made a friendly bower. "There has been some mistake, and thou lovest me?" he asked.

Her head went up and down emphatically, while her confession was: "All—this—long time—ever since I saw—thee first."

"I love thee too with all my heart; don't cry—but tell me, darling, all about it, and let me bring thee comfort."

And there, in the retired little peach nook, in Adam Smidt's garden, Katryne explained to Harold, and Harold comforted Katryne. It took them as long a time amid the peach-trees as it took George Martin and Geertruyd Smidt in the house.

Of course, in due season these young people "maide procklemation of thare banns," as a New Amsterdam document puts it. "Three several days," from the pulpit of St. Nikolaas' Church, were they published as candidates for matrimony, and Annetje's big eyes filled with a sunny delight as she heard it all.

When married, these parties that had been identified with life in New Amsterdam, did a sensible and pleasant thing when they all settled down to live in New York.

THE END.